Worship for Youth

Volume II

GUSSIE BROWN STACY

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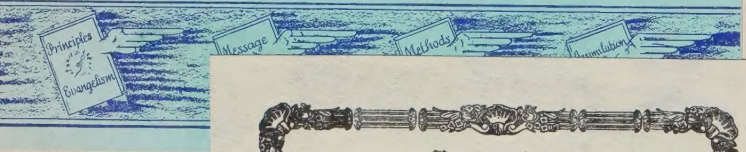

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Worship for Youth

Volume II

A Year Of
WORSHIP PROGRAMS
For Young People

By GUSSIE BROWN STACY

Third Printing

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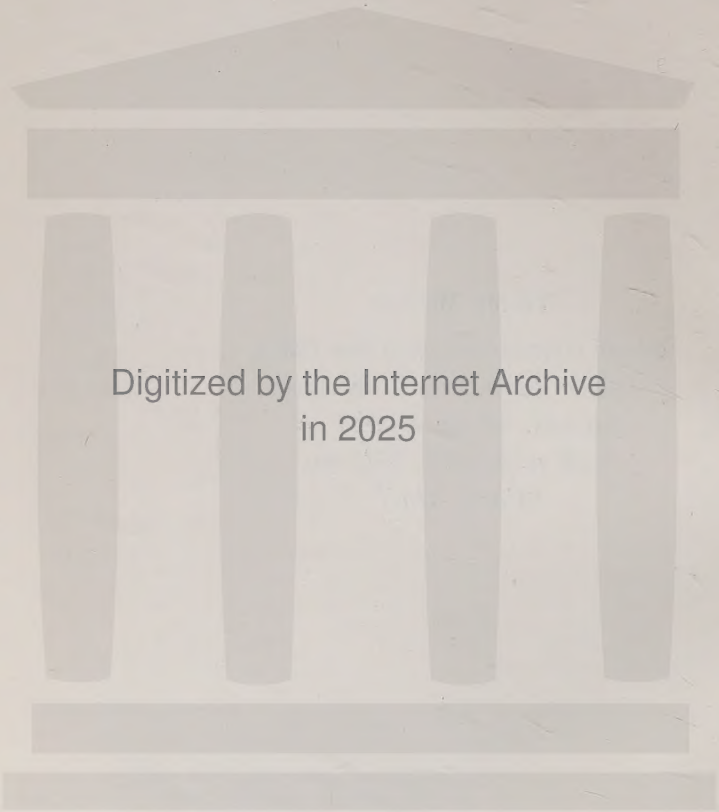
To My Mother

whose courage through the years,
whose faith in all circum-
stances, whose loyalty to
high principles, bids me
"Carry On."

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
JAN 15 1963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AUTHOR'S APPRECIATION

The second volume of "Worship for Youth," is issued, in deep appreciation of the request for it by many who were kind enough to praise Volume I.

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World Call, for "Christmas at the Japanese Institute," by Polly Dye.

Acknowledgement

Every effort has been made to locate the source of all materials used, and to give proper credit. If there has been any infringement, due to inability to locate source or find author, acknowledgment will be made at once if notified.

FOREWORD

Gay Bettylee, really frivolous-minded Bettylee, was preparing to conduct a Worship-Program for the first time.

She arrived early, and removing her wraps, as she proceeded with her plan, she smilingly approached the superintendent with the request: "Won't you offer the prayer, Mrs. ———?" Lovingly the superintendent replied: "Of course, I will do anything I can to help you, Bettylee—but it is your program—don't you think the Heavenly Father is listening for your voice in prayer?"

"I'll try," she said, as her dimples deepened and her eyes glistened brighter.

"It was a simple prayer, not more than a sentence long, but it went straight to my heart," said the superintendent, "and I know it did to God's." Then she added, "Two tears dropped from my eyelids as I saw Bettylee take her first public step toward God."

"I did not know it was in you," has been the thought of many, many superintendents, as they have discovered in students, earnest feelings and devotional talents they had not before realized.

Deep down in the heart of every young person is a yearning for God, which, if expressed, conveys a message far greater than most adults can give. Superintendents and teachers lose many blessed opportunities by willingly doing for pupils what they should be lead to do for themselves.

"Get a vision. A task without a vision makes a drudge."

Perhaps the greatest handicap to truly impressive worship services is the failure to assign parts soon enough. A leader must live with a story, to really impress a truth; or be filled with conviction, to convey enthusiasm to a service. One must be saturated with prayer, to produce a contagion of power. If all classes and committees in a department co-operate, the task is not difficult for any one group. In the beginning of a new series, it is interesting to assign all parts at the same time, revealing the general theme, and explaining how each individual theme is dove-tailed into the whole.

A book of prepared Worship-Programs, is a menace, if mechanically read, with no desire to stimulate thought or stir the feelings of the individual worshippers.

To fan a flame of divine love and Christian decision, leaders must be on fire for God, eager to enter His great world tasks. Few groups

of young people have sufficient knowledge and experience to discover and interpret the elements of a program. Therefore, each program should be prayerfully considered, by leader and students together, before conducting. Not all live on a high plane of education and Christian culture, but a consecrated superintendent, teacher, or program director, can reach down and soon lift all to the higher plane.

Meeting with a group of boys and girls, a leader was developing a series of programs, built upon the general theme "The Church." It was her desire to use the hymn, "The Church's One Foundation," but the pupils suggested, "The Church in the Wildwood." Being so enthusiastic in their desire, the leader did not persist in her choice, but permitted them to sing what best expressed their feelings then, hoping to develop later the love for the greater hymn.

In another program group, it was a pupil that expressed the desire to sing "The Church's One Foundation," saying: "O, I love that hymn. We sang it so much at Conference last summer."

Why is it that young people seem to feed their souls all year on memories of Conference, when on every Sunday in every church, there can be the same inspiration?

Leaders must learn to dig deep into the hearts of youth, and to have the courage to expect great devotion before attempting to develop it. To know God personally, to recognize His Presence, and to be able to sense the kind of hymns which best challenge His Spirit, is the greatest asset of a devotional leader.

Through the years, as students are taught about the lives of Bible characters, it will enrich their minds and hearts, to memorize the prayers of these leaders and those of history. The natural expression of great souls in quest for God, inspires youth to "follow in their train." But to experience themselves, the true spirit of prayer, youth needs definite ideals for which to pray.

A story is told of Roger Fenton, a young lieutenant in the British army during the late World War, who knew the secret of prayer, and the influence of the practice of prayer upon youth.

Lieutenant Fenton had received the call to serve in the army, and bore the King's commission as he prepared to leave for the front. In the crowd on the Station platform, as he awaited his train, were ten wayward boys with whom Roger had met every Tuesday evening, hoping to instil the fear of God in them. He had rambled and played cricket with them every Saturday in summer, and he loved them. There was a lump in his throat when he said "good-bye" to his boys. They had filled a big place in his lonely life in the dull little town and now he had to leave them. Fenton would answer for their bowling and batting, but he wasn't over-sanguine about their religion, although he risked their response.

As the parting words of good luck were over, and the train was panting to be off, he cried suddenly, "Boys, I want you to do something for me, something hard."

"Anything you like, sir," they answered eagerly. But their faces fell when they heard their teacher's word.

"Look here," he said, "it's this. You'll meet in the old place every Tuesday evening for a few minutes and pray for me; that I may do my duty, and, if it please God, that I may come back to you all. And I'll pray for you at the same time, even if I am in the thick of battle. Is it a bargain?"

What dismay there was on those ten faces. It was any odds on their blurting out a shame-faced refusal, but Ted Harper, their acknowledged chief, pulled himself together just in time, and called out as the train began to move: "We'll do it, sir. I don't know how we will manage it, but we'll do our best. We'll not go back on you."

Sure enough, the boys did their part. It was fine to see them starting out in the wrong direction, and twisting and doubling through the crooked lanes till they worked around to Mission Hall; and then it was a rush and a scuttle, that as few as possible might see them.

But how did they pray? Not a whisper of the doings of those Tuesday evenings was divulged to the outside world, and the mystery might have been as deep and as insoluble as before, but for a chance find. Ted Harper borrowed a book, "Fights for the Flag," and when returned the owner discovered a soiled piece of paper in it, with something written in Ted's ungainly hand. Thinking it to be a copied passage from the book, he opened and read:

"O God, it's a hard business, praying. But Roger made me promise. And You know how decent he's been to me and the crowd. Listen to us now, and excuse the wrong words and bring him back safe. And O God, make him the bravest soldier that ever was, and give him the V. C. That's what we all want for him. And don't let the war be long, for Christ's sake. Amen."

It was a sad day for the community when the news came that but one man was left alive. That solitary hero, absolutely the only survivor of the local regiment, was Lieutenant Roger Fenton, V. C.

When his wounds were healed, and the king had done the needful bit of decoration, Roger returned home, too modest to tell of his own great exploit, but said, "I believe the lads got their answer, not for my sake, but for their own. Think what it means to them. They've got their feet on the rock of prayer. They know the Truth of God."

What a marvelous thing is a boy's heart when you capture its loyalty and affections.

Young People are the best judges of their own desires, their own feelings, their own conduct. Therefore, it is wise to check up on de-

partment programs occasionally. The student's reaction can be discussed at an informal meeting, or by other means of questioning. Leaders can discover their attitude by their response to three questions:

1. Which Service was most interesting to you?
2. Which Service made you feel nearest to the Heavenly Father?
3. Which Service inspired you most to go out and work for Him?

Indianapolis
March, 1930

GUSSIE B. STACY

CONTENTS

			PAGE
Chapter I. Youth Adventures Into Christian Service			
Service No.	1.	Recruiting (Rally Day)	1
	2.	Daring The Task	5
	3.	Questing Inward	8
	4.	Adventuring Onward (Promotion Day)	13
Chapter II. Vesting The Christian Armor.			
Service No.	5.	The Christian's Girdle—Truth	21
	6.	The Christian's Breast Plate—Right Living	27
	7.	The Christian's Sandals—Peace	32
	8.	The Christian's Shield—Faith	36
	9.	The Christian's Helmet—(The Word of God)	41
Chapter III. Heroes of God's Truth			
Service No.	10.	Bible Pictures	47
	11.	Rebel Revealers	50
	12.	The Gideons Fight for the Bible	53
Chapter IV. Thanksgiving Service.			
Service No.	13.	Praise Gospel	61
Chapter V. Christmas Stars.			
Service No.	14.	Star of the Open—Abiding Love	67
	15.	Star of the East—Hope	69
	16.	Star of the Heart—Jesus	72
	17.	Creative Yesterdays (New Years)	79
Chapter VI. Youth's Roads to Happiness.			
Service No.	18.	Home Seekers	85
	19.	No-Caste Trail	89
	20.	Industrial Good Will	93
	21.	A Happy World	96
Chapter VII. Character Appreciation.			
Service No.	22.	Industry	103
	23.	Thrift	106
	24.	Honesty	110
	25.	Chastity	115
	26.	Temperance	119

PAGE

Chapter VIII. America's Heroes.
Service No. 27. Abraham Lincoln 127
28. George Washington 130

Chapter IX. Building Christian Personality.
Service No. 29. Responsibility 137
30. Self Control 139
31. Good Cheer 144
32. Fidelity 150
33. Meekness 154
34. Truthfulness 158
35. Sympathy 162

Chapter X. Crusading for Christ (Pre-Easter Series.)
Service No. 36. Charting The Way 167
37. Kindling The Fire 171
38. Braving The Enemy 174
39. Winning The Conquest 178
40. Resurrection Flowers 182

Chapter XI. Commemorating Ideals.
Service No. 41. Pentecost Pageant 189
42. Love of Mother (Mother's Day) 192
43. Love of Father (Father's Day) 195
44. Love of Country 199
45. Love of Heroes (Decoration Day) 202
46. Love of Freedom (4th of July) 206

Chapter XII. Vacation Ventures.
Service No. 47. Pitching Our Tents 213
48. Wayside Flowers 216
49. "Let Down Your Nets" 219
50. Jesus, The Street Preacher 223
51. Into The Byways 228
52. A Life Giving Hike 233

Appendix 237

NOTE—Special Day Services are numbered approximately as to the time of year and may be changed to fit proper date as programs are used.

POETRY

	PAGE
Abraham Lincoln—Margaret Sangster	127
A Workman to the Gods—Edwin Markham	104
Dreaming and Daring—Cale Young Rice	174
For Fear of Thee, My Country—Edwin Markham	6
For Grace to Serve—Elsie M. Roberts	162
God is Not Far Away—Thomas Curtis Clark	216
He Fought Against Gloom—Hilton U. Brown	205
He Knows	37
I Am A Dream In The Soul Of Youth—P. R. Hayward	14
If I Were A Voice—Charles MacKay	27
Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn (From the Sanskrit)	79
Little Sister—Richard Burton	145
New Vistas—Thomas Curtis Clark	93
O Man of Galilee	32
Pass On The Torch—Allen Eastman Cross	173
Radiant Crusaders—Allen Eastman Cross	168
Rise Up, O Men of God—William P. Merrill	209
The Cup of Pride—Edwin Markham	155
The Hindered Christ	144
The Knight Errant—Louise Imogene Guiney	37
The Muster Roll	203
The Sacrament—Allen Eastman Cross	185
The Road To Heaven—Nancy Byrd Turner	81
There Is No Death	202
They Wait For You	80

STORIES

Abdullah and Sabat	172
A Chinese Prayer Service	9
A Kind of Honesty—H. C. Sproul	22
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God—Amos R. Wells	51
A Voice in the Dark	229
Christmas At The Japanese Institute—Polly Dye	70
Ditch Diggers—Bessie Pehotsky Erb	90
From Lime Kiln To President—Uthai Vincent Wilcox	224
How The Hospital Came To Tea	146
Livin' and Lovin'—F. W. Boreham	87
My First Arab—H. A. Barnardo	38
Pay Envelope Number Nine	112
Out of the Agony—Hamilton Wright Mabie	137

PAGE
Story of Sam Davis 28
Story by Seth Parker 119
The Band That Played Prayers 2
The Best Gifts—Annie Sills Brooks 73
The Boy Scout—Richard Harding Davis 151
The Chaste Knight 116
The Driving Conscience—McRae Vaughn 139
The Human Vegetable 217
The Lady of Good Will Mines—Edward A. Steiner 68
The Story of Roger Fenton VIII
The Shoes of Happiness 34
Thrills 121
Unsung Heroes I Have Known—E. Alexander Powell 97-99

MUSIC SECTION

Songs

Breathe On Me, Breath of God 2
Call Me Thine Own 10
Did You Think To Pray? 4
Gird Us For Service 21
God's Quest 22
I Know It Was His Love 6
Love's Creed 7
Mother Knows 3
O Holy Lord, Content To Fill 12
O Lord, Open Thou Our Lips 8
Pass On The Torch 24
Peace, Perfect Peace 8
Prayer Song (Whittier-Dickie) 23
Prayer (Teacher, Saviour, Master) 25

Instrumental

Andante .....*Reginald Moore* 19
Cavatina .....*Beethoven* 17
Evening Calm .....*Reinecke* 13
Moderato in B-flat .....*Geo. P. Allen* 14
Nocturne .....*Mendelssohn* 15
Pastorale .....*Schnecker* 16
Pastorale .....*Liszt* 17
Pastoral Symphony .....*Handel* 19
Prayer From "Der Freischutz" ....*Weber* 20
Prayer .....*Wagner* 15
Sandringham .....*Barnby* 18
Song To The Evening Star .....*Wagner* 13

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

A touch of the Ceremonial, always appealing to young people, may be given each program, by having participants meet in one place before the service, and march forward in processional at the close of the "Instrumental Prelude." Wraps should be removed and participants in appointed place early, establishing easy poise and reverent self-control. Participants should be seated together in assigned place at the front.

The programs are simple, but parts in each should be assigned at least a month before presentation, in order that those who participate may be perfectly familiar with their parts, having costumes ready, and properties certain.

If the Church is to keep pace with the Public School, it must awaken to the value of Visual Education. Money spent for this project will be a wise venture. Several Stereopticon programs are included in this volume. Details are given in the Appendix at the back of the book, which also contains a Bibliography.

Responsive readings and all features of general participation should be mimeographed or shown on blackboard or chart.

Again the use of a Scrap-Book is suggested. (See Appendix, Vol. I) Current papers and magazines are rich in program materials, not available in print on account of special privileges of authors and publishers. Clippings by members, as each discovers such material, can be classified and filed in Scrap-Book by a special committee. This may be part of a Reference Library, a necessity in every progressive Church. It is desirable to have several Hymnals in this Library, stimulating variety and interest.

The author has cross-referenced the following four Hymnals:

"Hymnal for American Youth," by Augustine Smith. (Abbreviated H. A. Y.)

"American Church and Church School Hymnal," by Hackleman. (Abbreviated, A. C. & C. S. H.)

"The Hymnal for Young People," by Littlefield and Slattery. (Abbreviated H. Y. P.)

"Singing Pathways," by Mary Stevens Dickie. (Abbreviated S. P.)

"Singing Pathways" is especially rich in special numbers. The material in it is new, the messages progressive, and the music tuneful.

Preludes and Special Numbers will be found in the Music Section at the back of this book, unless otherwise stated.

Program rehearsals are necessary to the best expression of messages. The accompanist should be furnished a copy of each program in time to mark hymns before the service, and become familiar with the plan of program.

Many of these programs as they appear will require longer time than a twenty-minute period, but any can be abridged to desired limit, and the balance of material used as source material for other programs.

WORSHIP PROGRAM OUTLINE

I. Instrumental Prelude: (Soft music, to create a reverent atmosphere.)

II. Call to Worship:

Leader: Scripture, Hymn, Poem, or Brief Quotation.
Response: Scripture, Hymn, Poem, or Brief Quotation.

III. Praise and Prayer:

1. Hymns.
2. Invocation.
3. Scripture. (Either Bible reading, Concert, Responsive or Special Scripture.)

*IV. Offertory: (Dignified soft music.)

V. Program Message:

1. Hymn. (Expressing theme.)
2. Story or Talk.
3. Prayer-Song.
4. Prayer. (For ideal promoted.)
   a. Sentence Prayers, or,
   b. Silent Prayer, or,
   c. Special Prayer.
5. Prayer, Solo or Special Music.

VI. Processional to Classes.

*NOTE—In some programs, when the message is continuous, the Offertory is at the last, preceding the Processional to classes.

I

YOUTH ADVENTURES INTO CHRISTIAN SERVICE

Service No. 1

Recruiting
(Rally Day)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "O Come Every One That Thirsteth." Mendelssohn. (Page 44, Music Section, Vol. 1).
(As music closes, two readers, a boy and a girl, take places in front. Read from notes in Bibles).

BOY: "Come unto me," said Jesus, "and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

GIRL: "I will praise Thee, with my whole heart. I will worship toward Thy Holy Temple."

HYMN: (Standing). "O Worship the King."
(No. 35 H. A. Y.; No. 363 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 37 H. Y. P.; No. 167 Singing Pathways).

INVOCATION: (For the Presence of Jesus in the service, and for loyalty to Him in rallying absent members and in recruiting new members).

PRAYER SONG: (Verse 3) "O Jesus, Thou Art Standing."
(No. 133 H. A. Y.; No. 160 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 132 H. Y. P.; No. 157 Singing Pathways.)

LEADER: We are nearing the end of the vacation season, and in our hearts we want our Department to once more be rallied fully to Christ and His work. Whether or not we succeed will not be due to our teachers, or our superintendent, but that we ourselves love Christ enough to work for Him, in recruiting others for His Kingdom.

HYMN: "I Would Be True."
(No. 170 H. A. Y., No. 222 A. C. & C. S. H., No. 172 H. Y. P., No. 16 Singing Pathways).

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Jesus left only a few disciples to do His work, but the whole world marveled at their power. In Acts 4:13, we read the secret of their power. (Read).

HYMN: (Verses 3, 5). "We Would See Jesus."
(No. 95 H. A. Y. and 92 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: Ave Maria. Schubert. (Page 26, Vol. I, Worship for Youth).

THEME MESSAGE: (True Story).

THE BAND THAT PLAYED PRAYERS[1]

Ensign Harnett was the new leader of the Salvation Army Corps at Coptown. There were hard times ahead for him, according to some mournful wiseacres, but they were agreed on one point. It was a good Corps. It always had been a good Corps. That, in fact, was the principal thing the matter with it. It was too good. It seemed to cater to the people who were too respectable, and not to the few for whom the Army was founded.

The Soldiers who were there, had been there a long time. However, they were of a phlegmatic type, and many were infrequent in their attendance.

It is true, the Corps had a band that was a real feature. It was such a band as might have made history for the Army.

It played well and with much volume, for the members were real bandsmen; but its spirit was not always marked with harmony. There was some little jealousy and not a little bickering among the members, although this did not come to the surface very often. The officers had been careful to preserve peace and harmony outwardly, for the sake of efficiency, but underneath a smoldering fire occasionally broke into flames.

Hearing this, Ensign Harnett took counsel to himself, and often knelt in prayer, that the blessing of God might come among the soldiers and the people of the city.

The corps was located in one of the best buildings in the territory and in one of the best towns. But there was considerable looseness in the organization that needed checking up and tightening. So Mr. Harnett was not idle very much of the time. Day by day he drew the soldiers and the bandsmen closer, and into a more intimate relationship with their God and each other. Then the crowds began to be attracted to the hall.

As the band was a high type, Mr. Harnett arranged a series of Sunday night musical concerts, which easily brought great gatherings to the citadel.

One Sunday night special arrangements had been made to bring a message in music to the crowd. "Eventide" had been selected as the musical theme for the evening. and the house was packed when the time for opening arrived. After a simple opening service, Ensign Harnett announced to the crowd:

"The band is to play "Eventide." Then turning to the place where the players sat, row by row in front of the leader, he whispered softly, "Put a prayer behind it, lads."

[1] From Salvation Army War Cry. Used with permission.

They understood. Some of them had been putting a prayer behind their playing for a score of years; some had just begun to play.

Then as though the spirit of God laid a finger of inspiration on their souls, the music began to flow. (Pause).

(Pianist plays softly, "Abide With Me." Music continues very softly during the remainder of story.)

Like a master player, fingering the keys of his organ, they produced harmonious sound, now flowing evenly as a peaceful stream, now as a rushing torrent. There were notes in the score before their eyes, but the words of the old favorite came clearly through the instruments, awakening echoes of the past in hearts near dead from lack of use.

"Abide With Me," a prayer sound in melody. The horns pleaded. "Abide With Me, fast falls the eventide, When darkness deepens, Lord with me abide."

A sob from the gallery broke through the harmony. Some one was moving about above, and the sobbing increased in volume. As the line, "Help of the helpless, O abide with me," was sung, footsteps were heard on the stairway, and a woman knelt in prayer at the mercy-seat. Between her sobs, came words of supplication for pardon on high. Scarcely had the first penitent knelt, when from the band platform, came a man in uniform. He, too, knelt, beseeching forgiveness. The band continued to play. Verse after verse of the old masterpiece sounded through the instruments, and as the melody swept through the hall, penitent after penitent came to kneel at the foot of the Cross.

Not in the memory of the oldest townsman had there been such a scene as the one in the Salvation Army Hall that evening. It was as though the hand of God had reached into the hearts of the people there, and stirred them in his own Almighty Way.

Other meetings followed. Hundreds of groping souls found a Saviour, and in the Corps, there was perfect harmony.

In the band, petty friction had been displaced by Christian co-operation, the kind that springs from perfect love.

LEADER: I wonder what would happen, if every Young People's Department should become a real assembly of adventurers in service for Christ. More than twenty-seven million of the youths of our land have never heard of Christ as their Saviour.
(Piano softly, "Abide With Me," as leader continues.)
Let us look into our hearts in silent prayer.

SILENT MEDITATION:

PRAYER RESPONSE: "O Come To My Heart, Lord Jesus."
(P. 49, Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.)

SENTENCE PRAYERS: (Give out themes before the service).

1. That we may make our Department Christ-like.
2. That we may show in our acts our love for Jesus.
3. For all young people who do not know Christ.

PRAYER HYMN: (Verse 3). "Abide With Me."
(No. 22 H. A. Y.; No. 28 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 20 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: (Instrumental.) "Lead On, O King Eternal."
(No. 188 H. A. Y.; No. 246 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 220 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 2

Daring The Task

PRELUDE: Instrumental. "America the Beautiful."
(No. 293 H. A. Y.; No. 369 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 263 H. Y. P.; No. 86 Singing Pathways).

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Chord. All Stand).

LEADER: Hear ye, and give ear, ... for Jehovah hath spoken. (Jeremiah 13:15).

RESPONSE: *Obey my voice, and do thou according to all which I command you; so shall ye be my people and I will be your God.* (*Jeremiah* 11:4-c.)

HYMN: "America."
(No. 246 H. A. Y.; No. 300 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 218 H. Y. P.; No. 88 Singing Pathways.)

PRAYER: O Divine Father of us all, we come to Thee in the strength of our youth, desiring in our hearts to have a part in the building of Thy Kingdom.

We thank Thee for Thy Word, which Thou hast given to be the guide of our lives and nation. When temptations allure us, wilt Thou give us strength to resist.

May we feel our responsibility to aid others in their fight for a victory in Christ. As true soldiers of the Cross, may no unworthy thoughts or deeds hinder us, in making our department a real Religious Opportunity for Training Christian leaders. Amen.

HYMN: (Seated). (Verses 1, 4). "Keep Thyself Pure! Christ's Soldiers."
(No. 178 H. A. Y.; No. 217 A. C. & C. S. H.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Psalm 119:1-8.

MALE QUARTETTE: "In Loving Adoration." (Y. M. C. A. Quartettes and Choruses for Men's Voices.)

OFFERTORY: (Instrumental). "The Son of God Goes Forth To War."
(No. 180 H. A. Y.; No. 238 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 215 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "Lead On, O King Eternal."
(No. 188 H. A. Y.; No. 246 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 22 H. Y. P.; No. 84 Singing Pathways).

(Hang the picture "Sargent's Prophets" in the front of the room. Near it place a poster, lettered with large black letters

arranged in semi-circle across the top: MODERN 20TH CENTURY PROPHETS. Below mount pictures of presidents in the following arrangement:)

(LEFT)	(CENTER)	(RIGHT)
Taft	Hoover	Wilson
Roosevelt		Coolidge

(Pictures can be procured from the Perry Picture Company).

POSTER TALK:

America's Chief Executives are fast becoming prophets. Their greatest concern being the welfare of the nation, they are keen to discern its enemies. These enemies are not men or nations, but insidious evils that are gnawing at the vitals of its life and spiritual growth.

"And so I fear, my country, not the hand[1]
That shall hurl night and whirlwind on the land;
I fear not Titan traitors who shall rise,
To stride like Brocken shadows on our skies:
These we can face in open fight, withstand
With reddening rampart and the sworded hand.
I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and citadel and school and shrine—
The worm of Greed, the fatted worm of Ease,
And all the crawling progeny of these—
The vermin that shall honeycomb the towers
And walls of State in unsuspecting hours."

These Presidents have spoken much as the ancient Jeremiah when he said: "Thus saith Jehovah: Behold, I set before you the way of life. But if ye will not hear these words, I swear by myself, that this house shall become a desolation. . . Woe unto him that buildeth . . . by unrighteousness."

LEADER: Hear what these modern prophets have spoken:

(Note: These messages can be incorporated in one talk; or better, they can be given unannounced by five members.)

1. Woodrow Wilson uttered words of spiritual passion:

"Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the Spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that Spirit."

2. Ex-Chief Justice, William Howard Taft, formerly President of the United States:

"Education alone, without the instilling of moral principle, and without the strengthening of that morality with religious spirit, may

[1] From "The Fear For Thee, My Country." Collected poems of Edwin Markham. (1932.) Used with permission.

often prove to give to citizens a knowledge without the moral impulse to use it properly. Therefore, where freedom of religion prevails, where religion cannot be united by Government with education, the burden upon the churches to make up for their lack is greater, and the danger from a failure of the churches is more threatening."

3. Theodore Roosevelt, with militant spirit proclaimed these words: "The most perfect machinery of government will not keep us, as a nation, from destruction, if there is not within us a soul. No abounding material prosperity shall await us, if our spiritual senses atrophy."

4. Calvin Coolidge had a constant message of redemption for his people as he fervently spoke to them on many occasions, words of religious conviction:

"Our government rests upon religion," said he. "It is from that source that we derive our reverence for truth and justice, for equality and liberty and for the rights of mankind. Unless the people believe in these principles, they cannot believe in our government. There are two main theories of government in the world. One rests upon righteousness, the other rests on force. One appeals to reason, the other appeals to the sword. If this country is to meet successfully the problems confronting it today, there must be first of all greater recognition of the spiritual side of life."

5. President Hoover has issued a war-cry against crime. He is challenging our nation to law-enforcement, with the stirring terms of a passionate revivalist, believing our foundations are crumbling when he says: "We are not suffering from an ephemeral crime wave, but from a subsidence of our foundation . . . . What we are facing today is something far larger and far more fundamental—the possibility that respect for law as law is fading from the sensibilities of our people."

LEADER: The words of our presidents are inspiring, but their appeal must be met by the acts of the individuals comprising our nation. Shall we not express our determination in the words of the hymn: "Fight the Good Fight with all Thy Might."

HYMN: "Fight the Good Fight."
(No. 196 H. A. Y.; No. 250 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 213 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER: (By Superintendent. That youth may have a stronger conviction of right and wrong, and be willing to serve as Christian soldiers, daring the task of establishing Christ's Kingdom.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Onward Christian Soldiers."
(No. 200 H. A. Y.; No. 207 A. C. & C. S. H.)

Service No. 3

Questing Inward

(Prayer)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Largo." Handel.
(Page 34 Music Section, Vol. I).

CALL TO WORSHIP:

LEADER: "God is our refuge and strength." (Psalm 46:1).

RESPONSE: (Seated). *"Be still, and know that I am God," saith Jehovah of Hosts.*

LEADER: As ———— continues to play the Largo softly, shall we "Be still" and bow our heads reverently in silence before Him.

SILENT PRAYER:

QUARTETTE: "Hear our Prayer, O Lord."
(Page 34 H. A. Y. Order of Worship).

HYMN: (Standing). "Awake my Soul, Stretch Every Nerve."
(No. 190 H. A. Y.; No. 214 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE TALK:

Jesus early sought the "Secret Place of the Most High" in His heart. He spent whole nights in prayer. His was not lip service, but a crying need of God for each victory. (Read Luke 5:16; 6:12, 19.)

Jesus sent each disciple, too, questing inward for this "Secret Place of the Most High." (Read Mark 6:31a.) "And He saith unto them, come ye apart yourselves into a desert place, and rest awhile." (Read Luke 9:18a). "And it came to pass, as He was praying apart, the disciples were with Him." (Read Matthew 17:1). "And after six days Jesus taketh with Him Peter, and James and John his brother and bringeth them up into a mountain apart." Then again He spoke to them: (Read Matthew 26: 41.) "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

The disciples yearned for Christ's passion in prayer. (Read Luke 11:1a). "And it came to pass, as He was praying in a certain place, that when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him, "Lord, teach us to pray."

LEADER: Shall we repeat together the prayer that Jesus taught them.
IN CONCERT: The Lord's Prayer.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2, 3). "Hear Us, Our Father."
(No. 23 H. A. Y.; No. 33 A. C. & C. S. H.)

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "A Mighty Fortress is Our God."
(No. 181 H. A. Y.; No. 240 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 201 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "God is My Strong Salvation."
(No. 199 H. A. Y.; No. 242 A. C. & C. S. H.)

LEADER: For centuries, heroes of service have been searching for the Spirit and have sent converts everywhere on the Quest Inward. The world today is feeling the mighty power generated in the souls of hundreds in foreign lands.

In darkest Africa, Mark Njoji, a Christian convert, has a unique expression for prayer, calling it "drops of prayer," as it has been literally translated from the Lonkundo. It heartens the missionaries to see the elders of the church plan for the spiritual welfare of their people, by arranging for Sunday afternoon prayer services. These are soul-searching, when more than a hundred pour out their hearts in prayer for guidance, strength, wisdom, faith, and they pray for all the world.

The young man, Mark Njoji, is black as ebony, but in his heart, he has found the "Secret Place of the Most High." He believes that the plan of these simple gatherings of the people for prayer was not man's plan, but the will of God.

STORY:

DR. E. R. FULKERSON IN A CHINESE PRAYER SERVICE[1]

Dr. E. R. Fulkerson, for twenty years a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Japan, has recently made a tour of the world in the interest of Christian missions, bringing back to the people of America the latest facts as to the status of the church in foreign lands. Doctor Fulkerson believes that, unless the church at home arouses itself to greater effort and shakes off the cloak of indifference, the church abroad will become the center of missionary zeal and the starting point for a program of the evangelization of Christianity. Missionaries will be sent from Asia to Europe and America in years to come in order to effect the Christianization of the peoples in these lands, unless the so-called Christian nations of today shoulder their responsibilities with more enthusiasm and sacrifice than has been manifested for a number of years.

Doctor Fulkerson related a story of a prayer meeting which he visited in China during his recent missionary tour:

"I arrived in the little inland village," he says, "in the early evening, having traveled by way of river boat from a seaport city. Being rather tired with the journey, I made haste to a little inn which the

[1] Used with permission of the Radio Church School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

village afforded, there to secure a room for the night. While I was talking to the inn-keeper regarding a night's lodging, I heard a distant bell tolling out the hour of eight. It sounded to me like a church bell. So, turning to the inn-keeper I asked him what kind of a bell it was. His answer confirmed my surmise.

" 'So there is a Christian church in your village?" I said to him.

'BUT, yes,' he replied, with little or no enthusiasm.

'Are there many Christians here?' I asked.

'Quite a number,' he answered.

'What do you think of these Christians?' I persisted, in my questions. 'Do you like them?'

'I am no Christian myself,' he replied, shrugging his shoulders, 'but they very nice people. They make no trouble for anyone and are very kind.' "

"I asked him how far it was to the church. Taking me to the door he pointed out the direction and informed me that it was not very far from the inn. Forgetting my weariness, I made arrangement to have my bags taken to my room and then I started out to find the Christian church, whose bell had announced to me that it was Wednesday night.

"I had not gone very far when I saw several streams of people going in the same direction which I was taking. They walked with an erect posture that portrayed a keen zest of living; their faces glowed with a light that is rarely seen in the countries through which I had been passing; in their eyes shown a vision of joy and hope that was in sharp contrast to the usual hopeless dejection constantly depicted in the eyes of the natives.

"As we entered the door I saw to my amazement, that the place was almost filled. Even the balconies were overflowing. Later on I learned that there were approximately 1600 people in the place of prayer on Wednesday night! And this was no special occasion either.

"Someone kindly showed me to a vacant seat near the back of the auditorium. I had no sooner been seated than a native tapped me on the shoulder and requested me to go to the platform. The pastor of the church had recognized me as I entered and had sent word for me to come to the pulpit. During the singing of the first hymn the pastor asked me if I would make a talk to his people. I consented to do so, for I was very glad to talk to these dear friends in Christ.

"So, without further preliminaries than the singing of this hymn, the pastor introduced me and I began to speak. They listened eagerly and intelligently to what I was saying. I have never been so flattered by as rapt attention to my words, as I was by the close following of my lines of thought on the part of these Chinese Christians. When I finally concluded my remarks I discovered that I had talked more than an hour! I felt rather ashamed of myself for taking so much time and I expressed my apologies to the pastor. He smiled and assured

me that I had done no harm, and that they would now have their prayer meeting! My face must have betrayed my astonishment, for he smiled again and then turned to the congregation and resumed the service.

"Shall I ever forget that meeting? It was a revelation and is a constant inspiration to me. After singing some more hymns the pastor himself gave a short talk. The meeting was then thrown open for testimonies. There were several on their feet at once. All over the house one vied with the other for the privilege of speaking a word for Christ. My heart burned with shame when I recalled the prayer meetings I used to attend at home, how the pastor had to urge the people to confess their Lord and how the long pauses between speeches grew embarrassing to both pastor and people. No such embarrassment here, except the embarrassment of saying which one should have the floor next. However, the leader was a past master in the art of diplomacy.

"The hour grew exceedingly late, and still the meeting went on. I grew anxious about them at last. I knew they had come from miles around, in order to worship together in the house of prayer. I questioned the pastor as to the wisdom of holding this meeting so long. He smiled again his enigmatic smile and said, 'The meeting is in their hands, not mine. They are willing to stay all night and bear witness to their joy.'

"I sank back in my chair and prepared to stay all night with them. My own weariness was gone completely. I was rested in soul and body by the demonstration I was witnessing.

"Finally, between two and three o'clock in the morning this extraordinary prayer service broke up. The pastor and I stood in the doorway of that Chinese Church watching the groups of people going in various directions singing Christian hymns. Then I turned to the shepherd of this flock and with tears in my eyes, I clasped his hand silently. I could not have uttered a word if my life had depended on it. I turned from the church and walked to my hotel. I had been in a holy place."

LEADER: It is thus in every land. Shall not our own nation attempt to evangelize the youth of the land and establish a prayer in the heart of each convert? Not long ago a poor fallen girl wandered the streets of a mid-west city alone, having no home and no Christian friends. In her despair she took a dose of poison, and was found dying in the street. A social service worker was called to see her at the City Hospital where she was sent. Seeing that death was near, this kind worker said: "Shall I pray for you, or shall I send a minister to pray with you?" The girl, with a longing gasp, said: "I do not know anything about prayer," and died.

SOLO: "Did You Think To Pray?" (Page 14 Music Section.)

PRAYER: (For a new passion for prayer in our own hearts, and a new responsibility for others).

HYMN: "Father, Hear the Prayer We Offer."
(No. 194 H. A. Y.; No. 248 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 8 H. Y. P.; No. 8 Singing Pathways.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."
(No. 12 H. A. Y.; No. 19 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 162 H. Y. P.; No. 162 Singing Pathways.)

Service No. 4

Adventuring Onward
(Promotion Day)

(Setting: Hang cyclorama away from front wall, to permit participant's entry, leaving space behind for seating them. In the center, place a booth for tableaux. It can be easily formed with tall screens, having draw curtains in front. Or, a large picture frame can be used. See Appendix.)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Incline Thine Ear." Himmel.
(Page 7, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: (Standing). "The Old Year's Long Campaign is O'er."
(No. 287 H. A. Y.). (Seated).

INVOCATION:

TRUMPET OR CORNET: (Behind scenes or in another room). "God's Trumpet Wakes the Slumbering World."
(No. 198 H. A. Y.; No. 217 H. Y. P.)

MALE SOLO: (Unannounced verse.) "God's Trumpet Wakes the Slumbering World."

(During the solo, two heralds enter, one on each side. One carries the Christian Flag, the other the American Flag. Place Flags in standards at each side of tableau booth. Heralds serve as curtain guards.)

HYMN: (Standing, Verse 3.) "We Come, We Come, Like the Hosts of Old."
(No. 292 H. A. Y.; No. 259 A. C. & C. S. H.)
(Lights dimmed. See Appendix. Spotlight on Song-Roll.)

HYMN: (Seated, 3 verses.) "Oft in Danger, Oft in Woe."
(No. 197 H. A. Y.)

TABLEAU: (Spotlight.) "In Heavenly Armor Clad."
(Background—palms or plants.)
Girl in white Grecian robe—

EDUCATION

with gold or silver cardboard armor, lettered with black gummed letters:

Girdle—gold or silver, lettered Truth.
Breastplate—lettered Righteousness.
Sandals—lettered Peace.
Shield—lettered Faith (Right arm.)
Helmet—lettered Salvation.
Sword of Spirit—Bible in left hand, aloft.

HYMN: (Lights on Song-Roll, Verse 4). "Oft in Danger." (Lights).

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "Onward Christian Soldiers."
(No. 200 H. A. Y.; No. 237 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 218 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "March On, March On, O Ye Soldiers True."
(No. 189 H. A. Y.; No. 247 A. C. & C. S. H.) (Lights dimmed.)

HYMN: (Lights on Song-Roll, Verse 3). "This is My Father's World."
(No. 46 H. A. Y.; No. 366 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 42 H. Y. P.; No. 49 Singing Pathways).

TABLEAU: Group of children, representing several nations, surrounding or handling globe, and having inquiring expression. (Lights.)

LEADER: The world is marching onward on the feet of little children.

HYMN: (Verse 1.) "Forward Through the Ages."
(No. 229 H. A. Y.; No. 224 H. Y. P.; No. 85 Singing Pathways.)

TABLEAU: Education.

LEADER: (Recite Verse 2.) "Forward Through the Ages."

TABLEAU: "Joan of Arc."

READING: "I am a Dream in the Soul of Youth." [1]

JOAN OF ARC

[1] By Percy R. Hayward. Used with permission of the International Council of Religious Education.

"I am a Dream in the Soul of Youth.

"It was I who found a home in the soul of Joan of Arc and led her to hear 'voices' that called her to her daring work in the world.

"So in the soul of youth everywhere I have always found myself at home.

"I make the eyes turn away from the little things of today to the greater things of tomorrow.

"I give wistfulness to the face, grip to the hands, unconscious beauty to the form, and iron to the ribbing of the soul.

"I make youth so forgetful of itself that it becomes inevitably beautiful.

"As I have slowly conquered the soul of youth, I have thereby changed the world.

INSPIRATION[1]

"And some day—

"Listen to me, ye men and women who glut your greed on the rights of others, ye forces of hate that control mankind, ye iron souls of Force that gloat on your power and success, ye ghoulish fiends of Poverty, and Ignorance, and Prejudice—

"Some day, I will completely capture the soul of youth—and then will I say unto you—the Temple of man's soul was meant to

[1] In permanent Collection of the Art Institute, Chicago.

be a house of Beauty and of Prayer, but ye have made it a Den of Thievery and of Hell; in the name of Christ, get ye out, and get ye out now.

"And ye will get out, because, mark you, no force like mine has ever before challenged your right to work your will upon mankind.

"I am a Dream in the Soul of Youth."

HYMN: (Verse 3). "Joy to the World."
(No. 71 H. A. Y.; No. 81 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 75 H. Y. P.)

TABLEAU: Inspiration.

HYMN: (Verse 3). "Forward Through the Ages."

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2). "O Zion Haste."
(No. 66 Order of Worship H. A. Y.; No. 335 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 244 H. Y. P.

PESTALOZZI

LEADER: (Recite Verse 3). "O Zion Haste."

"Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious,
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious,
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay."

REFRAIN: (All).

TABLEAU: Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi.

QUARTETTE: "O Thou Whose Feet Have Climbed."
(No. 282 H. A. Y.; No. 345 A. C. & C. S. H.)

SHORT TALK: (By Superintendent or Pastor). "The Diploma—the Measure of the Adventure."

DIPLOMAS:

HYMN: (Verse 3.) "We Come, We Come Like the Hosts of Old."
(No. 292 H. A. Y.; No. 259 A. C. & C. S. H.)

PRAYER HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "Father In Heaven, Who Lovest All."
(No. 168 H. A. Y.; No. 220 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 225 H. Y. P.)

TABLEAU: Benediction. (See Picture, Page 31.)

CLOSING CHANT: Quartette. "The Lord Bless Us."
(Bottom Page 3, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

II

VESTING THE CHRISTIAN ARMOUR

Service No. 5

The Christian's Girdle—Truth

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Pilgrims' Chorus." (From Tannhauser.) (Page 10 Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: (3 verses). "To Knights in the Days of Old." (No. 374 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 162 H. Y. P.)

STEREOPTICON PICTURE: "The Vigil of the Knight." (Lights dimmed. See Appendix, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: (Song-roll, Verse 4). "To Knights in the Days of Old." (See Appendix.)

INVOCATION:

SCRIPTURE LESSON: The Apostle Paul lived in the ancient time when armor was necessary to a soldier's equipment. It was thus easy for Paul to see the same need in a Christian's preparation for life. (Read Ephesians 6:13-17).

HYMN: "Soldiers of Christ, Arise." (No. 177 H. A. Y.; No. 231 A. C. & C. S. H.)

LEADER: Each part of the Christian Soldier's armor is important. Let us first think of "Truth," his girdle.

DUET: "Slowly, by Thy Hand Unfurled." (No. 178 H. Y. P.; Page 2 Music Section.)

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE:

LEADER: The sum of thy word is truth. (Psalm 119; 160a).

RESPONSE: *Remove from me the way of falsehood.* (*Psalm* 119: 29*a*).

LEADER: The truth of Jehovah endureth forever. (*Psalm* 117: 2b).

RESPONSE: *His truth is a shield and a buckler.* (*Psalm* 91:4*a*.)

LEADER: Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. (John 8:32.)

RESPONSE: *"I am the way, and the truth and the life," said Jesus.* (*John* 14:6*a*).

HYMN: "God Send Us Men, Whose Aim 'Twill Be." (No. 220 H. A. Y.; No. 284 A. C. & C. S. H.)

OFFERTORY: "He, The Lord, Our God." (From Elijah.) (Mendelssohn, Page 2 Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "Christian, Dost Thou See Them."
(No. 176 H. A. Y.; 229 A. C. & C. S. H.; 212 H. Y. P.)

STORY: "A Kind of Honesty."[1]

Mr. Sprague, the English instructor, pulled out his watch. "For Saturday, you will write me an eight-hundred word essay. That is all for today." And he smiled genially as he gathered up his papers and left the room. Carl Anderson did not smile. Writing themes was no joke for him.

He jammed on his hat with determination and hurried out into the sunshine. There was no time to worry about it now. He must get to the Excelsior Garage by four o'clock to begin the work that lasted till midnight. Only in this way could he make enough money to keep himself in college.

At ten that night there was a lull in the activity of the garage. Carl wiped his greasy hands on a piece of waste and went back to the office. He would try to get that theme out of the way by midnight. For half an hour he sat at the desk with a blank sheet of paper before him, struggling to find an idea. He knit his brows, he bit the eraser of his pencil, he jumped up to wash his face and hands, and sat down again with a mind as blank as before. It was impossible.

Just then the telephone rang and an irritated voice asked for a mechanic to come and fix a stalled motor. There was no time now for theme-writing. Carl caught up his repair kit and jumped into a car. He would try it again in the morning.

The next morning as he walked across the campus to the chemistry building, a cheerful voice arrested him.

"Hey, Carl, what's the hurry? Ten minutes before old Burge begins on smells. Why the worried look, my son? Cheer up, and let me see your 'chem' notes."

"All right, Bill," said Carl gloomily, "here they are. But I wish I knew how to write a theme for tomorrow. I'm going to flunk sure as fate."

Bill laughed uproariously. "Do you mean to say you're pulling a long face over a theme? Why, I'll write you one myself for fifty cents that will make Sprague think you're a genius."

"Will you?" asked Bill, catching at this possible solution of his difficulties. "Eight hundred words; it must be in tomorrow."

The chemistry lecture was lost to Carl that morning. He was considering Bill's proposition and his own acceptance. "Why not," ran his thoughts. "If I can only get into medical school it will be clear sailing. No harm in taking a short cut. I'm not going to be a writer,

[1] By H. C. Sproul, In Front Rank, Bethany Press. Used with permission.

anyway, and this theme business is silly stuff. Bill's help will only be a means to a good end."

So he soothed his conscience until he was startled by the ringing of the bell.

True to his word, Bill was waiting for him at the door of Stanley Hall the next morning. "There you are, sonny. Four bits. Thanks. It's worth an 'A,' if I do say it myself. Try me again. Cheerio. I'm off for trig." And he sauntered away.

In the course of the day Carl found time to copy the essay and hand it in to Mr. Sprague at the class period.

The instructor began abruptly: "Style," said Newman, "is a thinking into language. Today I would like to get to the root of writing and show you how necessary is clear, honest thought before pen is put to paper." He glanced reflectively out of the windows and suddenly pointed at a truck of empty boxes which was rattling past the building.

"It was Hablitt who said he hated to see a load of empty bandboxes going down the street, but more, that he hated to see a lot of big words with no meaning in them. He was right. Words are not an end in themselves. I have discovered from the first set of themes you gave me that few of you were handling a dead language, putting words together as in an exercise for Latin composition. I want you to write naturally, as you talk—only better. When you speak you have something to say: "It's a fine day" or "I hate English," or "What a queer instructor we've drawn."

Mr. Sprague enjoyed the laugh at his expense, and he continued: "You see, what I'm asking for is a kind of honesty. Don't put words together as you would in a puzzle. Tie them up and hand them in as a theme. Think first—it won't hurt you—What is it I want to say? The best part of writing is done beforehand."

And so for the rest of the hour Mr. Sprague hammered at his point —the honest expression of clear thinking. It was ground work, but very necessary groundwork. He illustrated from their own themes, praising this one and joining in the laugh over that one. Carl sat forward, listening and laughing with the others, but still somewhat uneasy. He knew that Bill's theme would not be laughed at. But somehow the situation did not now seem so simple as it had before. What if the theme were good? It certainly was not his own honest thinking. He moved uncomfortably in his seat and tried to forget it.

Later the theme came back to him with a C+ in the corner, and subsequent papers from Bill's ready hand were just as successful. But Carl was thoroughly miserable. He was too young to analyze his discontent and see that undeserved reward is always humiliating. Moreover, all the help and encouragement Mr. Sprague was giving the class was dead loss to one who was making no attempt to work at the prob-

lems of writing. It was a sudden announcement of Sprague's that precipitated Carl's decision.

"Today you will write me a theme in class. I will suggest several subjects, but you are at liberty to use one of your own. Don't write until you've worked out your idea, and leave time for revision."

He passed out paper and left the room. In two minutes the class had settled down, and the only sounds were the scratching of pens and the occasional scuffle of a foot as a student wriggled in the throes of composition.

But Carl sat motionless for a long while. He was helpless. The instructor's teaching had been wasted; it meant nothing without practice. He hadn't the slightest idea how to begin; or having begun, how to go on. Slowly there dawned upon him the conviction that he had been a cheat and a liar not only to Mr. Sprague, but to himself as well. Why hadn't he seen it before? He had not meant to be really dishonest. Everybody thought it legitimate to fool the instructors if possible. "What fools!" he thought bitterly. "Cutting off our own heads."

The bell startled the class into hasty folding of papers and sighs of relaxation. Carl grimly handed in his blank paper and left for the garage.

There was but one thing to do, he told himself, while polishing up a car that night. He must see Mr. Sprague tomorrow and clean up his slate.

It was three o'clock the next afternoon before the opportunity and the courage coincided. His heart beating quickly, his face flushed, Carl knocked firmly on Mr. Sprague's door. At a cheerful "Come in," he pushed open the heavy oak door, which seemed to his excited imagination like the door of fate. Mr. Sprague was picking up his hat to leave, but put it down on the desk to welcome his visitor. His keen eyes took in Carl's flushed face and determined air. Then he smiled and said briskly: "I was just about to run out for a look at football practice and a breath of fresh air. Won't you join me? We can talk later."

On the way to the field Mr. Sprague gossiped on about this and that —the beautifully clear October weather, the new stadium, the chances of the football team. Gradually he won Carl's confidence and, to the boy's surprise, he found himself taking part in the conversation without restraint.

As they strolled back across the campus Mr. Sprague asked Carl about his work at the garage. The boy warmed up again and was soon pouring out all the interesting details of his job—the people of every kind who came in; the fascination that a smoothly running motor aroused in him; the danger of carbon monoxide suffocation from the car exhausts; the incidents, humorous or sad, that occurred day by

day. Mr. Sprague listened in silence, except for an occasional prompting question.

"Carl," he said, as they paused at the steps of Stanley, "will you write that for me just as you have been telling it to me? Simply tell it over again on paper. It will be your next theme. Bring it to me in the morning. Good-bye." And he waved his hand as he mounted the steps.

Carl almost ran to the garage, his mind aglow with new hope. Perhaps he could write. Sprague had seemed to think it possible. And what a brick the man was! Nothing dry-as-dust about him! "By all that's holy," he said aloud in his eagerness, "I'll try it anyway." And he dashed into the garage as if he had been late instead of ten minutes early.

Work quieted down before ten that night, and Carl was able to leave the small jobs to his assistant. He sat down at the desk and hastily pulled out paper and pen. Sitting on the edge of his chair, he pondered the opening sentences. "Guess I'll tell it like a story. Begin with my asking for a job, and then go on to tell what has actually happened to me." He bent over the desk and, after the first few halting sentences, wrote quickly. This was fun—like talking to his best friend. What a fool he'd been not to try it before!

The clock indicated midnight, but Carl scribbled on without heeding. Finally at one-thirty he signed his name with a flourish and sat back in his chair. His back ached and his fingers were cramped, but he felt a peculiar elation. Again, he was too young to know that happiness results from the honest expression of one's thoughts and emotions.

Carl, the next day, was idling across the campus, trying his newfound powers of observation—the "theme eye," Sprague had called it —when he heard a quick step, and the instructor himself came up alongside.

"Let's sit there on the knoll for a few minutes," suggested Mr. Sprague. "I have a heavy piece of apple pie to digest."

When they were comfortably seated on the grass under a big tree the older man spoke again:

"Have you heard about the hundred-dollar prize being offered for the best essay on working one's way through college? No? I think you ought to try for it." He laughed at Carl's open mouth and surprised eyes. "Why not? Take that material about the garage and rewrite it. If you'll drop into the office this afternoon at three I'll go over it with you."

Carl managed an embarrassed "Thank you, sir," and hastened off to his biology class. Sprague sat there for a while, humming contentedly to himself and thoughtfully plucking at the brown grass.

It was a month later that Carl waded through an early snowstorm

to the university post office. In his box he found an official notice that he had won second prize in the essay composition. He almost choked with the thrill of it. And the fifty dollars he could use later for Christmas presents to dad and the family. But there was another note in the box. He tore it open hastily. It was from Mr. Sprague, and it read:

"Congratulations. I knew you could write better than Bill."

PRAYER HYMN: (Verse 1.) "Send Down Thy Truth, O God." (No. 219 H. A. Y.; No. 179 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "I Would Be True." (No. 171 H. A.Y.; No. 222 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 172 H. Y. P.; No. 16 Singing Pathways.)

Service No. 6

The Christian's Breast-Plate—Right Living

OPENING HYMN: (Standing). "To Knights in the Days of Old." (No. 37 A. C. & C. S. H. or Song Roll No. 162 H. Y. P.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing).

LEADER: Be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might.

RESPONSE: *We will stand, therefore, girding our lives with truth, having put on the breast-plate of righteousness.*

HYMN: (Verse 3). "Joy to the World." (No. 71 H. A. Y.; No. 81 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 75 H. Y. P.)

LEADER:

"If I were a voice—a persuasive voice—[1]
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true;
I'd fly, I'd fly, o'er land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,
Telling a tale, or singing a song,
In praise of the right—in blame of the wrong."

HYMN: "Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True." (Seated.) (No. 75 H. A. Y.; No. 226 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 159 Singing Pathways.)

SCRIPTURE TALK AND BIBLE RESPONSES:

God's Word is threaded throughout with words about righteousness from the tongues of prophet, psalmist, sage. It includes all qualities of conduct necessary to right living.

Hear what His Word tells about righteousness.

LEADER: Jehovah will render to every man his righteousness and faithfulness. (I Samuel: 23a).

RESPONSE: *Open to me the Gates of Righteousness. I will enter into them. I will give thanks to Jehovah.* (*Ps.* 118: 19).

LEADER: Jehovah will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish. (Proverbs 10:3).

RESPONSE: *I put on righteousness and it clothed me.* (*Job* 29: 14*a*).

[1] From "If I Were A Voice" by Charles MacKay.

LEADER: O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto thee. (Dan. 9:7).

RESPONSE: *They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn away to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.* (*Daniel* 12:3).

LEADER: Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. (Matthew 5:6).

RESPONSE: *In every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is acceptable to thee.* (*Acts* 10:35).

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2). "How Firm A Foundation."
(No. 182 H. A. Y.; No. 202 H. Y. P.)

THEME TALK: God has made youth visionary, with a daring spirit, unafraid to venture into the changes necessary to the reform of mankind. History abounds with the names of youthful reformers; in fact the most of the reforms of history have been the work of young men. Daring young leaders make new conditions; and new conditions make daring young leaders. It is a mighty challenge to the young, for fear and discouragement often transfer youths into more conservative beings, not able to lead new life and new reforms.

Any young man or young woman, having a strong conviction of right and wrong, can become a much sought leader, able to control others. Let this be our prayer:

"White Captain of my soul, lead on;
I follow Thee, come dark or dawn;
Only vouchsafe three things I crave;
Where terror stalks, Help me be brave!
Where righteous ones can scarce endure
The siren call, Help me be pure!
Where vows grow dim, and men dare do
What once they scorned, Help me be true!"

Robert Freeman.

HYMN: "Now to Heaven Our Cry Ascending."
(No. 288 H. A. Y.)

STORY:[1]

In the very heart of the city of Nashville, Tennessee, in Capital Park, there stands a beautiful monument, topped by the figure of a boy, having a noble bronze face. He was not a famous soldier, but has become famed because he willing to die that "right" rather than "might" should prevail.

It is the statue of Sam Davis, a simple farmer boy—an unpretentious youth who preferred death—"A thousand times rather than betray a friend or be false to duty."

[1] Used with permission of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. Company.

Sam's parents were old-fashioned people. They were God-fearing, simple-mannered, neither rich nor poor, and Sam grew up in the quiet way of the southern country boy, in the fields and under the trees of his father's farm. There was no hint of the hero to come in the peaceful, humdrum life of the farm. True the war clouds were gathering. The air was becoming electrified with exciting speeches. The parading of holiday soldiery with fife and drum in the numerous villages all tended to excitement.

Out of the tenseness of these stirring years there ushered in the great war, and from this, Sam's strange heroism may have been fashioned. As Sam saw it, duty called and he put aside his school books at Nashville and bade good-bye to teachers, fellow pupils and loved ones. He enlisted as a private in the First Tennessee Infantry and soon found drudgery and danger in the army of General Bragg.

The life of a private soldier anywhere or at any time in real warfare is not a pathway of roses. Sam's record was such that when General Bragg ordered the organization of a company of scouts by General B. F. Cheatham, Sam Davis was chosen as one of the number because of his coolness, daring and power of endurance. Captain H. B. Shaw was given command of these scouts and the field of their early endeavor was middle Tennessee, which at that time was practically in the hands of the Federal forces.

Captain Shaw assumed a disguise within the Federal lines, posing as an itinerant doctor and bearing the name "Dr. E. Coleman" among the Federals and of "Capt. E. Coleman, Commander of Scouts," among the Confederates, this double deception being necessary to the prosecution of his dangerous duties as a spy.

It fell to the lot of Sam Davis to be assigned to "Capt. Coleman's Scouts" and given a place of peculiar difficulty and danger soon to terminate in death. The appointing officers said it was "the boy's record" that gave prominence and promotion to one so young. He had learned as a country boy two hard lessons that few men learn in a lifetime—to fear nothing and nobody but God and to obey orders. He had a bright and winning way about him, an utterly fearless eye, a frank and gentle speech and the self-poise of a great soldier. Next to his God, above even his tender love for his mother and home, Sam cherished that old time sense of "honor" so sacred among the traditions of the old South when one's "word of honor" meant more than wealth or fame or life itself.

The honor which gave Sam Davis a place among the immortals was of the kind that sought not the life of another in revenge, but sacrificed one's life in devotion to duty.

The 16th Army Corps, under General G. M. Dodge, was centered at Pulaski, Tenn., not far from the Tennessee River and the Alabama line (Pulaski is a local station on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad,

seventy-nine miles south of Nashville, Tenn., and at that time, a hamlet, but now a thriving city of some ten thousand inhabitants). Harrassed by Coleman's Scouts in securing valuable information of General Dodge's movements, and giving it to General Bragg had caused confusion in General Dodge's plans and peace of mind and accordingly he summoned the famous Kansas Seventh Cavalry and demanded that they immediately run down and capture—"Coleman and his scouts." So active and alert was the entire corps that capture was a matter of a few days only.

Captain Shaw, alias Coleman, summoned Sam Davis and committed to his care certain papers, letters, reports and maps giving late and important information to General Bragg. In his shoes and in the saddle seat were hidden the dangerous documents and Sam, with Coleman's pass, started southward to the headquarters of General Bragg. Sam's route began and ended that day. He was arrested at the Tennessee River, and along with other prisoners, he was hurried to Pulaski, Tenn., and by night was in jail. Elsewhere on the same day, Captain Shaw, alias Coleman, was captured and imprisoned in the same jail with Davis at Pulaski.

The reports, letters and papers found on Sam Davis were placed in the hands of General Dodge who twice had Davis brought to his headquarters, urging him in a strong but kindly way to disclose the name of the one who had committed to him the captured papers. Davis met the General modestly. The General tried to impress upon Davis the danger he was in and as only a messenger held out to him the hope of lenient treatment if he would answer truthfully questions put to him. Davis was informed he would be tried as a spy and the evidence surely would convict him. He very quietly but firmly refused to do it. The General pleaded with him with all the power he possessed to give him some chance to save his life. He discovered that Davis was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. Davis replied: "I know, General, that I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information and papers, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and if I have to die I shall be doing my duty to God and my country."

LEADER: Sometimes to die for a principle is not as hard as to live for it. Let us consecrate ourselves to the task of establishing right-living.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2, 3). "Just as I Am, Thine Own To Be." (No. 131 H. A. Y.; No. 17 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 135 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER: (For stronger convictions of right and wrong, and a willingness to lead others to right-living.)

HYMN: (Verse 4, Softly). "Just as I Am, Thine Own To Be."

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "Father Lead Me."
(No. 141 H. A. Y.; No. 7 Singing Pathways.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Soldiers of Christ, Arise."
(No. 177 H. A. Y.; No. 231 A. C. & C. S. H.)

BENEDICTION

Service No. 7

The Christian's Sandals—Peace

OPENING HYMN: (Standing). "O, Zion Haste."
(Page 66 Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 335 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 244 H. Y. P.)

LEADER:

"Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!' "

RESPONSE:

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blasts of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful—as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise."

(*Henry W. Longfellow*)

TRIO: (Concealed). Chorale of Peace. (Part of Indian Ceremonial, Page 94 Singing Pathways.)

LEADER: Such is the Indian plea for peace. Shall we not speak in prayer to the Prince of Peace—the man of Galilee?

PRAYER: "O Man of Galilee!"

"Oh, come and speak to me,
Thou man of Galilee.
Thy voice I long to hear,
'Tis music to my ear,
Oh, come and speak to me!

"Oh, come and walk with me,
Thou man of Galilee,
Alone I miss the way,
With thee I cannot stray,
Oh, come and walk with me!

"Oh, come abide with me,
Thou man of Galilee.
My home so dark and chill
Thou canst with sunshine fill,
Oh, come, abide with me!

"Come, give Thy peace to me,
Thou man of Galilee.

Thy peace from fear can save,
Thy peace my heart doth crave.
Oh, give Thy peace to me. Amen."

A. F. R.

HYMN: "Lead On, O King Eternal."
(No. 188 H. A. Y.; No. 246 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 220 H. Y. P.; No. 84 S. P.)

HYMN: "Angel of Peace."
(No. 252 H. A. Y.; No. 340 A. C. & C. S. H.)

POSTER TALK AND SCRIPTURE READING: (See Note, Page 35.)

Back of treaties, back of peace pacts, back of disarmaments, lies the underlying principle of peace, planned by Jehovah God, and lived by our Saviour.

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful," said Jesus. (John 14:27).

But Jesus was prepared to speak by the promises of His Father: "Jehovah will bless His people with peace," said the Psalmist (Psalm 29:11b.) And the prophets added: The word of righteousness shall be peace." (Isaiah 32:17). "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusted thee." (Isaiah 26:3).

"Oh, that thou had'st hearkened to my commandment: Then had Thy peace been as a river and Thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." (Isaiah 48:18).

When the angels sang at the coming of the Prince of Peace: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace among men in whom he is well pleased," they spoke not to any chosen nation, race or color. He died for all and left his peace for all.

If we would have a perpetual armistice, we must keep alive the dream for which the dead sacrificed their lives, ere their task was finished.

Dying to all little hatreds, greed, or petty strife, we must give our youth for building a better world, creating new dreams of peace, and attempting new heights of victory through self-denial and unselfish goodwill.

HYMN: "Let There Be Light."
(Page 65 Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 260 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: (Instrumental.) God's Quest.
(Page 22 Music Section.)

HYMN: "O God of Love, O King of Peace."
(No. 255 H. A. Y.; No. 337 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 261 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: In his poem "The Shoes of Happiness," Edwin Markham reveals the kind of peace that comes to a glad and unfettered heart.

STORY: The Shoes of Happiness. (Adapted from the poem).

The great Mahmoud bragged of fifty battle fields, where his flag, like a red meteor hung as a thunderhead.

He had turned thirty towns to dust, and his coffers were heaped by his sword's renown.

He built him a pleasure place of his plunder, where he gulped glory and pleasure, splendor and power.

But a great change came over the sultan; and he lay on the edge of death. He had lain for hours on a soft cushian, heaped with flowers.

His harem ladies danced and sang and told him tales of great cities besieged.

But Mahmoud never stirred.

Then nineteen cooks began to bake and boil for the sick sultan. His slaves brought delicate pastries, jelly, grapes, coffee, sherbet, almonds, citrus, rice and figs, all served on silver trays or in rich bowls.

But Mahmoud gave not a single glance, and even scorned his long stemmed pipe. All his world wept for the sick sultan, as they carried him to the mosque.

They gave him the holy rub of Dervish foot, carried him to the praying floor and tore a leaf from the Koran's page, burned it, giving him the ash to drink. The doctors all sighed, and did not agree.

At last, there crept from the harem an old woman, who hoped to lift the gloom, by proclaiming that Mahmoud could be healed by wearing the shoes of a happy man, a mortal, wholly blest.

Then Mahmoud called a Vizier, high officer of his Mahammedan country, saying that he must bring him the shoes ere the dawn of day, or lose his head.

The Vizier started first to folk of high degree, hoping to find a man with a happy heart, with no sorrow or trial, but he found no peace there. They were all pricked by wants and woes, and back of their joy, they sighed.

Then he journeyed to a poor man's door. He had seven children which were seven joys—but he had no peace for fear his work might cease and he could not feed his children.

He passed women, peering from latticed screens, wood-cutters, bean pickers and slaves asleep, but all had a secret sigh.

A laughing boy showed his life of joy, but his shoes were too small for the sultan.

When he spoke to the poet, the poet only sighed that song comes from sorrow.

So all through the realm he searched in vain, to rosy bride and youth in love, to merchant, student, teller of tales. Each had a secret sorrow.

At last he turned toward home, with grim regrets, and eyes filled with tears, as he feared he would lose his head.

Suddenly, as the morn began to dawn, the Vizier saw a man stretched out from a field of corn, his head resting on his arm. Softly he blew a fluting note from a pipe of willow.

Laughter was written in his face, as he lay long and graceful.

When the Vizier spoke, saying that he sought one whose days were full of happiness and peace, the man replied: "I am the one. I have no land or money to worry about. I seek no fame or favor. I only want the road and the sky, and a willow pipe to whisper the music in my soul.

The Vizier ran to get his shoes, that the Sultan might be healed, promising the man a fortune. But the happy man replied: "Oh! yes —but I have no shoes."

LEADER: But he must have been "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."

HYMN: (Verse 4). "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."
(No. 205 H. A. Y.; No. 281 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 152 H. Y. P.)

SILENT PRAYER:

QUARTETTE: Perfect, Perfect Peace.
(Page 8 Music Section.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. We've A Story To Tell to The Nations.
(No. 260 H. A. Y.; No. 338 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 242 H. Y. P.; No. 91 S. P.)

NOTE: A simple poster, enhancing the value of scripture can be made as follows: Mount large size picture of Hoffman's Christ Head on sheet of card board. Letter with large black gummed letters: "Peace I Leave with You; My Peace I Give Unto You."

Service No. 8

The Christian's Shield—Faith

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "To Knights in The Days of Old." (No. 374 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 162 H. Y. P.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing).

LEADER: Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong. (I Cor. 16:13).

RESPONSE: *This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith.*

HYMN: "Faithful People Now Rejoice." (No. 291 H. A. Y.)

PRAYER: Our Father, Divine Leader of our souls, we thank Thee for thy promises to be with us. We desire to put on the whole armor of God. Strengthen our shield of faith that it cannot be pierced with doubt or fear.

We confess our weakness without thee, but we believe that thou art able to sustain and bless our efforts. We do not ask for a glorious victory for ourselves, but only seek to serve in the conquest for the establishment of Christ's Kingdom.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2). "At All Times Praise the Lord." (No. 45 H. A. Y.)

SCRIPTURE TALK:

"God's in His heaven—All's well with the world," was a poet's dream, but the inspiration was the spirit of the Master's words: (Read John 14:13a).

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do."

"Faith makes discords of the present, the harmonies of the future," said Robert Collyer.

When there comes a real living contact between a human being and the Heavenly Father, then faith is established which can transform that soul; Jesus lead the way to perfect faith when he said: (Read Luke 11:9, 10). "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

An ancient Florentine Sculptor, Donatello, put the spirit of faith in the statue of a young hero of the fifteenth century. It was the statue of St. George, a soldier rising to high military rank. by profession, but a martyr to Christianity. He was the son of

noble Christian parents, from whom he received careful religious training. There burned within him a fervor which made him unafraid to approach the emperor who had begun to manifest a pronounced hostility towards Christianity. George sought a personal interview with him, in which he made deliberate profession of his faith. Earnestly protesting against the persecution which had begun, George resigned his commission. He was immediately arrested, suffered various tortures, and finally put to death.

The statue shows St. George, standing erect, with fearless dreamy eyes and hand supporting the shield which is the emblem of his faith. A poetess, Louise Imogene Guiney, expressed her regard for the things revealed in the picture, by the poem "The Knight Errant,"[1] beginning:

"Spirits of old that bore me
And set me, meek of mind,
Between great dreams before me
And deeds as great behind,
Knowing humanity, my star,
As first abroad I ride,
Shall help me to wear with every scar,
Honor at eventide."

LEADER: Shall we express our debt of gratitude to all the martyrs of Christian faith by singing: "Faith of our Fathers."

HYMN: "Faith of Our Fathers."
(No. 269 H. A. Y.; No. 285 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 171 H. Y. P.; No. 170 S. P.)

LEADER: A Canadian Soldier on the Somme battlefield in France expressed his perfect faith in God's guidance and loving care, in poetic words:

POEM: (By assigned reader).

"Although I do not know God's wondrous ways,
Yet I believe from out life's puzzling maze
I shall be brought—He knows.

"I do not ask to see the journey's end,
For He walks at my side just like a friend,
So all is well—He sees.

"I would not be my own guide, if I might,
But rather trust to His unerring sight
To lead me on—He guides.

[1] Used with permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company.

"I could not guard myself, for that were vain,
Yet this I know: He faithful will remain,
And keep me safe—He guards.

"I would not live when done my task is here,
For I can heed his summons without fear,
He died for me—He lives.

"So when from scenes of earth He beckons hence
To fairer realms, 'twill be sweet recompense
Forevermore—with Him."

DUET: (Verse 3. Unannounced). "My Father Knows"—Excell.

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "My Faith Looks Up To Thee." (No. 144 H. Y. P.)

STORY:

MY FIRST ARAB

By faith, one young medical student founded an institution which became the benefactor of hundreds and thousands of homeless, starving wayward boys and girls in the City of London. It was the work of H. A. Barnardo whose subsequent career was determined by his discovery of the wretched poverty of the children in the city's midst. He first conducted a voluntary night school among rough boys and girls, the children of the poorer classes, reserving two nights a week and all of Sunday to conduct a ragged school situated in rooms formerly a stable, in the heart of squalid Stepney.

Dr. Barnardo tells his own story: One night, I called a child to my side, that I might question him more closely. I never supposed that his was a true account of himself, when the little fellow said:

"I don't live nowhere!"

"Now, my lad, it is quite useless your trying to deceive me. Come over here. Tell me the truth. Where are your friends? Where did you sleep last night?"

I had encountered many ragged, hungry and even cruelly ill-used little ones; but never as yet had a genuine Arab Boy, utterly homeless and friendless crossed by path.

This ever-memorable evening, after the general body of my young scholars had gone home, I noticed standing on the hearth near the large fire burning at one end of the room, this little ragged lad, who, I observed, had listened quietly throughout the evening. He showed no signs of leaving, and yet it was time to put out the lights. So I said: "Do you mean to say, my boy," I at length asked for the second or third time, "that you really have no home at all, and that you have no father or mother or friends?"

"That's the truth, sir. I ain't tellin' you no lies."

"Where did you sleep last night?" I added.

"Down in Whitechapel, along o' the 'aymarket, in one o' them carts filled with 'ay."

"How was it you came to the school?"

" 'Cos, sir, I met a chap as I know'd, and he tell'd me to come up 'ere to the school, to get a warm; an' he sed p'raps you'd let me lie nigh the fire all night."

"But," I said, "we don't keep open all night."

"I won't do no 'arm, sir," he repeated, "if only you'll let me stop. Please do, sir."

It was a raw winter night, and the sharp and bitter east wind seemed to pierce to the very bone, no matter how snugly one was wrapped up. I looked at the little lad whom I now know the Lord had sent me, and could not but see how ill-prepared he was to resist the inclement weather. My heart sank as I reflected, "If all that this poor boy says is true, how much he must have suffered."

Then, too, for the first time in my life, there rushed upon me with overwhelming force this thought: "Is it possible that in this great city there are others also homeless and destitute, who are as young as this boy, as helpless, and as ill-prepared as he to withstand the trials of cold, hunger and exposure?" Surely it cannot be possible, I thought, that tonight there are MANY SUCH in this great London of ours, this city of wealth, of open Bibles, of Gospel preaching, and of Ragged Schools? I turned to the poor little fellow who stood anxiously awaiting my decision.

"Tell me, my lad," I asked at length, "are there other poor boys like you in London without home or friends?"

A grim smile of something like wonder at my ignorance lighted up his face as he promptly replied:

"Oh! yes, sir; lots—'eaps of 'em; more'n I could count."

This was too much of a bad thing. The boy really must be lying! At any rate, I resolved to put the matter to an immediate test. Surely facts would not bear the boy out. So I asked: "Now, if I am willing to give you some hot coffee and a place to sleep in, will you take me to where some of these poor boys are, as you say, lying out in the streets, and show me their hiding places?"

My challenge was promptly accepted.

Would he! Wouldn't he just!

He had not much to say on the way to my dwelling, which was close by the London Hospital, but he kept very near me, his little bare feet going patter, patter, on the cold pavement, his poor rags pulled tightly across his chest, and a wretched apology for a cap drawn over head and ears. He was the very picture of misery and neglect, and I felt almost stunned by the reflection—SUPPOSE, AFTER ALL, HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! At last we reached my rooms. It was not long before the promised coffee was ready, and I lost no time in get-

ting my ragged pupil placed at the table opposite me.

Poor little man! He at least told the truth about his hunger. How ravenously he ate and drank! I almost feared to supply him, with such voracity did he swallow the food. But the hot, sweet coffee put new vigor into his cold little frame. I could see him visibly brightening, and the food and warmth served quickly to loosen his tongue.

"I never knowed my father, sir. Mother was always sick, an' when I wor a little kid" (he did not look very big now!)—"she went to the 'firmary, an' they put me into the school. I wor all right there, but soon arter, mother died, an' then I runned away from the 'ouse."

"How long ago was that?"

"Dunno 'zactly, sir; but it's more'n five years ago."

"Have you ever been to school?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. At the work'us they made me go to school, an' I've been into one on a Sunday in Whitechapel. There's a kind gentleman there as used to give us toke afterwards."

"Now, Jim," I said, "would you like to go into a comfortable home, and always have plenty to eat and drink, and have kind friends to teach you and take care of you?"

"That 'ud suit me, sir, and no mistakes."

Then they knelt down together, and the young doctor asked the Lord to bless the little waif of the streets.

"The first little Arab" was given a home—and the Heavenly Father, who feeds the ravens heard the prayer of his heart.

The medical career of young Dr. Barnardo was changed. His life was givin to rescuing and sheltering hundreds of outcast children, like the first little Arab, whose awful misery and piteous upturned face had touched his heart, and laid hold on his faith to venture the establishment of a home for them.

HYMN: Immortal Love, Forever Full."
(No. 144 H. A. Y.; 104 A. C. & C. S. H.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."
(No. 205 H. A. Y.; No. 231 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 152 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 9

The Christian's Helmet—The Word of God

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Be Not Afraid." (From Elijah). Mendelssohn. (Page 43; Music Section, Vol. I.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Room darkened).

STEREOPTICON PICTURE ON SCREEN: "The Vigil of the Knight." (See Appendix.)

HYMN: (Song-Roll). "To Knights in the Days of Old." (No. 374 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 162 H. Y. P.)

MEMORY SCRIPTURE: (The Christian's Armor—Ephesians 6:13-17). Wherefore take up the whole armor of God; that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breast-plate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace, withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. And take up the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. (Lights on. Use song-roll if necessary.)

HYMN: (Verse 2.) "Come, Thou Almighty King." (No. 36 H. A. Y.; No. 1 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 34 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER: Our Blessed Heavenly Father, We thank Thee for the written Word, by which Thou dost lead our feet in the way everlasting. Forgive us, our Father, that we have ever neglected this Book. Inspire us to know it, and with the knowledge of it inspire us to do Thy will. Grant us the indwelling of Thy Spirit that we may see the light that is in the Word. Deliver us from unbelief and grant us the courage of the faith to live by, to fight with, and to die by. We ask through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. (Christian Evangelist.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2, 3). "O Word of God Incarnate." (No. 64 H. A. Y.; No. 45 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 68 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: We read in Hebrews 4:12, that

"The word of God is living, and active and sharper than any two-edged sword and piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow, and quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart."

LEADER: It is not difficult to know why the names of many poets and authors have become immortal. They have been Bible students

and men of faith: Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier.

Every young person should be impressed with words written by Charles Dickens to one of his sons starting to college: "I most strongly and affectionately impress upon you the priceless value of the New Testament and the study of that book as the one unfailing guide in life. Deeply respecting it, and bowing down before the character of our Saviour, as separated from the vain constructions and inventions of men, you cannot go very wrong, and will always preserve at heart a true spirit of veneration and humility."

To another son he wrote:

"I put a New Testament among your books, because it is the best book that ever was, or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided."

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2). "How Firm A Foundation."
(No. 182 H. A. Y.; No. 202 H. Y. P.)

RADIODRAMA: "De Helmet ob Salvation." (Arranged from story in King's Builders. Used by permission.)

CHARACTERS:

Announcer (See foot-note.)

Uncle Joshua (Impersonating colored man.)

Miss Jeanette (Young Lady.)

ANNOUNCER: Good-morning everybody. This is Station YPE (Young People Everywhere) Broadcasting from ——— Department, ——— Church. You will now listen to a short dialect radio drama: "De Helmet ob Salvation, portrayed by: ———. Uncle Joshua, an old colored Bible student, is paid a visit by his young mistress, Miss Jeannette.

JEANNETTE: Hullo, Uncle Joshua, may I come in?

UNCLE JOSHUA: In cose ye kin come in, jist any ole time, Miss Jeannette.

JEANNETTE: But I thought perhaps you were reading your Bible, and didn't want to be disturbed.

UNCLE JOSHUA: Dat's all right, honey. I am mos' allus readin' de Bible when dey ain't nothin' else to do. But I'm allus glad to visit wid my young missy.

JEANNETTE: But aren't there lots and lots of awfully hard words in it?

UNCLE JOSHUA: Yes, in cose dey is, honey, but de slower you reads 'em, de bettah dey sounds. An' when you once gits de sense sure 'nuff, it's just wonderful—it is indeed, Miss Jeannette.

JEANNETTE: Well, why do you like to read the Bible so much?

UNCLE JOSHUA: I likes to know about all dem good men what libbed long ago an' tried to foller de Lawd de bes' dey knowed how. Der's Abraham—what was willin' to offer up his only son Isaac when he thought de Lawd wanted him—an' Joseph, faithful and stiddy. An' der was Moses, a bashful sort of a chap, led a whole army o' folks out ob de lan' o' bondage, right froo de Red Sea. Dey ain't nobody could o' done dat, Miss Jeannette, widout de Lawd.

Den dey's Joshua de conqueror, an' David de King, an' 'lijah de prophet, an' Nehemiah dat built de wall again. Great men dey was, Miss Jeannette, an' de mark ob de Lawd was on 'em ebry one!

Good men dey all wus, but dey all made mistakes, but ah turns ober my Bible an' ah reads about One who nebber made no mistake about nothin'. I reads how he healed de blind an' de lame, an' de deaf—an' how he raised de dead and how at last he suffered and died on de cross for me. Time an' agin de page has been wet wid ma tears, when I read dat story, Miss Jeannette. O, dis old Book am de "Helmet ob Salvation."

MISS JEANNETTE: Well, that is a wonderful story, Uncle Joshua—but I must be going now. Good-bye. You must tell me some more when I come again.

UNCLE JOSHUA: Good-bye, Good-bye, honey. Remember, He died for you, too, Miss Jeannette. (Croons Negro Spiritual).

"It's Me, O Lord." (No. 175 Singing Pathways).

(Pause).

ANNOUNCER: YPE is signing off.

OFFERTORY: "Holy Bible, Book Divine."
(Page 29 Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace."
(Page 23 Order of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 40 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 72 H. Y. P.)

NOTE: Players are often prevented by lack of time for memorizing parts, preparing costumes and rehearsing gestures, from using the play as part of a program. The radio has proved that these can be imagined, when programs are read well. The author has conceived the idea of using mock radio drama. A loud speaker or radio can be placed in front of the room as a symbol of real radio and the program can be given from the next room, or from booth screened around piano in one corner.

III

HEROES FOR GOD'S TRUTH

Service No. 10

Bible Pictures

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Hymn of the Apostles."
(Page 33, Music Section Vol. 1, Worship for Youth.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing).

HYMN: "Come Thou Almighty King."
(No. 36 H. A. Y.; No. 1 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 34 H. Y. P.)

INVOCATION:

RESPONSE: "Let the Words of my Mouth."
(Page 24, Order of Worship H. A. Y.)

HYMN: (Seated). "Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace."
(No. 23, Order of Worship H. A. Y.; No. 41 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 72 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 4). "Holy Spirit, Truth Divine." (Room darkened. Lights on).
(No. 69 H. A. Y.; No. 48 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 67 H. Y. P.)

DUET: (Verses 1, 2, 4). "To Thee, Eternal Soul, be Praise."
(No. 73 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: Prayer. Beethoven.
(No. 39, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

BIBLE PICTURES: (Two young men approach front. Stand before picture thrown on screen.)

FIRST YOUNG MAN: Come, let us view the picture of one called by God to reveal His law.

STEREOPTICON PICTURE: Moses— Tablets of Stone (Ten Commandments. See Appendix. See Note, Page 49.)

DUET: (Verse 5.) "To Thee, Eternal Soul, Be Praise. (Curtain.)

SECOND YOUNG MAN: (In meditation.) Yes, the Mighty Moses. I wonder what would have happened if he had continued to keep his flock in Jethro —if he had not turned aside to heed the Light of Jehovah when He spoke to him, "I am the God of Abraham, and of Isaac and of Jacob?"

FIRST YOUNG MAN: We cannot tell. When God spoke to him, Moses was afraid, and hid his face, but Jehovah continued: "Ye shall serve God

upon this mountain. Be not afraid. Certainly I will be with thee."

SECOND YOUNG MAN: But whence came these Ten Commandments?

FIRST YOUNG MAN: Moses had brought his people out of the camp to meet God; and they stood at the nether side of Mount Sinai, and the whole of it smoked, because Jehovah descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace; and the whole mountain quaked greatly. And Jehovah came down upon Mount Sinai, to the top of the mount; and Moses went up. As the people stood afar off, Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was. And God spoke all these words, that ye have seen on these tablets of stone, his tables of testimony written with the finger of God.

SECOND YOUNG MAN: And did the people obey them?

FIRST YOUNG MAN: No. When the people saw that Moses delayed to come down from the mountain, the people corrupted themselves. And when Moses went down from the mount, with the two tables of the testimony in his hands, it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw them dancing and worshipping the golden calf which Aaron, Moses' brother, had made for them. It is no wonder Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands and broke them beneath the mountain.

SECOND YOUNG MAN: It is ever thus with law. I prefer a Gospel of Love.

FIRST YOUNG MAN: Then let us view the picture of John, Christ's most beloved Apostle.

STEREOPTICON: "Apostle John." (See Appendix.)

FIRST YOUNG MAN: The law was given through Moses; grace and truth came through Jesus Christ.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us."

As John tells us:

"God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life."

SECOND YOUNG MAN: And how can that love be ours?

FIRST YOUNG MAN: When we know Jesus. He, himself, said: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and the Father's love He reflects in His words to his disciples: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you, that ye love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

SECOND YOUNG MAN: It is indeed a gospel of love. (Exit.)

LEADER: Let us bow our heads and sing as a prayer the hymn: "Break thou the bread of Life."
(No. 67 H. A. Y.; No. 41 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 71 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Open My Eyes That I May See."
(No. 42 A. C. & C. S. H.)

NOTE: If the stereopticon is not possible, mounted pictures may be used; or tableau arranged from photographs.

Service No. 11

Rebel Revealers

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Andante Religioso." Francis Thome. (Page 20 Music Section, Vol. I Worship for Youth.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me. (John 5:39, King James Version.)

RESPONSE: *The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul.* (*Psalm* 19:7). *I will bless Jehovah, who hath given me counsel.* (*Psalm* 16:7*a*.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "How Firm A Foundation." (No. 182 H. A. Y.; No. 202 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: (Seated.) "Holy Bible, Book Divine." (Page 29, Music Section Worship for Youth, Vol. I.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON AND POSTER TALK: (See Note, Page 52.)

It is easy to sing about the Bible. We believe it is of divine origin—that it is the "best seller" today among books. Millions read it, but do we feel any responsibility for more millions who do not? The words of the Apostle Paul to the young man Timothy have in them a challenge to all youth. (Read II Timothy 4:1, 2; II Tim. 3:15-17.)

The Bible has become common property to so many, that we sometimes fail to realize our debt of gratitude to those who revealed and preserved it to us.

Far back in the fourteenth century there lived a young man, willing to face death if need be, that the Bible might be given to all the people. It was John Wycliffe.

In a day when a college education was unusual, Wycliffe attained higher knowledge in several universities, spending much time at Oxford. He became the king's chaplain, and threw himself publicly into the defense of what had become the material resistance of the papacy. He rebelled against the evil practices of the priests and determined to translate the Bible into English that the people might know for themselves God's plan and purpose for them. Of course the priests preferred to have the Bible written in Latin. They did not want the people to know God's truth—for such knowledge might destroy their power. Nevertheless, Wycliffe undertook the task, even though expelled from the

church. He translated for the first time the whole Bible into the English language.

It is to William Tyndale that we owe a greater debt. Copies of Wycliffe's translation had to be made by hand, making each copy very expensive, they sometimes being worth at least two hundred dollars a piece. The invention of the art of printing speeded production, but not until Tyndale began the crusade.

Ordained a priest, Tyndale became interested in reading the New Testament. He was so stirred with the message of God's love for the world, that he determined to translate and print the Scriptures. He was criticized and opposed by his fellow priests, who said: "It would be better to be without God's laws than without those of the Pope." Tyndale only replied: "I defy the Pope and all his laws, and if God spares me, I will one day make the boy who drives the plow in England to know more of scripture than the Pope himself."

This he did while suffering from extreme poverty and persecution.

Repeatedly his copies were burned, but he kept on, and today, the possession of the Bible by all English speaking peoples stands as a monument to Tyndale's courage and zeal.

He was put in prison and later strangled and burned at the stake for his so-called heresy.

HYMN: (Verse 3). "For All Thy Care We Bless Thee." (No. 44 H. A. Y.)

PRAYER: (An expression of Thanksgiving for all the heroes of God's Truth, and a petition for young men and women willing to translate His Word into Christian living.)

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "O Word of God Incarnate." (No. 64 H. A. Y.; No. 45 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 68 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "Send Down Thy Truth, O God." (No. 219 H. A. Y.; No. 179 H. Y. P.)

STORY:

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD[1]

When William Tyndale discovered the teachings of the priests, as they were attempting to steal away and burn his precious manuscripts, he seized what he could lay his hands on and fled from England to Worms, where Martin Luther was fighting a battle for religious liberty among the German people.

Luther was a devout Christian, but he could not accept the doctrines that were being practiced by the Church.

He rebelled against the superstitions and injustice of the Church,

[1] From "A Treasure of Hymns," by Amos R. Wells. Used with permission.

and desired above all things that the common people should have the Bible in their own language. He was only a poor miner's son himself and knew their wants. Protestantism owes its birth to Luther, whose rebellion led him not only to translate the Bible but to write many hymns in every day language. He also wrote attractive tunes.

As a boy, his heart was full of music, and he often sang from door to door. The hymns which he wrote seem to be the outburst of the religious passion within. He was the author of thirty-six hymns, perhaps the noblest being "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." It immediately became a controlling influence upon the Reformation in Germany. It is now the national hymn of the Fatherland.

No celebration commemorating the Reformation is complete without this hymn. Based on the forty-sixth Psalm, Luther often sang it to comfort his own heart. When his great cause seemed almost lost, he would talk to his friend about it, saying: "Come Philip, let us sing the 46th Psalm." Naturally, he had many enemies among authorities of the Church, who planned to put him to death.

However, his friends hid him securely in the great castle of Wartburg where he patiently labored subject to many temptations. Then it was that Luther conceived the thought underlying the hymn. God was like a fortress to him, as he felt the protection of the strong walls of the castle.

It is said that one night, after a battle, the German troops were lodged in a great Church. Their excitement prevented sleep and they were very restless. Then they heard the church organ as it pealed forth Luther's hymn. The soldiers united in a splendid outburst of song, after which they all fell into a peaceful sleep.

LEADER: Shall we rise and sing this great hymn with the fervor Luther felt when he wrote it.

HYMN: "A Mighty Fortress is Our God."
(No. 181 H. A. Y.; No. 240 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 201 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "O Lord, Thy Benediction Give."
(No. 281 H. A. Y.; No. 344 A. C. & C. S. H.)

(NOTE: Prepare a Poster using pictures of the three religious rebels, Wycliffe, Tyndale, Luther, and lettered "Rebel Revealers of God's Truth.")

Service No. 12

The Gideons Fight For The Bible

(Radiogram—See Note Service No. 9)

ANNOUNCER:

Good morning, Young People Everywhere—another service from Station YPE, broadcasting the program of the regular monthly meeting of the Gideons, an organization of Christian traveling-men.

They are a great bunch. The poor traveling man is the target for many a vaudeville joke, but these Gideons would say: "Not guilty." Hear what they have to say today. It's a happy crowd—all their faces are beaming and every fellow wears a Gideon button: "The Pitcher and Torch," emblem of the victory of Gideon of old.

If you have ever spent a night in a hotel, you will know what their big work is—a Bible in every room. Pick up your books now and sing with them, and open your Testaments. Say—I wonder how many of you have your Testaments? Most of the men belong to the Pocket-Testament League. They carry their Bibles with them.

Well, they're all set, ready to begin.

SONG LEADER: We will open our service with two verses of the old familiar hymn: "Come, Thou Almighty King."
(No. 36 H. A. Y.; No. 47 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 34 H. Y. P.)

SONG LEADER: That's great—let's try another old one: "I Love To Tell the Story."
(No. 157 H. A. Y.; No. 261 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 24 H. Y. P.)

SONG LEADER: We will close our song service with: "Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy."
(No. 214 H. A. Y.; No. 292 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 238 H. Y. P.)

CHAIRMAN: Our Chaplain will lead the devotions.

CHAPLAIN: Reads Proverbs 11:28b and 30.

"The righteous shall flourish as the green leaf. The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that is wise winneth souls."

[1]This old world is in desperate need of Christian men and women who know how to connect earth and heaven. So many there are who are taken up with other things (though they are

[1] From "The Gideon." Used with permission. John J. Burton, Chaplain Emeritus.

Christians); the sights and sounds of the world so deafen their ears that they cannot hear the cry of a lost soul; they do not realize the needy and helpless condition of the many who are hastening on to destruction, while the average professing Christian goes about his business with an indifference which is amazing. Behold a hopeless world; see a huge whirlpool; deathless spirits rushing on with ever-increasing velocity in the round of time, powerless to help themselves, without God, without Christ, without hope—blinded by the God of this world. Pause until you get a vision of this awful sight and hear the ever increasing wail of lost souls. Brethren, are we ever seeking, as led by God's Holy Spirit, to win them to Christ?

There is no possible reason why we, as Gideons, should not be soul winners if we are fully consecrated to Him, who died for us. This is our "reasonable service." Should we be content to have to live and die without knowing Christ for ourselves? It would have been an immense loss, and by neglecting to give others the blessed gospel, we are inflicting great loss upon them.

We have so many and such great privileges, as traveling men, if we allow ourselves to be entirely controlled by the Holy Spirit to seek to give the message of salvation to so many. When our blessed Lord Jesus Christ was here, He dealt with many individuals, as recorded in the Gospels. He knew the condition and need of every life, and dealt with them on that basis, but He still knows the need of each of the human family, and as He sees their need, He is seeking channels to communicate His message to them, so, brethren, if we are willing to be fully yielded to Him, He, by the Holy Spirit, will lead us directly to hearts which are ready for the message they really need. What a joy it is to be co-workers with Him, and as His Ambassadors to beseech men in His stead to be reconciled to God! (II Cor. 5:20.)

In conclusion, brethren, let us rest assured of His own Word for us as individuals—"Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men." (Matt. 4:19)—and as we fulfill the first condition, the last will surely follow.

PRAYER:

CHAIRMAN: Lest we shall forget the story of him whose name we bear, we cannot too often hear it. ——— will tell again the story.

STORY: "Gideon." (From Judges 6:7.)

Gideon was a young man of a people who had done evil in the sight of Jehovah. His own father was among those children of Israel who worshipped Bael. Gideon was engaged in the humble task of beating

out wheat in the winepress, when called of God to save Israel from the Midianites.

When he was called, Gideon obeyed and built an altar unto Jehovah. Then the spirit of Jehovah came upon Gideon, and he blew a trumpet. Sent messengers throughout the land . . . and the children of Israel were gathered together after him.

And Jehovah said unto Gideon, "The people that are with thee are too many for me to give the Midianites into their hand, lest Israel vaunt themselves against me, saying, "Mine own hand hath saved me." So there returned of the people all except three hundred . . . And it came to pass the same night, that Jehovah said unto Gideon: "Arise, get thee down into the camp; for I have delivered it into thy hand . . . When Gideon returned to the camp of Israel he spoke saying, "Arise! Jehovah hath delivered Midian, and all the host."

(Read from Bible; Judges 7:16-22.)

CHAIRMAN: Who are the Gideons?

This question is being so frequently asked by the readers of our hotel Bibles that the following information is given in reply:

The seventh chapter of Judges shows the reason for adopting this name. Gideon was a man willing to do exactly what God wanted him to do, irrespective of his own judgment as to plans or result. This is the standard that the Gideon association is trying to establish in all its members, each to be a man ready to do God's will at any time, at any place and in any way that the Spirit of God leads.

The object of the Gideons is to recognize the Christian commercial traveling men of the world with cordial fellowship; to encourage one another in the Master's work and to improve every opportunity for the betterment of the lives of our fellow travelers, business men and others with whom we may come in contact.

Any man whose occupation is traveling for commercial business, who believes in Jesus Christ as the eternal Son of God, accepts Him as his personal Saviour and endeavors to follow Him in his daily life, and who belongs to some local church that makes such belief and endeavor a condition of membership, may become a Gideon by complying with the by-laws governing applications.

All Christian traveling men are cordially invited to join us—a great opportunity.

CHAIRMAN: Have we any Testimonials?[1] (Pause.) Good. We have time for about five. (To be given by several speakers.)

FIRST TESTIMONIAL: Listen to this—I am a Jew—and a traveling man, but I got interested in one of your Bibles in my hotel room—and

[1] Testimonials from the Gideon Monthly Magazine. Used with permission.

find I still have it. I put it in my grip and forgot to leave it when I checked out. I'll keep this to read—inclosed find check with which to purchase a new one.

SECOND TESTIMONIAL: Bible Made Him Think.

In my room in a hotel in Americus, Ga., I found a Bible, on the front cover of which were these words: "Placed in this hotel by the "Gideons." It made me think. I once was a good Christian, and also lived a good life while a circus performer for many years. But this year the devil has gotten hold of me and flooded my mind with corrupt and carnal thoughts. Please pray for me.

THIRD TESTIMONIAL: Approves American Revision.

I have seen and read your Bibles. Glad you are using the American Revision, to which my father was one of the subscribers. I want to send you $5.00 to help along the good work.

Found on a fly-leaf of a Gideon Bible:

"Alone with God and my conscience, the one to condemn, the other to pity and forgive. I do here, now, voluntarily and honestly repent of my sins and pledge before high Heaven that by the help of my Heavenly Father, I will live henceforth a clean and righteous life.

"Signed in tears of contrition,

"A Traveling Man."

FOURTH TESTIMONIAL: Gideon Bible "One Bright Spot."

Enclosed please find check for $25.00 to be used for the purchase of Bibles for the splendid work that the Gideons are doing.

I am not a member of your Association nor a traveling man, but I have found your Bibles the one bright spot in an otherwise lonesome hotel, and I thank God for the same and wish for your continued success, for I feel you are doing a work that will prove itself by the final reckoning.

FIFTH TESTIMONIAL: Helped In A Crisis.

Washington, D. C. Hotel Continental: I want to thank you for your Bible in this place. My faith in God—I am at a crisis in my life—needed replenishing. With your blessed book I have been holding a little prayer and scripture reading meeting all by myself, and—God be praised, and may His blessing rest on you and your good work. (Victor.)

SIXTH TESTIMONIAL: Broken-Hearted, Turns To The Gideons.

I am awfully discouraged and want the prayers of all you good people—"Gideons." To think of the name Gideon does me good, because I know there is some one to go to who can

pray for you when you are down and out, and I sure do need the prayers, if any one does; also the home.

Will you please accept a dollar on the Bible fund from an unworthy person? I want to say again that my trouble is more than I can stand much longer. (Broken-Hearted.)

CHAIRMAN: These men need prayers. You fellows get their names and put them on your prayer list—write to them—Tell them "Jesus Saves."

And now, I have a little matter of importance to put before you: I have a letter from the International Secretary of our Gideon's organization.

He charges that there is a well organized campaign among atheists to destroy Bibles placed in hotels and lodging-houses. (Secretary interrupts.)

SECRETARY: That's just like them. There is no law of justice with atheism. Anybody can see at a glance the difference between Christianity and atheism. What can they do? Didn't we hear all those testimonials? There are thousands like them.

CHAIRMAN: Don't be alarmed—you didn't hear the end of this message. "For every Bible destroyed, there are hundreds to take its place." They can't stop us, though they might impede our speed. Perhaps that is our cross; but where there is no Cross, there is no Glory.

As we form our Gideon's Circle (Friendship Circle) the male quartette will sing: "The Old Rugged Cross." (A record can be used.)

SENTENCE PRAYERS:

HYMN: "Blest be the Tie That Binds."
(Words—No. 277—Tune Dennis, No. 278 H. A. Y.; No. 273 A. C. & C. S. H.)

ANNOUNCER: It is a fine sight to see these Christian men forming the Gideon Circle. It is the end of all their programs. YPE is signing off.

OFFERTORY: "O Word of God Incarnate."
(No. 64 H. A. Y.; No. 45 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 68 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Holy Bible, Book Divine."
(Page 29, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

IV

THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Service No. 13

Praise Gospel

(Thanksgiving Service)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "God is My Song." Beethoven (Page 6, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: Enter into His gates with thanksgiving,
And into His courts with praise.
Give thanks unto Him and bless His name.

RESPONSE: *For Jehovah is good; his loving kindness endureth forever,*
And his faithfulness in all generations. (*Psalm* 100: 4, 5.)

CHORAL RESPONSE: Quartette and Leader: O Lord, Open Thou our Lips. (Page 8 Music Section.)

RESPONSIVE PRAYER: (With bowed heads.)

LEADER: O Christ, our Saviour, be present with us as we pray;

RESPONSE: *Graciously hear us, O Lord.*

LEADER: For Thy loving Presence with us, promised to us through the ages:

RESPONSE: *We thank Thee, O Lord.*

LEADER: For life and love and all the things Thou hast given us:

RESPONSE: *We thank Thee, O Lord.*

LEADER: For health and strength and ability:

RESPONSE: *We thank Thee, O Lord.*

PRAYER: (Superintendent.) A prayer of appreciation for the traditions of Thanksgiving Day and a petition for the Spirit of gratitude that shall bless our own lives with contentment and inspire service for others.

HYMN: Come, ye Thankful People, Come.
(No. 283 H. A. Y.; No. 253 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 285 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE READING: I will give thanks unto Jehovah with my whole heart; I will show forth all Thy marvelous works; I will be glad and exult in Thee; I will sing praise to Thy name, O Thou, Most High. (Psalm 9:1, 2.)

HYMN: Praise to God (Page 45 Orders of Worship H. A. Y.; No. 256 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 283 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE: (Continued.) O Jehovah, my God, I will give thanks unto Thee forever. (Psalm 30:12b.)

Sing praises to God, sing praises:
Sing praises unto our King, sing praises,
For God is the King of all the earth:
Sing ye praises with understanding. (Psalm 47:6, 7.)
Great is Jehovah and greatly to be praised. (Ps. 48:1a.)
It is a good thing to give thanks unto Jehovah,
And to sing praises unto Thy name, O most high. (Psalm 92:1.)
Praise ye, Jehovah,
Blessed is the man that feareth Jehovah,
That delighteth greatly in His commandments. (Ps. 112:1.)
Rejoice in Jehovah, O ye righteous:
Praise is comely for the upright.
Give thanks unto Jehovah with the harp:
Sing praise unto Him with the psaltery of ten strings.
Sing unto Him a new song. (Ps. 33:1-3.)

OFFERTORY: (Stringed instruments, preferably.) Pilgrims' Chorus. Wagner.
(Page 10 Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: "For the Beauty of the Earth."
(No. 38 H. A. Y.; No. 61 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 164 S. P.)

THANKSGIVING TALKS: The Gospel of Praise.

1. "It is a good thing to sing praises unto our God," said the Psalmist; and the psychologist says it is a good thing to sing praises unto men, 'to perceive the good in them and realize it.' One happy woman educated her spirit of praise with the homely lines: 'In the morning when you first awaken and before you turn yourself in bed, first praise, then count the blessings on your head. Forgive, forget, call down a blessing upon all; and if you can't do that, just stay in bed and don't get up at all!" "O," says some one. "But I can't forgive, for when I try to do that, the memory of many wrongs comes up and I cannot forget!" Give, for the memory of the wrong, a thought of the good which has come to you through this experience. So let your honorable purpose strengthen your weak efforts every day until you awaken some bright morning with a new song in your heart.

What is the common sense view of praise? How do you feel when you want to praise everything? Joyful, free, open-minded. Watch the effect of praises on a child. Even dogs and horses

respond to words of praise and rebel at blame or censure. Praise reacts in better service."

(Mrs. A. A. Pearson.)

2. "A spirit of praise characterizes the magnanimous soul. Anyone can pick flaws. The one who has a flaw in his mind is sure to do so. Anyone can praise. The one who practices it for a time will enjoy the grace above anything that he has hitherto known. Any heart that has been touched by the Christ will have the spirit of Christ—that spirit of approbation that encourages by liberating the pent-up gifts of the soul."

(Imelda Octavia Shanklin.)

3. "To blundering Peter, now zealous, no skulking in the disloyalty of fear, Jesus said, 'Blessed are thou, Simon Bar-Jonah!' Because the Master saw faithfulness beneath surface fickleness he was able to establish his Church upon the confession of Peter. . . . . Large minds find what can be praised everywhere and in every one. Our ability to see God is exactly measured by the number of things we commend. The praise of good is a channel through which God flows from our hearts to the world."

(I. C. S., in Unity School of Christian Unity.)

4. "When Rudyard Kipling published his poem, "The English Flag," Tennyson sent him a letter of hearty praise. To this communication Kipling made a reply with which the poet laureate was much pleased: When the private in the ranks is praised by the general, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better the next day. . . . Praise should make us sorry we have not done better and determined to do better. Praise has a most useful part to play in the Christian life."

(The Christian Herald.)

HYMN: When Thy Heart with Joy O'erflowing. (Verses 1 and 2.) (No. 213 H. A. Y.; No. 274 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 235 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: Let us bow our heads in silent meditation: Are we thoughtful of others? Are we generous with our praise?

SILENT PRAYER: (Soft music.)

HYMN: (Verse 4.) When Thy Heart with Joy O'erflowing.

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: The Doxology.

V

CHRISTMAS STARS

Service No. 14

Star of the Open—Abiding Love

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: He Shall Feed His Flock. Handel.
(Page 16; Music Section, Vol. I.)

HYMN: (Verse 1.) "Silent Night! Holy Night!"
No. 83 H. A. Y.; No. 95 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 84 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: There were Shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. (Luke 2:8.)

HYMN RESPONSE: (Verse 2.) "Silent Night."

LEADER: And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. (Luke 2:9, 10.)

HYMN RESPONSE: (Verse 1.) "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear."
(No. 74 H. A. Y.; No. 83 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 76 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: There is born to you this day in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

HYMN RESPONSE: (Verse 1.) Away in a Manger.
(No. 84 H. A. Y.; No. 76 A. C. & C. S. H.)

PRAYER:

HYMN: "There's A Song in the Air."
(No. 81 H. A. Y.; No. 90 A. C. & C. S. H.)

OFFERTORY: O Little Town of Bethlehem.
(No. 80 H. A. Y.; No. 82 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 79 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: The voice of the angels proclaiming "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," came first to the Shepherds, out in the open, where there must have been abiding love as they tenderly cared for their sheep, through the lonely hours of the night.

Even so, the star of the open heart gleams in abiding love.

HYMN: (Verse 1.) "Thou Did'st Leave Thy Throne."
(No. 91 H. A. Y.; No. 108 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 93 H. Y. P.; No. 137 S. P.)

STORY: The Lady of The Good Will Mines.[1]

Edward A. Steiner, the author of "The Lady of Good Will Mines," says: "I am going to write of a woman and a man—far apart in wealth and culture, and born leagues apart. Neither could speak the other's language. She knew two words of his: "Boly" (does it hurt?) and "Dobre" (I will make good.)

The man, Joseph, knew but one word, "Lady."

His "Lady" was the best product of civilization, a gentle Christian, of strong character, with abiding love for her fellow men, lifting Good Will Mines to a model town.

When her husband, the master of the mines, died, all his wealth was left to the "Lady." Did she build her a mansion in New York, or go to Europe, or to sunny climes? No. She stayed in Good Will Mines where her spirit of love and helpfulness brought her the title, "Lady Bountiful."

One day Joseph crept over a reluctant fuse, and the charge struck him straight in the eyes, blinding him.

Later, a man came to him, called him Joe, and told him he had brought money—two hundred dollars and asked him to sign papers of release.

Joe made his mark. He could not write. For two hundred dollars he ignorantly sold his eyes.

The "Lady" touched his sightless eyes and said: "Boly?" (Does it hurt?)

He cried like a child: "Boly! Boly! Boly!"

At Christmas time the "Lady" said, "Dobre! Dobre," (I will make good) as she slipped a paper in his hand. Translated it said: "I wish I could give you your sight for a Christmas gift, but I cannot perform miracles, so I give you one thousand dollars, and ten dollars a month until the thousand dollars begins to bear interest."

Joseph could only cry hysterically "Dobre! Dobre! Dobre!" (Good! Good! Good!).

LEADER: As we enter the Christmas season, shall not our lines, too, be dominated by this Spirit of Abiding Love and Goodwill?

HYMN: (Last verse.) "Thou Did'st Leave Thy Throne."

SENTENCE PRAYERS:

REFRAIN: "Thou Did'st Leave Thy Throne."

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: (Instrumental.) "There's A Beautiful Star."
(No. 86 H. A. Y.; No. 86 A. C. & C. S. H.)

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[1] From The Lady of Good Will Mines, in Broken Wall, by Edward A. Steiner. Permission of Fleming H. Revell Company.

Service No. 15

Star of the East—Hope

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Pastorale." Liszt.
(Page 17 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: (Poem.)

"Peace abide
beneath thy roof-tree,
Cheer along its rafters ring,
Joy and mirth and laughter gather
'Neath the firelights flickering.
Hope illumine all the shadows
With a radiance divine
And the arms of love forever
Shelter thee and thine."

HYMN RESPONSE: (Refrain.) "O Star of Wonder, Star of might."
(Page 48, Orders of Worship H. A. Y.) or,

HYMN: (Verse 3.) "All My Heart This Night Rejoices."
(No. 83 H. Y. P.)

INVOCATION: (For a true spirit of Christmas.)

HYMN: From the Eastern Mountains.
(No. 88 H. A. Y.; No. 92 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 87 H. Y. P.; No. 141 S. P.)

HYMN: "There's A Beautiful Star."
(No. 86 H. A. Y.; No. 86 A. C. & C. S. H.)

SCRIPTURE: Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the King, behold, "Wise men from the East came to Jerusalem, saying: Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we saw his star in the East, and are come to worship him." (Matthew 2:1, 2.)

HYMN: (Verse 1, 2.) "We Three Kings of Orient Are."
(No. 90 H. A. Y.; No. 87 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 89 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE: And lo, the star which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. And when they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary, his mother; and they fell down and worshipped him; and opening their treasures they offered unto him gifts.
(Matthew 2:9b, 10, 11ab.)

HYMN: (Verses 3, 4.) "We Three Kings."

HYMN: Christians, Lo, the Star Appeareth.
(No. 92 H. A. Y.; No. 90 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: Silent Night.
(No. 83 H. A. Y.; No. 95 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 84 H. Y. P.; No. 128 S. P.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2, 3.) "O Little Town of Bethlehem."
(No. 80 H. A. Y.; No. 82 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 79 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: The hope, in the hearts of the Wise men, as, guided by the Star of East, they came to the place where the young child lay, must be our hope for the children of today, that "Peace on Earth, good-will to men," may lead to the permanent establishment of Christ's Kingdom.

STORY: "Christmas At The Japanese Institute." [1]

It was fun decorating the rooms of our new building for Christmas at the Japanese Christian Institute, for the first time. One of the department stores made us a Christmas present of new curtains, so the rooms looked very cozy and the brilliance of the sunlight is now softened to a warm glow. We started our Christmas decorations by letting the wee ones snip and fringe long strips of green tissue paper, then the older ones sewed them into chains to drape the windows, a red bell hanging in the center. Next they made green wreaths, with small bells hanging from the center, and many of these they took home with them. The older children cut Christmas trees free hand and decorated them, while the little ones decorated triangular trees prepared for them, some of which they took home and others were used for a frieze.

For the first few days we told stories of Christmas Tree Land, but on Monday we began telling the true Christmas stories and, as ever, the response of the children was inspiring. If ever I am deeply in love with my work, it is at this season. Miss Satow felt the thrill of it, too. She was telling the wee ones the story of how there was no room for the little Baby Jesus, and Iruharu's eyes filled up ready to spill over. As I told the older group about the Wise Men who followed the wonderful star to find the little Baby King, and that they loved him so much when they found him, Hirotsuna spoke up so seriously, shaking his head in emphasis, "I love Jesus, too," and then others joined in a chorus of "I love Jesus, too," then Hiro repeated it as though he were afraid we might not understand he was in earnest, and then he said it a third time. I was the one whose eyesight was dimmed that time. We had a little worship and "thank-you" service right then.

The children loved the song about the "Star and Happy Bells" best of all this year, so we carried out that idea in our decorations. We

[1] By Polly Dye. From World Call. Used with permission.

strung strings diagonally from the lights, crossing at the center, and hung silver stars at uneven lengths, with one large one in the center on the tip of the lovely tree. That was in the kindergarten room. In the room for the older children with the same arrangement of strings, we clustered the stars in the center of the room. The older boys made a very nice house around a post in the corner, so I surprised them one morning by covering the post with red brick paper and it was transformed into a chimney. A very low window became a fireplace, with stockings hung before it!

After opening the gift packages under the tree we began our program with a greeting song, and then skipped around the tree in groups. Four of the older girls wore tinsel stars around their heads and sang a revised version of "Shine Out, O Lovely Star," and other songs. Four of the little tots held bells and rang them while the whole group joined in the refrain.

Next I gathered the children close to me for a story, the combined Christmas story, that we have evolved, with little songs interspersed. Miss Satow brought in a tall red lighted taper and we gave each child a tiny red candle set in a green gumdrop, and these were lighted at the tall candle. Then we sang, "Happy Birthday, Dear Jesus, Happy Birthday to You." The children took their gifts, which they had made for their mothers from the tree, and singing, "Merry, Merry Christmas, Mother Dear," presented them. After this we told the children to close their eyes, as Santa only comes when people sleep, and you should have seen some with tightly screwed up eyes and some peeking behind fingers! The Junior Church of Lomita came with stockings of delicious fresh pop corn, nuts, candy and a tiny toy in each toe, one stocking for each child, and with their names on! These twelve-year-old girls were amply repaid by the joy of the children. I mounted pictures of the Child Samuel and had enough copies of a little book of prayers for each one.

After a lunch, which the mothers had come early to prepare, I gave a short talk to the mothers on how to select children's toys, and Mr. Unoura told the Christmas story to them. There were eighty-three present, twenty-two mothers, fourteen visitors, and about twelve older brothers and sisters, besides the children. We use all the kindergarten chairs, extra language school chairs and kiddie kars for seats.

The young people went carol singing Christmas Eve, wherever there was a lighted candle in a window. The whole celebration was a distinct success and I am sure made a deep impression upon all who had any touch with the Institute.

PRAYER SONG: (Verse 4.) "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: (Instrumental.) "As With Gladness Men of Old."

(No. 89 H. A. Y.; No. 93 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 88 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 16

Star Of The Heart—Jesus

(The Christmas Service will consume entire session)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Pastorale." P. A. Schnecker. (Page 16 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: Oh sing unto Jehovah a new song:
Sing unto Jehovah, all the earth.
Sing unto Jehovah, bless his name;
Show forth his salvation from day to day.
(Psalm 96:1, 2.)

RESPONSE: *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.* (*Luke* 2:14. *King James.*)

HYMN: "O Come, All Ye Faithful."
(No. 79 H. A. Y.; No. 88 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 80 H. Y. P.)

QUARTETTE: (Lights dimmed.) "Christmas Eve." (No. 129 Singing Pathways.) (See Note, Page 73, Appendix Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

SCRIPTURE OR CHORUS: Luke 2:1-6.

QUARTETTE: (Concealed, Verses 1, 2.) "All That Wondrous Christmas Night."
(No. 132 S. P.)

TABLEAU OR STEREOPTICON PICTURE: (As above hymn is sung.) Joseph and Mary.

SCRIPTURE: Luke 1:7.

QUARTETTE OR CHORUS: (Verse 3.) Same hymn.

TABLEAU: Madonna and Child. (Or Stereopticon picture.)

QUARTETTE: (Verse 4.) Same hymn.

TABLEAU: (See Verse 4.) Stereopticon picture.

HYMN: (Song-Roll.) "Sleep, My Little Jesus."
(No. 82 H. A. Y.; No. 91 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 136 S. P.)

QUARTETTE OR CHORUS: "Wise Men and Shepherds."
(No. 133 S. P.)

TABLEAU: (Illustrate Verses 2, 3 above hymn.) Wise Men and Shepherds.

HYMN: "The First Noel The Angel Did Say."
(No. 77 H. A. Y.; No. 89 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 82 H. Y. P.) Lights on.

OFFERTORY: (Ushers in white surplices.) "Thou Did'st Leave Thy Throne."
(No. 91 H. A. Y.; No. 108 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 93 H. Y. P.; No. 137 S. P.)

HYMN: "Silent Night." Lights dimmed.

RADIO DRAMA: The Best Gifts.[1]

CHARACTERS:
Announcer.
Mrs. Janet McCloud (Poor Mother).
Danny
Jean } Children of Mrs. McCloud.
Wee Mickey
Rich Woman.
Doctor.

ANNOUNCER: Station YPE again.

YPE is presenting a special Christmas Radio drama: "The Best Gifts." (Pause.)

It has been a hard year for the McCloud's.

Early in the year Dan McCloud went to work one morning, and didn't come back.

There was a cave-in on the tunnel where he was working as foreman, and Dan was caught in it. He left a little insurance money, but it was soon gone, after everything was paid.

This would have been a happy Christmas for Dan's family, if he had lived, for he was displaying ability in the marvelous feat of engineering the project of building the tunnel which runs under the river and links two great cities. Through it thousands of cars and trucks will pass daily. Much time will be saved, and "time is money," but what of poor Dan McCloud? He is just one of the poor unfortunates.

Janet McCloud after Dan's death has moved into two rooms in a rather dilapitated district of the city. She is a proud little woman, very proud—but they have to live. So she has to leave her children alone while she works nearly all night, scrubbing and cleaning offices.

She is just arriving home now and overhears her children talking:

DANNY: I just wrote a letter to Santa Claus. I told him I wanted a train that will run by itself—but if that is more than he can spare, I'll take one that don't run by itself, if only the engine looks like a real one.

[1] By Annie Sills Brooks. Arranged from story in the Front Rank. Used with permission.

WEE MICKEY: (Clapping hands.) Me, too, an' a drum.

JEAN: Oh! I want more than anything, a sure-enough baby doll, one that will go to sleep and cry, if Santa can arrange it.

But I'll take one that don't go to sleep. I can always make believe sleep.

WEE MICKEY: (Gleefully.) Me, too, wants dolly too, an' a drum.

(Enter Janet McCloud, the mother.)

MOTHER: Are you having a happy time tonight?

DANNY: Oh, yes, mother. But do you suppose Santa Claus can find us this year?

JEAN: Do you think he knows we've moved, mother?

MOTHER: I wonder. That is something to think about. Come, sit here by me, I have a grand new story tonight.

DANNY: But you didn't tell us, will Santa Claus come?

JEAN: Yes, will he mother?

WEE MICKEY: Will he, muddy?

MOTHER: I am not quite sure about Santa Claus this Christmas. You see Santa Claus needs mothers and fathers to help him. He can't do it all by himself. Daddy is gone and I have so much to do I may not be able to help much; but I know somebody else who will come, if we will let him in. (Pause.) It is the Christ-child.

QUARTETTE: (Concealed.) "Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne."

MOTHER: Listen my children! On Christmas Eve the Christ-child wanders again on earth seeking a place where loving hearts and homes are opened to him.

Sometimes while he wanders up and down the streets, into houses and knocking at doors, the people are making so much noise, they never hear his gentle rap, and he is forced to go away, sorrowfully.

DANNY: (Eagerly.) Does he bring gifts?

MOTHER: Yes, the very best gifts of all, but they are not the kind that you can see with your eyes or touch with your hands.

DANNY: Why, mother, what kind are they?

MOTHER: The best gifts in the world, can never be seen. You can see me but you can't see the love I give you every day, and I can't see your love for me, but just the same I know you love me. The Christ-child brings the gift of love, not only for ourselves but for everybody.

He brings the gift of beauty so that we can go out and see all the lovely things in the world which really belong to all of us, but some people never see them.

He brings too, the gift of kindness, so that we will think more about making other people happy than about being happy ourselves.

I think also he brings us the gift of make believe, so that we can

look into the windows and see all the big trains and lovely dolls, and pretend they are ours.

The gift of thankfulness, too, is another gift he brings, thankfulness that we have two good eyes to see all these things. Many, many little children and grown-ups, too, must walk always in darkness.

The Christ-child never brings any but the best gifts, the kind that nobody can take away from us, and that we cannot lose or break. (Pause.)

JEAN: How do you know he'll come, mother?

MOTHER: I don't know it. His coming will depend upon us. We must want Him very, very much. If we do, then I am sure He will come.

JEAN AND DANNY: Oh! We do want Him, mother.

WEE MICKEY: Me want see Christ-child.

DANNY: But how will He know that we want Him?

MOTHER: He will be sure to know that dearie. He always does, just as I know when you want me. But come now, it is past bed-time. (Pause.)

ACT II

ANNOUNCER: Several days now the McCloud children have talked of the Christ-child's coming and each day have tried to think of new gifts He might bring.

Perhaps back in the secret places of their little hearts, there is still a longing for trains and dolls and drums, but their mother has made so beautiful the gifts of the Christ-child, they have more and more talked of how they would listen for His coming and wondered about His gifts.

It is the day before Christmas now and poor Janet McCloud came home sick with fever two days ago and cannot leave her bed as yet.

MOTHER: Danny, do you think you could find your way alone to the big building where I work?

DANNY: Sure. You go down the street to the big store with all the toys in the windows. Then turn and keep going until you come to the place. I could find it easy.

MOTHER: Well, mother wants you to go to the big office in the back of the first floor and ask the man at the desk to give you the money due Janet McCloud. Tell him I am sick.

JEAN: (Coaxing tone.) Oh, mother please let me go with Danny. Then I can see the toys. You said we could be glad we had eyes to see the toys in the big windows, and I haven't seen any yet. Please—please, let me go. I'll be careful.

MOTHER: I guess you may, honey. Put on your blue sweater and

cap, and take Danny's hand. Watch the cars, Danny, and don't let Jean get away from you.

JEAN: Oh, Danny, let's make believe the toys are all ours, but we just like to leave them in the windows so that the other boys and girls who haven't any can look at them. Good-bye, mother. Good-bye, Mickey.

WEE MICKEY: 'Bye, 'Bye, Danny. (Pause.)

ACT III

ANNOUNCER: The children have reached the office now—but the man at the desk is talking to a rich lady in a fur coat. (Pause.) Danny is slipping up to the desk now. Jean has edged her way up to the lady and is rubbing her cold little hand caressingly against the soft fur of her coat.

RICH WOMAN: (Startled.) Why good evening, little girl?

JEAN: Good evening.

RICH WOMAN: I expect you are looking for a visit from Santa Claus tonight, aren't you?

JEAN: (Hesitating.) No-o—but we are looking for the Christ-child.

RICH WOMAN: (In surprised tone.) What?

JEAN: You see it's this way. Santa Claus has to have mothers and daddies to help him, and our daddy is gone and mother is very sick in bed—and besides we've moved, he may not know where we are."

RICH WOMAN: But who was it you said you were expecting?

JEAN: The Christ-child. You know. He comes every Christmas and He goes where people really, truly, want him, and—we do. He brings gifts better even than Santa Claus. They are the kind you can't break or lose.

RICH WOMAN: What kind are they?

JEAN: Oh! You can't see them but you can feel them inside—love and kindness and seeing pretty things, and making believe you have everything you want.

DANNY: Come on, Jean, let's go—I got the envelope tight in my pocket.

RICH WOMAN: Good-bye, little girl—I hope the Christ-child comes to you. (Pause.)

ACT IV

ANNOUNCER: The children are home once more, all safe—and oh, so happy. They have been to the store around the corner to buy food—and a few red apples because it's Christmas.

JEAN: Let's clean the room all up nice, to welcome the Christ-child.

DANNY: Do you think He'll make you well when He comes, mother?

MOTHER: I am sure He will if He thinks that is the best gift, for He always brings the very best gifts.

JEAN: (Anxiously.) Do you think He'll knock loud enough for us to hear Him?

MOTHER: I suspect so. You see He may knock and when you open the door you may not really see Him with your eyes, but still if we open our hearts as well as the door His gifts will surely come in. (Knock is heard on the door.)

MOTHER: Open the door, Danny.

DANNY: (Disappointed tone.) Oh! Oh!

DOCTOR: Good evening, sonny—were you expecting some one else?

DANNY: Y-es.

DOCTOR: May I come inside and let you tell me whom you were expecting when I disappointed you by being the wrong person?

DANNY: Oh! Yes, Sir.

JEAN: (Excitedly.) I'll tell him, Danny. You see, it's like this. We don't think Santa Claus will find us this year because we never lived here before, but mother says if we want Him very much, the Christ-child will come. He brings better gifts than even Santa Claus, mother says, because you can't break or lose them.

DANNY: And we thought when you knocked it was Him, and we opened the door quickly, so He would know we wanted Him.

DOCTOR: Listen, sonny. The Christ-child often sends messengers in his place, and He sent me here. You see I am a doctor and He wants me to help mother get well, for He was sure that would be the best gift of all.

DANNY and JEAN: (Clapping hands.) Oh! Oh!

DOCTOR: I am sure that very soon mother will be quite well again —and—By the way, if I were you I believe I would hang up my stockings tonight. Santa Claus might find his way here, and would be hurt if he thought you had not trusted him. In fact one of his messengers told me he would surely be here.

JEAN: Oh! Mother, the doctor has seen the Christ-child, and he will make you well.

DANNY: And, Oh, Mother, Santa Claus is coming too!

MOTHER: Yes, the Christ-child always sends the very best gifts.

ANNOUNCER: This concludes the radio-drama: "The Best Gifts." (Lights on.)

HYMN: "Thou Dids't Leave Thy Throne."

BENEDICTION:

Closing Chant during Silent Prayer.

QUARTETTE: "The Lord Bless Us."

(Bottom page 3—Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

(NOTE: The Hymn, "Christmas Eve" (No. 129 Singing Pathways), can serve as a guide for a very effective Christmas decoration. Pine Christmas trees or baskets or wall-pockets filled with pine branches will be symbolic of Pine-crowned hills. (Verse 1.) A Candle Light service creates the Christmas spirit and wreathes of holly are symbolic of His everlasting love. (Verse 2.) "Myriads of Silver Stars," (Verse 1) can be illustrated by pasting various sized gummed stars on a blue background. An electric star is a paying investment, as it can be used year after year. A booth can be arranged for tableaux. (See Service No. 4.) Numbers of Stereopticon slides are listed in the Appendix.)

Service No. 17

Creative Yesterdays

(New Year's)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: Pastoral Symphony. Handel.
(Page 19; Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER:

Listen to the exhortation of the dawn!
Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life;
In its brief course lie all the realities
And verities of your existence;
The bliss of growth
The glory of action,
The splendor of beauty:
For yesterday is but a dream,
And tomorrow but a vision;
But today well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
This is the Salutation of the Dawn.

(From the Sanskrit.)

HYMN: (Standing.) "Welcome Day of Gladness."
(No. 289 H. A. Y.)

PRAYER: The New Year.

Again, our Father, we greet the beginning of a New Year. It is a new pathway. Wilt Thou be our Guide. Go with us as we journey through the year, that all our acts may be creative in spirit. We thank Thee, for this good world. Help us to love it more, and cheer others on our pathway. Open our eyes to all that is beautiful and good. May we be true ministers of Thy love. Give us work to do, and joy in doing it. Give us new friends along our pathway, and may we keep our old friendships in repair. May we say no false word, nor envy anybody. Love us all, and keep Thy halo over every thing we do. May we learn to see the beauty in the little things of daily life, that they may create in us a humility amidst the greater things. Help us to do something to hasten the Kingdom of Christ, whose name is our hope, and whose face is our inspiration. We bless His Holy Name. Amen.

RESPONSE: Sanctus—Holy, Holy, Holy. (From Gaul's Holy City.) (Page 37, Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 311 H. Y. P.; Page 182 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE TALK: Another year has come and gone, yet the things of Christ's Kingdom remain; for does not His Word say: (Read Hebrews 13:8.) "Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday and today, and forever." (Read I Corinthians, 13th chapter.)

HYMN: (Verse 4.) "The Old Year's Campaign is O'er." (No. 287 H. A. Y., or Standing at the Portal, No. 281 H. Y. P.)

LEADER:

Look not, O friend, with unavailing tears[1]
Into the Past—look to the brave young years!
Look to the Future; all is there in wait,
.....
The faith that faltered and the hope that fell,
.....
Nothing is lost forever that the soul
Cried out for: all is waiting at the goal.

HYMN: "Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New." (No. 223 H. A. Y.; No. 361 A. C. & C. S. H., or "Ring Out, Wild Bells," No. 279 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "Another Year of Setting Suns." (No. 280 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "From Glory Unto Glory." (No. 286 H. A. Y.)

THEME TALK: Great spiritual leaders have long tried to impress the value of each day's creation, the beloved John Wesley saying: "I am not careful for what may be a hundred years hence. My part is to improve the present moment."

Harry Emerson Fosdick expressed a similar thought: "A man's life is made by the hours when great ideas lay hold upon him."

Henry Drummond's idea of creative life was in helping others, his words being, "You will find as you look back upon your life, that the moments which stand out, are the moments when you have done something for others."

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done
And thereby cleared firm footing for today,
Whatever clouds may dark tomorrow's sun
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way.

(Goethe.)

[1] From "They Wait for You," by Edwin Markham, in Collected Poems. (1932.) Used with permission.

Bruce S. Wright conceived a beautiful idea of the creative life, from a verse in our Scripture lesson for today: "Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."[1] Can anything new be said on this ancient and lovely, though familiar verse? I may be foolish to attempt it; therefore I will tell you at the outset the idea I have. It is the idea of colors. There are three primary colors: blue, yellow and red. All the colors in the sun or under the sun; all the colors in the rainbow or outside the rainbow; every color or shade or tint you can possibly imagine, is a combination, in proper proportions of the three primary colors: blue, yellow and red.

There are three primary qualities of the soul: faith, hope and love. Every achievement of character, every noble quality of life, every moral or spiritual power is but the combination of the three fundamental qualities of the soul: faith, hope and love.

Right here I desire to refer to only three of the many colors: the Crimson of Christmas, glorified by the red of God's love; the Scarlet of Easter, tinted with the yellow of hope; and the Purple of the New Year, tinted with the blue of faith.

Royal Purple we call it.

Is there anything more royal than the procession of the Years? Purple in which the blue of faith predominates: this faith springs out of past experience. Faith grows with each passing year.

HYMN: (Verse 3.) "Light of the World, We Hail Thee."
(No. 9 H. A. Y.; No. 145 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 3 H. Y. P.)

LEADER:

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN[2]

Yesterday
Has slipped away;
God has got tomorrow.
Take today and do your part,
As your part is given—
That's the way to gladness, heart;
That's the road to heaven!

Shall our yesterdays "rise up to slay us," or to make us?

Let us meditate in Silent Prayer upon the creative qualities of our own souls: Faith, Hope and Love, and resolve in our hearts to create tomorrows which shall become "creative yesterdays."

SILENT PRAYER: (Soft music—"Day Is Dying In the West.")

QUARTETTE: Refrain—"Day Is Dying In the West."

[1] From "The Life In the Spirit," by Bruce S. Wright. Used with permission of the publishers, Cokesbury Press.

[2] Nancy Byrd Turner. Used with permission of the Ladies' Home Journal.

PRAYER: A Prayer for the New Year.[1]

We thank Thee, our Father, for the dawn of the new year. Teach us to understand that in Thee all things are agelessly new. Help us to match our youth with Thy newness and Thy trueness. We would realize that youth comes but once—only once in our journey through the years. Help us so to think and act, therefore, that our youth-time shall be thickly sown with seeds of Christliness. Enable us to become strong through the discipline of service and self-control. Make us unafraid of hardship. School us to heroism in daily living. Teach us to transmute the red fires of passion into the white flame of love—love for Thee and love for Man. Make us high-minded citizens. Grant unto us vision to behold the deepening wonder of Thy universe. In things little and large may we cultivate the inner eye, which feasts upon the beauty of God, becoming in ourselves shrines of spiritual loveliness and strength. For Christ's sake. Amen.

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. Benediction. Mozart. (Page 22, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

[1] Frederick F. Shannon, Chicago, Ill. From "Talking with God," published by The Cokesbury Press, Nashville, Tenn. Used with permission.

VI

YOUTH'S ROADS TO HAPPINESS

Service No. 18

Home-Seekers

(The Christian Home)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: Sandringham. (Perfect Love.) Joseph Barnby. (Page 18 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP:

LEADER: "Look well to the hearthstone."

RESPONSE: *"The destiny of America lies around the hearthstone. If thrift and industry are taught there; if the example of self-sacrifice oft appears; if honor abide there, and high ideals; if there the building of fortune be subordinate to the building of character, America will live in security, rejoice in abundant prosperity and good government at home, and in peace, respect and confidence abroad."* (*Calvin Coolidge.*)

HYMN: "There Is Beauty All Around." Verses 1 and 3.)
(Page 42, Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 353 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 275 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "For the Beauty of the Earth."
(No. 38 H. A. Y.; No. 61 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 36 H. Y. P.; No. 164 S. P.)

PRAYER:

RESPONSE: (Quartette.) "Hear Us Our Father." Mary S. Dickie. (Page 185 S. P.)

LEADER: There is no greater quest upon which youth can venture than to seek and preserve the home. It is the theme of clubs, church, and State, for it is the foundation of all movements for social betterment.

The Quest requires the most rugged courage, for it is an adventure in self-mastery. It has been said that marriage shows up the weakness of individuals and registers their failures. To adjust personalities in the home, keeping all in happy harmony, is a task which needs the patient guidance of the all-loving Christ. A few good rules are stated in a verse:

OUR HOME RULE

The Health of the home is purity;
The Order of the home is duty;
The Melody of the home is charity
The Enlightenment of the home is Christianity.

HYMN: "O Happy Home" or "Home Forever."
(No. 293 H. A. Y.; No. 76 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE TALK: A happy romance of the Bible is the story of Ruth. She took upon herself the God of her husband's people. After the death of her husband, she spoke lovingly to Naomi, her mother-in-law: "Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." The secret of Ruth's joy was her willingness to surrender her own will to preserve the unity of thought, necessary to true happiness.

It is not mere sentiment to say that Christians should marry Christians. Only discord can result, when conflicting opinions guide the home. Jesus is always a just arbitrator, but each must accept Him, seeking happiness with the same laws of behavior, and willing to adopt the Christian Way.

Jesus said: "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," except for unfaithfulness. It is His command. Christians cannot be quitters and follow Jesus. His way was the Cross, but "must Jesus bear the cross alone?"

A social worker, after careful research, discovered that it is only trivial differences that back many divorces. The home then needs soldiers of Peace. World-Peace can never come out of divorce courts. Jesus' way is to forgive in the home. "If ye forgive not others (men) their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." (Matthew 6:15.)

Jesus also made gratitude an element of a happy home. He knew the need of thankfulness as an avenue to contentment, and felt the need of "Grace" at each meal He ate. "Looking up to heaven, he blessed and brake and gave the loaves to the disciples." (Matthew 14:19b.)

SOLO: Scotch Grace. (Bottom Page 117, S. P.)

LEADER: Paul said: Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. (Ephesians 4:26b.)

Shall not the Family Altar again be set up in every Christian home, where all can sing together, "Now the Day is Over," and hearts tuned anew with the prayer in the lines:

When the morning wakens, Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh and sinless, in Thy holy eyes.

HYMN: (Verse 5.) "Now the Day is Over."
(No. 184 H. A. Y.; No. 23 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 18 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: Draw Thou, My Soul, O Christ.
(No. 140 H. A. Y.; No. 195 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 155 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: There is an old song of romance, "Call Me Thine Own," that contains so many of the elements of a Christian home: love, faith and hope, it has become sacred to hundreds, at whose wedding the sentiment was sung.

SOLO: "Call Me Thine Own." Halevy. (Page 10 Music Section.)

STORY ADAPTATION:

LIVIN' AN' LOVIN'[1]

Poor Bill is very much out of love with the world in general and with himself in particular. Bill belongs to the lowest stratum of Melbourne, Australia, life. He has spent a good deal of his time in drinking, gambling, and fighting among the purleius of Spadger's Lane. But he is sick to death of the whole thing.

He is "yearnin' " for—he dunno wot; he wishes he were dead.

And what has plunged the sprightly and light-hearted Bill into such an abyss of wretchedness? Love has done it. He has seen Doreen! At first she will have nothing to do with him. He speaks; but, with a toss of her head and a swish of her skirt, she passed on her queenly way, leaving poor Bill writhing in the dust. And yet he loves her all the more for her refusal to make herself cheap. He now catches a glimpse of her without being mortified by a crushing sense of his own unworthiness.

At last, through Ginger Mack, the rabbit-man, he obtains a formal introduction. They become engaged. But still her charms continue to stab his soul with sad and penitential thoughts. It was divine, he tells us: "The way she raised 'er shinin' eyes to mine."

It makes him all ashamed! Love makes him all ashamed of what he's been.

"Now, Bill," says Doreen, again and again, when she finds herself alone with him, "go over your lesson!"

And Bill, knowing perfectly well what she means, puts up three fingers of his left hand, and ticks them off with the index-finger of the right.

"No more drinkin' " he exclaims submissively, as he touches the first.

"No more gambling," he continues, as he touches the second.

"No more fighting," he adds, as he touches the third finger.

Drinking and gambling and fighting had been Bill's three great weaknesses. But never again! Indeed, he assures us that the love of Doreen has driven from his breast his former fondness for such things.

It was always by a revelation of her love that Doreen overcame the base in Bill.

[1] From "The Fiery Crags," by F. W. Boreham. Copyright 1928. Used with permission of the Abingdon Press.

Just once he forgot his three-fold pledge; forgot Doreen; and repudiated for a moment the newer, sweeter life into which her love had led him.

One fatal night, after they had been two months wedded, Bill met some old companions in the city. They fell to drinking; and at last Bill turned his steps homeward in the early hours of the morning in a condition in which he was ashamed to present himself to his Doreen. But, he says, "She never nagged; she never said a word; but sat and looked at me an' never stirred. I could a' bluffed it out if she'd 'ave let me 'ave it wiv 'er tongue; but silence told me 'ow 'er heart was wrung. Poor 'urt Doreen."

During the following year or two, three notable experiences came to Bill:

(1) He leaves the city, with all its sordid reminders and squalid pitfalls, and takes Doreen to a picturesque orchard home.

(2) A new love comes into his life. This is how the chapter opens:

My Son . . . . Them words, jist like a blessed song,
Is singin' in my 'eart the 'ole day long.

(3) And the third thing is that Bill, having become a father, becomes also a philosopher. His old friend Ginger Mack, the rabbit-vender, visits him in the country.

"You seem very happy here, Bill," Ginger Mack observes, after spending a few days at the orchard.

"You're very happy! How do you account for it?"

"Oh, it's just livin' an' lovin', you know," Bill replies; "livin' an' lovin'"

PRAYER SONG: (To melody "Call Me Thine Own.") softly:

Call us Thine own, Name fond endearing,
Christ of our home, be Thou ever near.
Love, faith and hope, life's pathway cheering,
Send from above, Thou Christ we revere.
Call us Thine Own, doubt would destroy,
For only through faith are we secure;
Making our hearts strong to endure,
What lies before us, Sorrow or Joy.
Call us Thine own, Thine, Thine alone,
Name fond endearing, Christ of our home.

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: (Instrumental.) "Home Sweet Home."

Service No. 19

No-Caste Trail

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Largo." (From the World Symphony.) Dvorak.
(Page 4, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

CALL TO WORSHIP:

FIRST SPEAKER: O come, join the quest along No-Caste Trail.

SECOND SPEAKER: Where, O where is No-Caste Trail?

RESPONSE: *No-Caste Trail winds its way through the hearts of love in all God's children everywhere, who truly regard not race, color or creed.*

HYMN: "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life."
(No. 222 H. A. Y.; 280 A. C. & C. S. H.; 128 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Paul has given us a true Scripture for No-Caste Trail; (Read Colossians 3:10b, 11.)

Put on the new man, that is being renewed unto knowledge after the image of him that created him; where there cannot be Greek and Jew, Gentile, Scythian, barbarian, bondman, freeman; but Christ is all, and in all.

HYMN: "In Christ There is No East or West."
(No. 69 Orders of Service, H. A. Y.; No. 278 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 227 H. A. Y.)

LEADER: What language must be spoken along No-Caste Trail, is a pertinent question today. "It must be the language of love—the language which all can speak, through eye and hand-grasp and voice, if not in tongue. It must have in it the brotherly feeling expressed by Peter in the salutation, "Men and brethren" in his tremendously significant sermon, typical of what the church was to be—when he spoke to men from every nation under heaven. He called them brother, not "Dago," "Sheeny," and "Hunky."[1]

HYMN: (Verses 1, 4.) "Love Divine, All Love Excelling."
(No. 126 H. A. Y.; No. 150 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 61 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: We have much to learn from "the Moslem," who has no raw prejudice. Within the bonds of his faith all believers are brothers. Islam has nothing of the world-wide vision of Christianity, but to a believer in Islam, whether he be black or white, cultured or ignorant, rich or poor, there is a democratic equality of privilege that is magnificent. . . . In the struggle for world expansion be-

tween the two religions, Christianity is terribly handicapped by the race prejudice of its followers.

Races sensitive to contempt are repelled from the Christian gospel by the arrogance of Christians.[1]

HYMN: (Verses 1, 4.) "Gracious Spirit, Dwell With Me." (No. 70 H. A. Y.; No. 50 A. C. & C. S. H.)

LEADER: Hear this social creed recently adopted by the National Christian Council of Japan, sent out to the nation as representing the social ideals and goals for which the Christians of Japan stand:

THE JAPANESE SOCIAL CREED: Setting up as our ideal a Christian social order in which God is revered as Father, and humanity is inter-related as brothers, we purpose to realize the love, justice and fraternal oneness manifested in Christ.

We are opposed to every kind of materialistic education and materialistic system of thought. We reject all social reconstruction based on class struggle and revolutionary methods. We are likewise opposed to reactionary oppression. Moreover, taking measures for the extension of Christian education, we pray that many leaders will arise from among us who will pour their lives into the solution of social problems.

We maintain that making the life of Christ a living force within organized society is the only salvation for the present distress. We believe that wealth is a God-given trust and that it should be offered up for him and for men.[1]

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "O Jesus, I have Promised." (No. 138 H. A. Y.; No. 178 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 167 H. Y. P.; No. 9 S. P.)

STORY: "Ditch Diggers."[2]

The other day I was walking along a certain street with a friend. The street ran through a new, beautiful residence neighborhood and was being paved. As we walked, our attention was attracted to the torn-up street by the voices of the ditch diggers who were working in pairs down the long ditch. What they were saying we could not understand but my former contacts with foreigners told me that they were Slavs and Italians and each pair was of the same nationality.

These men did not make a very pleasing picture, as they were soiled by the mud and dust of their work. It was a hot day and perspiration made little rivulets down their grimy, seamy faces. Occasionally, a dirty red handkerchief was produced to wipe a wet forehead. As the men swung their picks they showed great muscle for they were strong.

[1] From "From Jerusalem to Jerusalem," by Helen Barrett Montgomery. Used with permission of the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions.

[2] From "Ditch Diggers," by Bessie Pehotsky Erb. In Front Rank. Used with permission.

But there was an almost animal expression about their faces and entire bodies which seemed to say to me: "We work from morning till night down in the ditch."

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by my friend who said: "Life is pretty well evened up, isn't it? Here is an example right here: These 'wops' who cannot appreciate the beautiful in life are doing the hard, dirty work in developing this lovely residence neighborhood for the people who can appreciate and love beauty." I couldn't believe my ears! Was there anyone so densely ignorant as to make such a statement? A flood of memories and pictures came to my mind.

"I won't analyze what you mean by life being evened up," I answered, "But I will challenge that remark about the foreigners not being able to love and appreciate beauty. I wouldn't have to take you very far from here to prove to you that you are mistaken. But right this moment some pictures that I have carried around in my mind for months come to me. They are little gems in the home settings of these foreigners." Then I told her the following incidents:

Once, while in Italy, we were staying in a little town not frequented by many tourists. It was late afternoon and I was wandering about alone. The narrow cobblestone streets lined with stucco houses in pastel shades, the arched gateways, and window boxes brimming over with gay petunias and geraniums enchanted me. Finally, I turned into one of these gateways and came upon a courtyard into which a number of doorways opened. In one corner of the yard a number of happy children were playing with a huge dog. Around one of the doorsteps was a group of mothers holding babies of various ages and admiring with pats and coos and smiles a tiny new baby. At another doorway three little girls sat, each busy making, as I learned later, exquisite pillow lace. I was wishing that I could speak Italian, when suddenly to my surprise I heard the little girls speaking English. Yes, it was poorly done, badly pronounced, but still English.

"I am so glad you speak English," I said slowly and distinctly. Each little group had been so busy that my quiet entrance had not been noticed. Startled, the girls turned their pretty faces toward me.

"We spek American. You American?"

"Yes, I am an American. Why are you learning American and who is teaching you?"

The youngest girl seemed to understand me best and became the spokesman for the group. After a great struggle with words and gestures and smiles I learned that an uncle who had lived three years in America had returned to Italy upon the death of his father and was to remain there indefinitely. In the meantime the little girl's father and the father of the other two girls had gone to America. They had found work and as soon as they were financially able they were to send for

their families. In learning to speak American the girls were preparing for their new home.

"Where do your fathers live in America?"

"Cleveland, they live. They make streets."

Ditch diggers! The fathers of these pretty little girls, the husbands of these beautiful mothers, had left this charming home spot, the warm fellowship of the lovely little town, to dig our ditches. In exchange they would get what they wanted,—money, education for their children and a place in a great democracy for their families. But, must they pay the price by shutting beauty out of their lives?

"But," my friend interrupted my narrative, "when one passes through the slums of America where these people live you would never guess that they cared a rap for beautiful things. Do you believe any of them care enough for the pretty things of life to spend their earnings in getting out of the dirt and squalor of our slums?"

"Do I believe it?" I asked. "Americans who do not know better think the foreigners always live in dirty neighborhoods. The moment their cars pass beautiful, clean homes and streets these Americans always think they have entered American neighborhoods.

"Do you know," I continued, "once in Chicago our Russian cleaning woman invited three of us to her home for tea. We found her living in a pretty red brick cottage on a street of pretty homes. Her house was spotless and everything from her piano to the apple-green breakfast set in her kitchen was well chosen and in good taste. She filled our arms with beautiful garden flowers when we were leaving. Why, I know whole streets where no one but foreigners live that are a credit to American life. Foreigners never live in squalor any longer than they have to."

"Let's turn back and walk past those ditch diggers again," suggested my friend. "I'd like to have some new pictures run through my mind when I see them. I'm going to try to see behind their grimy faces and dirty shirts into their minds and hearts. As they swing their heavy picks I'm going to read their dreams of little red brick cottages and bright flower gardens."

HYMN: (Verses 1, 3, 4.) "For the Beauty of the Earth."
(No. 38 H. A. Y.; No. 61 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 36 H. Y. P.; No. 164 S. P.)

SENTENCE PRAYERS:

DUET: (Unannounced.) "Heaven is Here, Where Hymns of Gladness."
(No. 209 H. A. Y.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "All Hail the Power of Jesus' name."
(No. 125 H. A. Y.; No. 141 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 120 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 20

Industrial Good-Will

(Picture of Christ)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: Nocturne. (Midsummer Night's Dream.) Mendelssohn. (Page 15 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: Jesus—The martyred Christ of the working class, the inspired evangel of the down-trodden masses, the world's supreme revolutionary leader.

RESPONSE: *Whose love for the poor and the children of the poor hallowed all the days of His consecrated life, lighted up and made forever holy the dark tragedy of His death, and gave to the ages His divine inspiration and deathless name.* (*Eugene Debs.*)

HYMN: "Come Unto Me, Ye Weary."
(No. 127 H. A. Y.; No. 155 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 131 H. Y. P.)

INVOCATION: (For the Presence of Christ and a vision of His will in creating Industrial Good-will.)

HYMN: Love Thyself Last.
(No. 204 H. A. Y.; No. 282 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 79 S. P.)

POEM: New Vistas.[1]

A day will come, in not undreamed of years,
When men shall wake with singing on their lips.
Their toil will bloom with hope, uncursed by fears,
They will not labor to the tune of whips;
They will not close their days as battered ships!
Then all shall be as gods, Olympus-born,
And joy shall grace each heart. As beauty drips
From summer dawns, so from the fields of corn
Shall gladness be shed forth on all the sons of morn.
Then Lust will die, and gold will lose its lure.
No soul will gloat while others starve for bread.
The lore of love will prove the ample cure
For all earth's ills, now meetly harvested.
Each man, a king, in pride shall lift his head,
And every child, still bright with heaven's gleams,
Shall play in Eden's gardens, tenanted
By fays and elves. By softly flowing streams
We men of earth shall find again our long lost dreams.

[1] Thomas Curtis Clark. From Poems of Justin. Used with permission.

HYMN: "O Master Workman of the Race."
(Page 26, Order of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 99 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 96 H. Y. P.; No. 160 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE TALK: God so loved the word, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. (John 3:16.)

When the Heavenly Father sent His Son into the world, He sent him into the home of a working man, and Jesus became the "Carpenter of Nazareth."

Later, when He preached, He understood, and from His great heart of compassion He spoke from His own experience. In His heart there was no industrial turmoil. He lived the words He spoke: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

He could understand poverty, for the son of man had not where to lay his head, yet he said, (Read Matthew 6:19-22, 24-34.)

TRIO: My Master. (No. 146 S. P.)

OFFERTORY: "When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing."
(No. 213 H. A. Y.; No. 274 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 235 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."
(No. 205 H. A. Y.; No. 281 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 152 H. Y. P.)

STORY: (True.) Industrial Brotherhood.

Mrs. Stanley was a devout Christian woman who wanted to invest her life in definite service for her Master. She became a member of the Extension Department of the Young Women's Christian Association in order to have direct contact with the industrial world to learn something of the lives of the women employes in the numerous factories in the large city in which she lived.

One day each week Mrs. Stanley was responsible for a program for the noon meeting which is promoted by the Y. W. C. A. Her wide acquaintance enabled her to present both men and women who gave travel talks, book reviews, musical programs, citizenship talks and sometimes a discussion of politics. One program each month was given over to religious services and Mrs. Stanley was very careful to choose just the right person to bring the Christian message. She wanted Jesus and his love magnified before those who came to listen.

The divinity of Jesus, His humility, His saving grace, His brotherliness and His love for the world were stressed again and again by the ministers, from the great churches in the city, who came to speak. Mrs. Stanley watched with eager eyes to see if the appeal of Jesus was finding a response in the hearts of any of the listeners. Sometimes visible signs that the seed was falling on good ground brought joy to the watcher.

In one of the largest factories there were several girls who were always present when the musical programs were given but seemed to avoid the religious hour. Mrs. Stanley tried to be especially friendly with these but one of the group, a young Jewess, was most difficult to approach.

One day having this girl particularly in mind Mrs. Stanley had invited a very spiritual clergyman to speak and had urged the girl to be present.

A call from some one in distress, prevented at the last moment, the appearance of the minister and Mrs. Stanley knew that she must give the message to the waiting group. With a silent prayer for strength she began to talk of Jesus and his love. She spoke of Him as an elder brother and how He came to reveal to the world the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. She told of her own older brother who had passed away not long before. She said, "He was my friend as well as my brother and I want you to have Jesus for your friend as well as your brother. This would be a happier world if there were more brotherliness in our work-a-day lives." The remembrance of her own brother and her loving thought of the Christ gave her unusual power that day and she felt that somehow the girls were being touched by her words.

The bell rang and the girls hastened back to their sewing machines. As they passed Mrs. Stanley some of them touched her hand and said, "Thank you." Her eyes brightened and her heart beat faster with each friendly touch but her greatest surprise came when the young Jewess, who had seemed so indifferent, waited until all the others had left. Taking Mrs. Stanley's hand she said vehemently, "Oh! all the brotherliness and friendship I have ever known in all my life has been in our Labor Union where each works to help the other. If such a little manifestation of brotherhood can mean so much helpfulness, what would happen if the love of your Jesus should take hold of all the world. I know it would solve all the problems of industry. It is the most wonderful thing I ever heard. I have seen a great light."

With a hasty pressure of the hand she hurried to her task and from the heart of Mrs. Stanley a prayer ascended that the world shall know the truth of which He came to bear witness and so find its real freedom. (Maude Lucas Rumpler.)

QUARTETTE: Love's Creed. (Page 7 Music Section.)
(Used by permission of the author, Carrie B. Jennings.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Blest Be The Tie That Binds."

Service No. 21

A Happy World

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Song to The Evening Star." R. Wagner. (Page 13 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: Praise ye Jehovah.
Praise ye Jehovah, O My Soul. (Psalm 146:1.)

RESPONSE: *Happy is he . . .*
Whose hope is in Jehovah his God. (*Psalm* 146:5 *a. c.*)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 3, 4.) "This is My Father's World."
(No. 46 H. A. Y.; No. 366 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 42 H. Y. P.; No. 49 S. P.)

PRAYER: Our dear, gracious Heavenly Father, we are happy to call ourselves Thy children. We thank thee for the joy that thou hast put into our hearts. We thank Thee for all the promises which thou hast given to us in thy word, if we will but obey Thee. We thank Thee for our homes, our schools, our country, all who have contributed to our happiness.

But Father, we would not be selfish with Thy Love. Bless Thy children everywhere—that the whole world may be happy with brotherly fellowship, and love for Thee. In the name of Jesus, Spirit of all our Christian happiness. Amen.

PRAYER HYMN: "O God, Thy World is Sweet With Prayer."
(No. 8 H. A. Y.; No. 17 A. C. & C. S. H.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: We are told in God's Word how to be happy: (Read Psalm 128:1, 2b; Proverbs 29:18b.)

Blessed is everyone that feareth Jehovah,
That walketh in his ways. . . .
Happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.
He that keepeth the law, happy is he.

Behold, we count them happy which endure. (James 5:11a, King James.)

If ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye. (1 Peter 3: 14a. King James.)

Jesus said: "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them. (John 13:17. King James.)

LEADER:

"Heathenism has no hallelujahs. John Hay, of the Inland South America Missionary Union, was being asked concerning

this fact by a man who had just heard his thrilling story of how a tribe of South American Indians sang for the first time a hymn the missionaries had translated for them. 'Do the heathen get no comfort whatever from their religion?' was the question asked. 'Yes,' replied Mr. Hay, 'the same kind of comfort you get out of a narcotic.' Buddhism, Brahmanism, Taoism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism are opiate religious; Christianity wakes up the soul with a new life—the very life of God himself in the person of his in-dwelling Spirit. The reason is obvious—"the fruit of the Spirit is . . . joy," and joy must find outlet in singing."

HYMN: "Send Thou, O Lord, To Every Place."
(No. 265 H. A. Y.; No. 326 A. C. & C. S. H.)

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "The Whole Wide World for Jesus."
(No. 264 H. A. Y.; No. 336 A. C. & C. S. H.)

HYMN: "Christ for the World We Sing."
(No. 257 H. A. Y.; No. 327 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 245 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: In an article "Unsung Heroes I Have Known," [1] Alexander Powell sings the praises of those who have made the world a happier place in which to live—the missionaries of the Cross.

Mr. Powell claims to be an impartial witness, saying:

"Except in so far as I maintain that every man is entitled to fair trial at the bar of public opinion, I hold no brief for the missionary. Perhaps my impartiality as a witness will be more apparent when I remark that I am not a frequent, much less a regular, church attendant. I am a roving writer, and my job takes me to the four corners of the earth. That's why I can speak first hand about so many missionaries."

Three of those testimonies will illustrate our theme.

FIRST SPEAKER: (Unannounced.) Let me tell you a little about Doctor Grenfell, the slight, slim, smiling, quiet-mannered man whom King George some years ago made a Companion of the Bath, an honor usually reserved for victorious generals, successful diplomats, eminent statesmen. When he came out to Labrador, four-and-thirty years ago, the conditions which existed along that desolate shore were appalling. There was not a hospital on the whole coast, and not a doctor, save one who came a few times each summer on the mail steamer. Poverty and disease were unchecked. An insidious system of debt slavery to traders prevailed, made possible by almost universal ignorance and illiteracy.

Grenfell recognized that here was a field of endeavor which promised to occupy fully the lifetime of a strong man. But, thanks to his indefatigable energy and indomitable courage, all

[1] Extracts from "Unsung Heroes I Have Known," by E. Alexander Powell, reprinted by the courtesy of the American Magazine. Copyright 1926, by The Crowell Publishing Company.

that is changed. Schools and hospitals have been built, and an industrial home, where the natives are taught various trades, has been erected; power plants, carpenter and machine shops, radio stations, have sprung up; co-operative stores have been established.

Not only has Grenfell accomplished all this virtually single-handed, but, by his skill and daring as a sailor, and his endurance in standing watches after long sieges with patients in the little harbors, he has earned the amazement and admiration of the entire coast, whose population is perhaps the hardiest in the world.

SECOND SPEAKER: (Unannounced.) A Profane Testimony.

I have sought to make it amply clear that my object in writing this article is not to champion foreign missions (of which, as I have said elsewhere, I do not wholly approve), but rather to paint a truthful picture of the modern missionary. Yet more than once, in my journeyings up and down the world, I have heard testimony in favor of mission work from lips more accustomed to profanity than to praying.

Several years ago, while on my way to India, a missionary returning to his post in the Shan country made an appeal for funds to carry on his work. To the astonishment of everyone on board, the first man to answer the appeal was a red-faced, loud-voiced, hard-boiled Anglo-Indian, who throughout the voyage had been conspicuous for his profanity, gambling, and drinking. Yet the denomination of the bank note which he laid upon the plate made the missionary gasp. That evening I chanced to fall into conversation with the man in the smoke-room.

"If I hadn't seen the size of your contribution to the missionary," I said to him, half jokingly, "I shouldn't have taken you for a religious man."

"I'm not religious," he snorted. "Haven't been inside a church since I was a kid. Don't take any stock in sky pilots as a general thing. But I'm strong for the missionaries. Any time one of them passes the hat you can count me in.

"You see," he continued, "it's not a question of sentiment with me, but of cash. I own a big timber property in Upper Burmah. Got a lot of young men out there as overseers and gaugers and clerks and the like. In the old days it was hard keeping 'em straight. They cheated me and stole from me and lied to me, and got into rows over native women, and drank themselves to death. Why, I never dared to go away for more than a week at a time for fear of what might happen while I was gone.

"Then a missionary came along—a real he-man. He opened up a little clubhouse, and organized an orchestra, and cricket and football teams, and got up gymkhanas and amateur theatricals,

and all that sort of thing. In a year you wouldn't have known the place. Now I'm just returning from a visit to England. Been away six months. But when I get back I know that I'll find everything running as smoothly as when I left. That's why you can count on me to do something handsome when it comes to helping the missionaries."

THIRD SPEAKER: Story of Bolenge Mission.

One of the most interesting American missions I have ever visited is the station maintained by the Disciples of Christ, at Bolenge, on the Upper Congo. Bolenge is situated at the point where the river intersects the equator, so that in pursuance of his daily routine a missionary may be in the Northern Hemisphere one moment and the next moment in the southern. (When an English globe-trotter patronizingly asked one of the women workers at Bolenge, whom he met on the ocean liner, if she had ever crossed the Line, she replied demurely, "Why, yes, I suppose I must have. You see, the equator runs through my kitchen.")

My wife insists that I am prejudiced in favor of Bolenge, because we there sat down to the best meal we had in Africa. But what really aroused my interest and admiration was the amazing variety of activities in which the four Americans and their wives, who comprise the staff, were engaged, and in all of which they displayed marked competence. To begin with, they had themselves designed and built the plant, which consists of four residences, a church, a hospital, a school, a girls' dormitory, and a large, well-planned industrial building.

In addition to conducting the large main school for boys and girls of all ages, and one hundred and twenty-two outpost schools scattered over a territory larger than some of our Western states, these eight Americans operate a sawmill, a wood-working shop, a blacksmith shop, a shipyard, where they repair and even build small river steamers and launches, a brick kiln, which provided all the bricks used in the construction of the large industrial building, a printing plant, where a weekly newspaper and numerous text-books are printed, a hospital, a dispensary, an up-to-date experimental farm, a dairy, a citrus grove, and a large vegetable garden.

LEADER: It is ever thus throughout the whole wide world: Shall we express in song our prayer for the happy world that shall be, when Christ's Kingdom comes.

HYMN: "Thy Kingdom Come, O Lord."
(No. 254 H. A. Y.; No. 266 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning."
(No. 259 H. A. Y.; No. 328 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 239 H. Y. P.)

VII
CHARACTER APPRECIATION

Service No. 22

Industry

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Andante." Reginald B. Moore. (Page 19 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: "Work . . . . while it is day: The night cometh when no man can work." (John 9:4.)

"My Father worketh even until now, and I work," said Jesus." (John 5:17.)

"Work not for the food which perisheth, but for the food which abideth unto eternal life." (John 6:28a.)

RESPONSE: *Let the favor of the Lord Thy God be upon us;*
And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us;
Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it. (*Psalm* 90:17.)

QUARTETTE: (Verses 1, 2, 3.) "We Bless Thee, Lord." (Page 5 Music Section) or, "O Thou Laborer in the Workshop" (No. 158 S. P.)

PRAYER: Our dear Gracious Heavenly Father, we come to Thee, with a desire to do the work which Thou hast planned for us.

Grant us the will to do whatever Thou dost think best for us.

Give us a knowledge of our task, and grant us the strength to labor well. May industry be a habit well formed in our characters.

May we never belittle any work, which contributes to the life and welfare of Thy world.

Magnify within us the spirit of industry which guided Jesus in His every task. These things we ask, in the name of Him who exalted labor. Amen.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2, 3.) "Father, Hear the Prayer We Offer." (No. 194 H. A. Y.; No. 248 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 8, Verse 4 S. P.)

HYMN: "O Master Workman of the Race." (Page 26 Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 99 A. C. & S. H.; No. 96 H. Y. P.; No. 160 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: The foundation of every successful enterprise is work. Whether it is called industry, work or labor, it is a quality of soul necessary to character. Nehemiah's prayer, "O God, Strengthen Thou my hands," was echoed in the decision of the

people: (Read Nehemiah 2:18; 4:6.) "And I told them of the hand of my God which was good upon me, as also of the king's words that he had spoken unto me. And they said: Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for the good work.

"We built the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto half the height thereof; for the people had a mind to work."

HYMN: "O Son of Man, Thou Madest Known."
(No. 165 H. A. Y.; No. 97 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 175 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: The only real remedy for banditry and crime is the systematic cultivation of the habit of industry.

The soul expands as work disciplines. A youth of Athens, marveling at the care with which Phidias carved the statue of Minerva, said:

O, Phidais,[1]
Why do you dally on a hidden hair?
When she is lifted to the lofty front
Of the Parthenon, no human eye will see.
And Phidias thundered on him: "Silence, slave.
Men will not see, but the Immortals will!"

STORY: (Unannounced.) "The Man Who Follows."

One day an old umbrella mender with his bundle of skeleton frames and box of tinkering tools knocked at our back door, and we gave him a job. As he sat on his box in the sun mending the broken and torn umbrella, we noticed that he seemed to take unusual pains, testing the cloth, carefully measuring and strongly sewing the covers.

"You seem unusually careful," we remarked.

"Yes," he said, without looking up. "I try to do good work."

"But your customers would not know the difference till you were gone," we suggested.

"No, I suppose not."

"Then I suppose you expect to come back this way again some day?" we ventured.

"No, never."

"Then why are you so particular?"

"So it will be easier for the man who follows me," he answered, simply. "If I put on shoddy cloth or do bad work, my customers will find it out in a few weeks, and the next old umbrella mender that comes along will get the cold shoulder, the stony stare, the bull dog and the gate."

STORY: "The Blessing in the Struggle."

"There is one thing which puzzles me," said a young man to his friend to whom he had come for counsel.

[1] From "A Workman to the Gods," by Edwin Markham. Collected Poems, 1932. Used with permission.

"Only one?" asked the older man, with a smile. "Then you are unusually fortunate."

"One in particular, and because I must meet it daily. The inequalities of life seem to me inconsistent with any theory of overruling goodness. It is a mockery to say that all men are created equal, or that God gives to every man according to his several abilities. The men with the ability are the men who have to work hard, and the others waste what would be a godsend to poorer men."

"I do not pretend to be able to explain," said his friend; "but I am impressed less with the hardship of those who struggle than with the waste of those who squander what they do not earn."

"That is not the point that interests most," said the young man—"except by contrast," he added. "It's hard to have to struggle so for what other men receive without asking, and waste when they get it."

"They waste it largely because they got it without asking or striving for it," said the older man. "Harry, listen to me! Your way seems hard, and so it is—so hard that you sometimes doubt if God is good. You will yet live to thank Him for the struggle.

"I know of a man who wished to add an emperor moth to his collection of insects. By good fortune he obtained a cocoon and hung it in his library all winter. In the spring, as he watched it, he found the moth trying to emerge. The hole was small, and the moth struggled so hopelessly, as it seemed, against the tough fiber, that he clipped the hole larger with scissors.

"Well, the fine, large moth emerged, but it never flew. Some one told him afterward that the struggles were necessary to force the juices of the body into the insect's great wings. Saving it from the struggle was a mistaken kindness. The effort was meant to be the moth's salvation."

"I see the moral," said the younger man. "Good night. Perhaps it will do me good to think now and then of the moth."

"No man or woman is a failure who has worthwhile work to do and who is inspired by a passion to excel in doing it." (Charles A. Merrill.)

HYMN: "Jesus, Thou Divine Companion."
(No. 210 H. A. Y.; No. 296 A. C. & C. S. H.)

OFFERTORY: "Traumerei." Schumann.
(Page 32 Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "O Maker of the Sea and Sky."
(No. 295 H. A. Y.; No. 339 A. C. & C. S. H.)

Service No. 23

Thrift

(Budget)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "But the Lord is Mindful." Mendelssohn. (Page 37 Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth; No. 325 H. Y. P.; Page 195 S. P.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

HYMN: "Jesus Calls Us O'er The Tumult."
(No. 128 H. A. Y.; No. 152 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 134 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER:[1] Father, true to the urge of our helplessness, we come before Thy presence as suppliants; when we lift our faces into Thine, the smile of Thy loving favor gives assurance that Thou art conscious of our needs. Then are we encouraged to cast all our care upon Thee. If we linger in adoration and contemplation, the needs of others appear unto us and we confidently spread them before Thee. We came as suppliants; we became intercessors. With our own burdens laid upon Thee and our prayerful interest awakened in others, we go hence to fulfill the law of the Christ in helping others to bear their burdens.

Let us not think, O God, our Father, that this bearing can be sustained without the daily supply of Thy grace; rather wilt Thou cause us to be conscious that it is Thy power, working in us and through us, by which Thy high plans for us and for those whom we intercede become operative. Then will our lives be transformed by the inner workings of Thy grace and the boundaries of the Kingdom be enlarged. Amen.

DUET: (Unannounced.) "Jesus, Kneel Beside Me."
(No. 126 H. Y. P.)

PICTURE TALK: "Benjamin Franklin." (See Appendix for note on Picture Material.)

There hangs before us the picture of one who has become known as the apostle of thrift—Benjamin Franklin. His "Poor Richard's Almanac," which has had more readers, probably, than any other publication in the English or any other language, with the exception of the Bible, was really the expression of his own inward frugality. It is no wonder it became one of the most influential publications in the world, and often distributed to the poor in France and Great Britain, where it was reprinted or trans-

[1] From Christian Evangelist. Used with permission.

lated. His advice is as wise today as when written, and is well worth repeating: (Given by three speakers unannounced.)

FIRST SPEAKER:

"Remember that time is money. He that can earn two shillings a day, by his labor, and goes abroad, or sits idle one-half of that day though he spends but six pence during his diversion or idleness, ought not to reckon that the only expense; he has really spent or thrown away five shillings besides."

SECOND SPEAKER:

"Remember that six pounds a year is four pence a day. For this little sum, which may be daily wasted either in time or expense unperceived, a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant use of a hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantages."

THIRD SPEAKER:

"Remember this saying, 'The good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.' He who is known to pay punctually and exactly to the time he promises, may, at any time, and on any occasion, raise all the money his friends can spare. This is sometimes of great use. After industry and frugality, nothing contributes more to the raising of a young man in the world, than punctuality and justice in all dealings. Therefore, never keep borrowed money an hour beyond the time you promised, lest a disappointment shut up your friend's purse forever."

HYMN: "Lord, for Tomorrow and Its Needs."
(No. 157 H. A. Y.; No. 193 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 205 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: What has thrift to do with our spiritual well-being? It is fundamentally a material activity, yet necessary to a well-balanced moral character.

[1] The public records of courts and prisoners show that the majority of those found guilty of crimes and misdemeanors have gone astray as the result of an effort to obtain money or its direct equivalent by some unlawful means. A criminal is nearly always a spendthrift. The present day records of the juvenile court indicate that the boys tried there most commonly lack what might be called "Money Sense." There is little evidence of having been taught how to earn money honestly, and less evidence of having ever known from experience, anything about saving. The whole fabric of our moral life is thoroughly interwoven with our ideas about money and its purposes and uses.

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Learning to budget was part of God's purpose and plan for His children. He made tithing a rule for His people,

[1] In his Home-Training Bulletin No. 2, "Teaching the Boy to Save," by Professor Wm. A. McKeever.

and a definite part of their thrifty lives.

"The tenth shall be holy unto Jehovah." (Leviticus 27:10.)

"Honor Jehovah with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase." (Proverbs 3:9.)

"Thou shalt remember Jehovah, thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth." (Deuteronomy 8:18.)

"Bring ye the whole tithe unto the store-house." (Malachi 3:10a.)

"Upon the first day of the week, let each one of you lay by him in store, as he may prosper," said Paul.

"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," were the words of Jesus.

LEADER: The Heavenly Father made it easy for us to budget, by giving us a four-fold nature: physical, mental, spiritual and moral. If we properly provide for the needs of each of these, we will be sound in the establishment of thrift.

HYMN: "Take Time To Be Holy."
(No. 190 A. C. & C. S. H.)

LEADER: It behooves us, to know something of the Psychology of Saving:

I quote from Marshall Field:

If you want to succeed, save. This is true, not so much because of the value of the money which the young man who saves accumulates, but because of the infinitely greater value of the system and organization which the practice of saving introduces into his life.

This result of the saving habit is not generally nor properly appreciated. I consider it to be almost the greatest element in making for a young man's success.

In the first place, it creates determination. This is the start. Then it develops steady purpose; then sustained energy. Soon it produces alert, discriminating intelligence. These all rapidly grow into an ability that enables him to take the money he has accumulated (even though small in amount) and employ it with profit.

Better and better returns follow up his industry, ability and judgment, and his capital is now steadily increasing. Soon he is secure—and that comparatively early in life; and each day widens the gulf between him and incompetence, and its invariable companion, improvidence.

This is the real framework of the structure of success. Each of its supports, it will invariably be found, rests upon a foundation of an early saved dollar.

LEADER: Not only thrift in money, but in time and talent, must be exercised if our ultimate goal is real success.

THE SECOND MILE

More than ten years ago a struggling young reporter on a New York daily was considered a fool—by his associates. He hustled for news for nine hours of the day and then worked at magazine writing five more hours at his home. He continued at this speed for ten years. Think of it! Fourteen hours daily for ten years. But the other fellows called him a fool—said life was too short, and all that sort of thing.

That man is Albert Payson Terhune, the noted magazine writer. Why is he noted? How do you happen to recognize his name the moment it is mentioned? Because he—unknown, obscure, unheralded—plugged away night after night at the task he loved when the rest of the bunch were "getting something out of life." They still are getting something—about what they were ten years ago. Terhune has an income counted in five figures. It pays to go the second mile, and make the journey often.

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "The Dawn of God's Dear Sabbath." (No. 15 H. A. Y.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "O Lord, Thy Benediction Give."
(No. 281 H. A. Y.; No. 314 A. C. & C. S. H.)

Service No. 24

Honesty

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Traumerei." Schumann.
(Page 32 Music Section, Vol. I.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: Let us draw near with a true heart in fulness of faith. (Hebrews 10:22a.)

RESPONSE: *The sum of thy word is truth; And every one of thy righteous ordinances endureth forever.* (*Psalm* 119: 160.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 3.) "For All Thy Care We Bless Thee."
(No. 44 H. A. Y.)

PRAYER: (Expressing gratitude for all those who are truly honest, and a petition for Christ's guidance in creating honest attitudes.)

HYMN: "Lord, As We Thy Name Profess."
(No. 149 H. A. Y.)

LEADER: When Jehovah God gave to Moses the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt not steal" was one of His laws, but Jesus gave the motive for honesty when he said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Hear what God's word says concerning honesty.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE:

LEADER: Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul; having your conversation honest. (I Peter 2:11b, 12a. King James.)

RESPONSE: *We trust we have a good conscience, in all things and willing to live honestly.* (*Hebrews* 13:18.)

LEADER: Magnify the law and make it honorable. (Isaiah 42: 21b.)

RESPONSE: *Render to no man evil for evil. Take thought for things honorable, in the sight of all men.* (*Romans* 12:17.)

LEADER: Study . . . . to work with your hands . . . . that ye may walk honestly toward them that are without. (I Thessalonians 11ab, 12a.)

RESPONSE: *Let us walk honestly as in the day.* (*King James-Romans* 13:13.)

LEADER: It has become so difficult for many to really discriminate between the honest and true, that even the secular magazines are awakening to the need of more moral and spiritual teaching.

Statistics have proved that a large per cent of children are not truly honest. Who thinks of giving street car fare, if its collection has been overlooked by the conductor? Cheating a corporation is not real stealing to some.

Why not keep the money, if too much change is received from the store keeper? Another time he might "short change." Copying in school is a common offense, and some would not think of letting the teacher know if too high marks are received.

A little boy, returning from school, was enthusiastic about some new religions he had learned about in his history lesson of various countries.

"Well, how about America's religion?" said the father.

"Oh! We didn't learn about that," answered the boy, and he was correct.

Fearful lest the creeds of its citizens be disturbed, America has not permitted religious instruction in the Public Schools. Moral conduct has been sacrificed to many creeds.

It is no wonder that adult crookedness prevails, when no seeds of honesty are sown in childhood.

James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, says that character is becoming one of the chief bases of credit which is a foundation stone in business and prosperity. Integrity and standing in a community have supplanted goods and chattels as security for small loans.

Our obligation as Christians is to stress honesty as our patriotic duty, for the Church is the only institution teaching morals. The Church is struggling with the task, but it is like damming a stream. So many millions do not attend Sunday School. Therefore, they often get no moral training and our nation is feeling this laxity.

We must win more into the Sunday School; then have more conviction to be able to challenge their conscience.

A Newspaper Item:

"His conscience aroused by attendance at a Sunday night religious meeting, a youth, 18 years old, walked into police headquarters and handed to the Detective a $150 diamond ring which he said he stole Friday from a home.

"Well, here it is," the youth said, "My conscience has been troubling me ever since Sunday night, when I attended a religious meeting."

"The measure of a man's real character is what he would do if he knew he would never be found out," Macaulay has said.

HYMN: "I Would Be True."
(No. 170 H. A. Y.; No. 222 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 172 H. Y. P.; No. 16 S. P.)

LEADER: Let us bow our heads and search our own hearts. Are we able to detect any dishonesty in our own lives? (Pause.)
Have we ever played unfair? (Pause.)
Have we ever cheated in tests?
Let us meditate in silent prayer.

SILENT PRAYER: (Music very softly. "I Would Be True.")

HYMN: (Verse 1.) "In The Hour of Trial."
(No. 172 H. A. Y.; No. 215 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 211 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: "Yield Not To Temptation."
(No. 174 H. A. Y.; No. 228 A. C. & C. S. H.)

STORY:

PAY ENVELOPE NUMBER NINE

It was six o'clock on a dull Saturday evening in late November. Thick gray clouds filled the sky, and the smoke that poured from the sooty throats of the sombre factory and mill chimneys hung close to the earth and made the atmosphere as impenetrable as a fog. From the great yards at the Mt. Clair Iron Works a long serpentine line wound slowly out, a line of tired, blackened men. Usually they poured from the foundry in a great black mass, but on Saturdays it was different. Saturday was pay-day, and then each man must march slowly by the paymaster's little window and call out his number, receive the envelope containing his week's pay and march on out the gate. It was by means of this method that the timekeeper could keep tab on the many men under his charge.

Harvey Fleetwood was near the head of the line on this particular day. His young wife was very sick, and he was in a hurry to get home to her; so, in spite of the protests of the men, he pushed his way to the front until he was the fifth one from the head.

"Number Nine," he called, and in a moment received the envelope so numbered, was jostled on, and had soon hurried from the yard. Once outside the grounds and apart from the men he savagely tore the envelope open.

"Ten dollars, and here I owe the doctor that much for Molly's medicine. Then the kids need clothes and we have got to eat. What will I do if she does not get well?" he groaned, and took the money from the envelope. For a moment he stood amazed, then gave a long, low whistle, for there in his pay envelope were twenty dollars. He looked at the envelope. It was his. Number Nine. It was sealed when he got it, so the paymaster could not know that he had made a mistake. The money was his, and the doctor would be paid.

At first he could not believe his good fortune, but the two ten-dollar bills crinkled in his hand. It was true. His first impulse was to rush home and tell Molly, but, on second thought, he decided not to. Molly was peculiar; she would say the money was not his, and would not rest until he had taken it back. Besides, the office was closed now, and he could not take it back until Monday morning, even if he wanted to, which he did not.

Ordinarily Harvey would have decided to go to the paymaster and tell him of the mistake, but with so many bills to be paid and Molly so sick it seemed a godsend to him, and he resolved to keep the ten dollars and say nothing of it to the paymaster or to his wife. The doctor would be paid, and he would have his regular wages to keep them through the week. With this decision he satisfied himself.

Owing to the shortage of orders the men in the molding department had been told not to report until nine o'clock Monday morning, so the foundry was deserted at eight when the president of the company strode into the cashier's office. After greeting his subordinate, he said:

"Harrison threw up his place as foreman of the molding and casting department Saturday. He was getting too old for the work, so we will have to pension him. Been with us a long time, thirty years. That means promotion for some one in the department and I cannot decide whom to put in."

"Have you no one in mind who is able to fill the position as well as Harrison did?" asked the cashier.

"Oh, there are several who can do the work, but that is not the question. We need some one thoroughly honest, as he will have the handling of all the orders, and a smart man could easily filch money from us by short ordering and taking the difference between the order and the bill he gives us. I had in mind that young Fleetwood. He is a good worker and seems to be honest. I have no way of telling if he is honest, for I will not abuse the confidence of my men by setting traps for them, and—Answer the telephone there, Watson."

When the cashier turned and hung up the receiver there was a smile on his face.

"You will not have to set a trap intentionally to test Harvey Fleetwood, and yet there will be one," he said.

"What do you mean?" the president rose from his chair as he asked this question.

"Carlton, the paymaster in the molding department, has just wired me that he inadvertently put ten dollars too much in Harvey Fleetwood's pay envelope Saturday night. Fleetwood is number nine and Jones is nineteen. Jones worked overtime last week and made twenty dollars. Carlton put the same amount in number nine by mistake. He will not be here until Wednesday, and he has asked me to fix it up."

"You are right; that will be the test of Harvey Fleetwood's honesty

and of his ability to fill the position left vacant by Harrison, for if he proves his worth in this matter I will give him the place."

"It is now ten minutes to nine," said the cashier. "You can remain here and see what he does. The men all come in by the large gate there, and we can see as soon as he enters if he is coming here."

The shrieking whistle now broke the silence and rendered further speech impossible. The continued tread of feet was heard, now and then a laugh or a few words as the men passed on their way to work. The two men in the room looked anxiously at the gate until it seemed that all the men were in, then, as they were about to give up, Harvey Fleetwood walked in, and came at once toward the office.

Harvey had spent a miserable Sunday at the bedside of his wife. She had been too sick to notice that the usual cheery smile had left his face, and so the confession that she might have had from his was lost. The druggist had sent his bill and this made Harvey all the more determined to keep the ten dollars given to him by mistake the night before. Monday morning came, and he picked up his tools and lunch box to start to work. He went in to kiss his wife good-bye. She put her arms around his neck and whispered:

"Never mind, Harvey, I will soon be well. I do not mind how poor we are so long as you are honest." With a sob he hurried from her bedside into the next room, took the ten dollars and replaced it in the envelope. He would be honest. He must trust to God; surely He would provide. Then he hastened to his work.

When he entered the gate he went straight to the office to tell the cashier of the mistake made in his envelope. He hesitated when he saw the president but when he had nodded to him to proceed he said:

"There was a mistake made in my pay envelope last week and I got ten dollars too much. Here it is, sir," and he laid it upon the desk.

"Keep it," returned the president. "You deserve it for your honesty, the mistake was ours." The astonished Harvey left the office. When he had gone the president said, with a satisfied smile: "I think Harrison's place is filled."

Harvey hastened home that night with the ten dollars and the astonishing news that he was promoted to foreman and his salary doubled. The news acted better than a tonic and Molly was soon her old self. It was then that he told of the pay envelope, and to hear her praise was ample reward for his honesty, together with the joy of receiving the new position. He was glad that he had not yielded to temptation.

(New York Observer.)

PRAYER: Hymn. (Verses 1, 2.) "Father in Heaven, Who Hast All."
(No. 168 H. A. Y.; No. 220 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 225 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Dare To Be Brave, Dare To Be True."
(No. 175 H. A. Y.; No. 226 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 159 S. P.)

Service No. 25

Chastity

INSRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Evening Calm." C. Reinecke.
(Page 13 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP:

LEADER: Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

RESPONSE: *He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.* (*Psalm* 24:3, 4.)

HYMN: "Purer Yet and Purer."
(No. 171 H. A. Y.; No. 216 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 141 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE PRAYER: O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! Preserve me, O God; for in thee do I put my trust.
Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.
I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart.
Examine me, O Lord, and prove me;
Try my heart and my mind,
Create in me a clean heart, O God;
And renew a right Spirit within me.
(Psalms 8:1a; 16:1; 5:1; 9:1a; 26:2; 51:10.)

QUARTETTE: Prayer Response. (Handel. Top page 182 S. P.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 4.) "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart."
(No. 1 H. A. Y.; No. 219 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 24 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: Some one has said that "if character stands watch there is safety," and chastity is the supreme element of character.
Hear what the scripture says about the clean life and pure heart:

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE:

LEADER: Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from sin? (Proverbs 20:9.)

RESPONSE: *Whosoever abideth in Him, sinneth not.* (1 *John* 3:6a.)

LEADER: Thy Word is very pure; Therefore thy servant loveth it. (Psalm 119:140.)

RESPONSE: *For thou sayest, my doctrine is pure. And I am clean in thine eyes.* (*Job* 11:4.)

LEADER: To the pure all things are pure;

RESPONSE: *But to them that are defiled and unbelieving, nothing is pure; but both their mind and their conscience is defiled.* (*Titus* 1:15.)

LEADER: I charge thee in the sight of God, and Christ Jesus: "Keep thyself pure," said Paul to Timothy. (1 Timothy, 5:21a, 22a.)

RESPONSE: *With the pure, thou wilt show thyself pure.* (*Psalm* 18:26a.)

HYMN: "In the Hour of Trial."
(No. 172 H. A. Y.; No. 215 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 211 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "I Would Be True."
(No. 170 H. A. Y.; No. 222 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 172 H. Y. P.; No. 16 S. P.)

HYMN: "Keep Thyself Pure, Christ's Soldier."
(No. 178 H. A. Y.; No. 217 A. C. & C. S. H.)

STORY:

THE CHASTE KNIGHT

The poet Tennyson portrayed true chastity in the character of Galahad, King of the Pure Heart.

Sir Percivale had been called pure by King Arthur. He had ceased from noiseful arms, tournaments and tilts to lead a silent life of prayer. praise, fast and alms.

A fellow monk, Ambrosius, loved and honored Percivale with all his heart. One spring, Ambrosius questioned Percivale, saying: "O brother, for fifty years I have never known the world without. But thou art one of those who eat in Arthur's Hall. Tell me, what drove thee away from the Round Table? Was it anger or any evil passion?"

"Nay," said Percivale, "I had no such passion; but the sweet vision of the Holy Grail drove me from all vain glories and rivalries.

"'The Holy Grail!" replied the monk. "I have heard the tale from one of your own knights, but he spoke so low and with so much sadness, I heard not half he said. What is it? The phantom of a cup that comes and goes?"

"No, no!" answered Percivale. "It is the cup itself from which our Lord drank at the Last Supper with His disciples. It was kept by Joseph of Arimathea, kindly donor of Jesus' tomb, and according to tradition, if a man could touch or see it, he was at once healed by faith of all his ills. But there came evil times, when hearts were not pure, chastity weakened, and the cup was caught away to heaven, and disappeared.

"After King Arthur made his Round Table, all men's hearts became clean for a season, and the king thought that the Holy Grail would

come again. But sin broke out, and he could only pray: 'O Christ, may the Holy Grail come again to heal the world of all its wickedness.'

"But only a maiden saw the Grail—a nun—my sweet sister," said Sir Percivale. "Her heart was pure as snow, and her eyes wonderfully beautiful in the light of holiness, as she fasted and prayed. Then came the Grail."

'O my brother Percivale,' she said, 'I have seen the Holy Grail. I was awakened in the dead of night, by the sound of a silver horn, with breath of music sweeter than any harp.

'All at once there streamed through my cell, a cold silver beam, and down the long beam, stole the Holy Grail. All rosy-red, it beat as if alive, 'till all the white walls of my cell were dyed with rosy colors. But the music faded, the beam decayed, the rosy quiverings died, and the Grail was gone. However, the Holy Thing is here again, among us, brother. You must fast and pray, and tell your brother knights to pray.' "

They prayed and fasted, but in vain. Their chastity could not claim the sight of the Holy Grail.

Then, all arrayed in white armor, came Galahad, whom Arthur made a knight, saying to the chaste and youthful one: "God make thee good as thou art beautiful."

Galahad listened eagerly to Percivale, as he told the story of his sister's vision. A light shone in Galahad's eyes like unto the chaste nun's eyes.

The wan, sweet maiden then cut from her head, clean from the forehead, a great wealth of long, silken hair, which she plaited into a broad, strong sword belt, woven with silver thread and crimson.

This she bound to the bright boy-knight, as she said: "Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen. Fear not—break through all, into the Spiritual City, where one will crown thee king."

As she spoke, there was such a deathless passion in her eyes, she laid her mind on his, and he believed in her belief.

Now the knights oft assembled in a great hall, built by Merlin, an old artisan of the realm. It was a mighty hall, built for Arthur, having tower after tower, and spire beyond spire. In this great hall, there stood a vacant chair, beautifully carved with strange figures. Merlin called it "the Siege Perilous," for no one could sit in it, but he who should lose himself in chastity.

Once Merlin himself had sat in his own chair, and was lost.

But Galahad had no fear as he exclaimed: "If I lose myself, I save myself."

One summer night, while a great banquet was spread in Merlin's hall, at Arthur's Round Table, it came to pass that Galahad sat down

in Merlin's chair. All at once there was heard the cracking and riving of roofs, and a rending blast like thunder.

In the blast, there smote along the hall a beam of light, seven times more clear than day; and down the long beam stole the Holy Grail.

It was covered with a luminous cloud, and none could see who had it, though each knight beheld his fellow's face as in a glory. But none saw the Cup, save Galahad, who saw and touched it.

The king had not been present, but when he entered, he stood in reverence before the pure knight. At first the knights stood staring like dumb men, then voiced a vow to start a twelve month's quest for the Holy Grail.

When questioned by the king, Galahad cried keenly along the hall: "I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail. I saw the Holy Grail and heard a cry—'O Galahad, and O Galahad, follow me.' "

Galahad on his own White Horse rode ahead, lead by a vision of the bright light of the rosy Grail, which seemed to give him courage as he sped. In the long quest, everywhere he went, he was chastened by his own kind deeds.

Percivale and the other knights who ventured on the Holy Quest, were lead astray by pleasure and the things that pleased themselves. Each felt the sting in the hermit's words to one of them: "O Son, thou hast not true humility, the highest virtue, and mother of them all. Thou hast not lost thyself to save thyself as Galahad."

Then suddenly the silver armor of Galahad shone before them. Laying his lance at the chapel door, he entered.

The knights knelt in prayer as each partook of the sacred sacraments, but only Galahad could say: "I saw the Holy Grail."

HYMN: (Verse 1.) "To The Knights in the Days of Old."
(No. 374 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 162 H. Y. P.)

SENTENCE PRAYERS:

HYMN: (Last Verse.) "To The Knights in the Days of Old."

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: (Instrumental.)
"Take My Life and Let It Be."
(No. 166 H. A. Y.; No. 168 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 153 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 26

Temperance

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: Prayer. (Rienzi.) R. Wagner.
(Page 15 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP:

LEADER: Sanctify in your hearts, Christ, as Lord. (I Peter, 3:15a.)

RESPONSE: *We will "abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul."* (*I Peter* 2:11b.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "Come, Thou Almighty King."
(No. 36 H. A. Y.; No. 1 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 34 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER: Our Father, Divine Author of our being, we thank Thee that Thou hast made us free to make our own choices of conduct, and that Thou hast promised to be our Guide in choosing our way of life.

Look into our hearts now, and rid them of all temptation to do evil. May we be temperate in all our desires, not only for ourselves, but for those who may be weaker than we. Make us strong to bear this weakness in others, and bless this temperance service, we pray in the name of Jesus, our Saviour. Amen.

HYMN: (Verses 2, 4.) "I Need Thee Every Hour."
(No. 152 H. A. Y.; No. 187 A. C. & C. S. H.)

LEADER: Let us forget that there is a Prohibition Law, and that we are free to exercise our own rights in the cause of temperance. What shall our sense of Stewardship be? We must learn to discriminate between rights controlled by selfishness and those controlled by unselfishness. Seth Parker, known to thousands in the radio audience, has a quaint philosophy concerning the drink question, which he expressed in the Christian Herald:

STORY:[1] (Unannounced.)

"No, I never did drink liquors . . . no, I ain't scart it'll git the best of me . . . I just don't see no sense in it, that's all, and then besides it might get the best of Philip . . . Don't yer know Philip, the Widder's son? Of course yer don't, coming from the city . . . You say you don't see what Philip has to do with it? Well, it's a good deal like this:

Seeing yer don't know Ruth Fleming neither, I don't suppose you ever heard her tell it, but Ruth's a kindergarten teacher down to Boston, you know. She has a real quiet and comfortable way about her with children.

[1] From The Christian Herald. Used with permission.

She was down ter Boston last winter and when it come along spring she used to go out and set in the park. There was pigeons and ducks and geese and all sorts of things to amuse you.

One of the things what sort of held her attention was a little curly-headed feller what used to come up with his Ma and play around. He had lots of dolls he'd bring out with him and Ruth sez to watch him with them dolls, you'd think they was made of gold or something, but the funniest part of it was that every doll had an arm missing.

It weren't long before the little feller meant a whole lot to her and she went out and bought him the nicest cowboy doll there was in the whole city. She sez when she give it to him he was so happy he just hopped right up and down, but he was gentle with it as a miser with a soft-shelled egg.

What say? Yer don't see what this has to do with drinking liquor? Don't know as it has a thing ter do with it. I just felt a little story coming on and I thought I'd tell it to yer. Seeing you've asked me, I'd just as soon tell you the rest of it.

The next day after Ruth give him the doll she went out to the park to watch him play. Right at the head of all the other dolls was the cowboy doll she'd give him, but the right arm was missing. Curiosity kind of got the better of her, so she went over and set down on the grass next to his Ma. They got to talking a mite and then Ruth sez to her, "I've noticed all the right arms of Tommy's dolls are missing. It seems rather strange."

The other lady looked at her and her eyes were real soft.

"Tommy adores his father," she sez; "and they play together all the time. His father lost his right arm in the war and Tommy won't have a thing to do with a doll until he's broken off the right arm, so it will be just like his father."

What say?

Boys sort of take a hankering after men folks, you know. Now you take Philip, the Widder's son. He sets quite a bit of store by me. We talk things over together and then there's Sam up the road, and Billy Lufkin's youngest.

I don't suppose that drink you offered to give me would send me to fire and brimstone, but it might sort of head Philip that way. He's only twelve, you know, and sets quite a bit of store by me."

LEADER: Contrast Seth Parker's kindly self-denial with that of a speaker at the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association meeting, in Ohio, 1912:

[1] "We must create the appetite for liquor in the growing boys. Men who drink . . . will die. And if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as well as our coffers. The open field for the creation of appetite is among the boys. Nickels

[1] From a sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick, 1928.

expended in treats to boys now, will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed."

HYMN: "I Would Be True."
(No. 170 H. A. Y.; No. 222 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 172 H. Y. P.; No. 16 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: In Habakkuk 2:15a we read: "Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink." And the prophet Isaiah says: "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink." (Isaiah 5:22.)

THEME TALK: "Thrills." (A comparison.)

It is interesting to note the reflections of the editor of a youth's weekly, who said:

[1] "I have heard young people talk much about their ambitions and aspirations and achievements. I have had the pleasure of seeing many of them begin to realize their cherished dreams. But I had a new experience the other night when two young females of the genus flapper, sat behind me in a train and talked of some of their accomplishments. Of course, you will understand, if you know anything about the habits of the genuine flapper, that I did not have to eavesdrop to pass along to you the following bit of conversation:

" 'Oh yes, I'd been smoking for some time before I graduated from high school. Yes, I started on gold-tipped violet-scented ones too, but oh, my dear, I *couldn't* smoke them now. There is *positively* no kick in them, if you know what I mean. Of course, when I started I just took a puff and then I'd blow it right out again. I didn't know how to inhale. Then one of my boy friends showed me how to blow it through my nose and I was so *thrilled* because I thought I'd learned how to inhale. Then one night George called me to take me to a sorority meeting. We were smoking Chesterfields and he laughed and says, "Whadda you smoke for? You don't get any kick out of it cause you don't inhale. Why doncha learn how to smoke?' So he shows me how to drag it down into your lungs. And, oh, was I *dizzy*. I was *positively groggy*, my dear, and all the time of the sorority meeting was spent talking about me and him. But now it doesn't bother me at all to inhale. Come on, let's go up to the club car. I'm *positively* dying for a smoke.'

"Somehow I thought of young Alexander crying because there were no more worlds to conquer."

(Use picture of Frances E. Willard, if possible.)

Back in the early fifties there was a girl, who reached the pinnacle of fame, thrilling audiences in every state in the union, reaching every town in the United States having ten thousand inhabitants, and most of

[1] Front Rank. Used with permission.

those having five thousand. For ten years she averaged a meeting a day.

It was Frances E. Willard, Apostle of Temperance and its working ally, woman suffrage.

While she became the mother of prohibition, it was not her early ambition. She was a normal girl, with buoyant spirits, living at Forest Home, the country estate of her father. There was fun and frolic a-plenty there, and Frances was very daring. When her father was afraid to let her ride the horses, "Frank" as she was called, climbed upon the cows.

A few lines from her diary reveal the dreaming of her young nature: "She had reached the age when little girls feel they must put away childish things—there was a touch of plaintiveness as she wrote—'I once thought I would like to be Queen Victoria's Maid of Honor, then I wanted to go and live in Cuba; next I made up my mind that I would be an artist; next, that I would be a mighty hunter of the prairies. But now I suppose I must be a music teacher—simply that and nothing more.' "

She might never have known "the glory, adventure, and service that came to her in the future if she had not awakened to her responsibility to rid the land of what she believed to be a curse.

She had seen hungry babies, homeless children, sorrowing mothers, desperate wives, who were the victims of her country's greatest enemy. She had seen young men of promise, paralyze their wills, and deaden their faculties with strong drink, which they were unable to resist when once the germ began to lay hold of their appetites.

She became the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the idol of their purpose. By education and experience she was well prepared for her task. At the age of nineteen, with her younger sister, she entered the Northwestern Female College. "Here, at first, if we are to believe her own account, she fell in with a 'wild set,' but of course wildness in the early fifties differed decidedly from our modern conception." Yet temptation was no doubt hers, but she constantly rose higher in her ideals. Her teaching experience was remarkably varied, ranging from the rank of a one-room school to that of dean of the Woman's College of Northwestern University. She was progressive in education, and pronounced in conviction from her youth up. She felt her responsibility to rid the world of a menace which in her judgment would be fatal to the morality of mankind. Her life is expressed in the words of her favorite hymn: "A Charge To Keep I Have."

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "A Charge To Keep I Have."
(Tune No. 277 H. A. Y.; No. 228 H. Y. P.)

(1) A charge to keep I have, a God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save, and fit me for the sky.

(2) To serve the present age, my calling to fulfil,—
O may it all my pow'rs engage, to do my Master's will.

(3) Arm me with jealous care, as in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare, a strict account to give.

(4) Help me to watch and pray, and on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray, I shall forever die. Amen.

SENTENCE PRAYERS: (For the cause of temperance and leaders able to enforce it.)

SOLO: (Verses 3, 4.) "A Charge To Keep I Have."

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "Yield Not To Temptation."
(No. 174 H. A. Y.; No. 228 A. C. & C. S. H.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Keep Thyself Pure, Christ's Soldier."
(No. 178 H. A. Y.; No. 217 A. C. & C. S. H.)

VIII
AMERICA'S HEROES

Service No. 27

Abraham Lincoln

(Inter-Racial Day)

Flag In Prominence

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Steal Away." (Negro Spiritual.)
(Page 42, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 3, 4.) "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."
(No. 239 H. A. Y.; No. 309 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 253 H. Y. P.; No. 86 S. P.)

INVOCATION: (A prayer of thanksgiving for heroes with the spirit of Lincoln.)

RESPONSE: (Verses 1, 3.) "Lord, While For All Mankind We Pray."
(No. 243 H. A. Y.; No. 303 A. C. & C. S. H.)

POEM: "Abraham Lincoln."

Child of the boundless prairie, son of the virgin soil,
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them that toil;
God and nature together shaped him in the van,
In the stress of the wildest weather,
When the nation needed a man.
Eye of a smoldering fire, heart of a lion at bay,
Patience to plan for tomorrow, Valor to serve for today.
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick as a flash with a jest,
Hiding with gibe and great laughter the ache that was dull in his breast!
Met were the man and the hour—man who was strong for the shock,—
Fierce were the lightenings unleashed; in the midst, he stood fast as a rock.
Comrade he was and commander, he who was born for the time,
Iron in council and action, simple, aloof and sublime.
Swift slip the years from their tether, centuries pass like a breath,
Only some lives are immortal, challenging darkness and death.
Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, write in the star-dust his name,
Glowing untarnished, transcendant, high on the records of fame.

—Margaret Sangster.

HYMN: "God Send Us Men."
(No. 220 H. A. Y.; No. 284 A. C. & C. S. H.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Matthew 23:8b-13.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2, 5.) "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life."
(No. 222 H. A. Y.; No. 280 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 128 H. Y. P.)

POSTER TALK: "In Spite of Handicaps." (See Note, Page 129.)

When a very young man, there began to stir in the heart of Lincoln a warm sympathy for the Negroes in slavery. Once when he was visiting in Kentucky, he chanced to be in a home opposite to the auction-block.

There he saw children torn from their parents, or husbands from wives, and the sight made a deep impression upon his sensitive soul.

Later the experience was repeated in New Orleans, and he determined to some day "strike at the evil."

When the opportunity came to him, as president of the United States, to free the slaves, even the great Lincoln knew not the latent talent that was released.

"In Spite of Handicaps" a book written by Ralph W. Bullock, Boy's Work Secretary of the National Council, Y. M. C. A., reveals the names of nearly a score of outstanding Negroes now living, who are achieving distinction in various lines of endeavor. All have made a definite contribution to the culture and social betterment of our nation.

These interesting biographies should be read by every young person, for what one has done, many may do.[1]

FIRST SPEAKER:

"'Roland Hayes stands as one of the greatest lyric tenors on the concert stage, and one of the greatest singers of all times, yet his life began in a little cluster of huts that was not even a village, located several miles from the nearest railroad.

"Later, he found a job in a factory, where he had to unload pig iron, to be cast into window weights. He helped carry heavy ladles brimming with melted iron to pour into moulds for casting the window weights. He wore old shoes, with no laces, so that he could kick them off more easily when the hot iron would spill. His feet are now peppered with scars where the hot flakes of iron fell on them. He says it was the hardest work he ever did.

But, "at the age of seventeen, Hayes met Arthur Calhoun, an Oberlin music student, who induced him to try training his voice.

In spite of handicaps, subsequently he worked his way to fame."

SECOND SPEAKER:

Mordecai Wyatt Johnson, the new president of Howard University, is destined to take his place with Booker T. Washington and many other leading Negroes, achieving distinction as a minister-orator.

THIRD SPEAKER:

Robert Russa Moton, successor of Booker T. Washington, founder of Tuskeegee, "carries on today the tradition of two schools that stand out as great systems of industrial training."

"Dr. Moton's life traces itself back into the dim drabness of slavery

[1] Excerpts taken from "In Spite of Handicaps," by Ralph Bullock. Used with permission of the National Committee, Y. M. C. A.

and a slave plantation," yet few white men have achieved more. His contributions to literature through his magazine articles: "Finding A Way Out," his autobiography, "Racial Good Will," and others bear the mark of a great understanding soul.

FOURTH SPEAKER:

"From plowboy to president of a two and a quarter million dollar corporation is the story of the career of Charles Clinton Spaulding, president of the institution which he built up through years of patient work in a section where only distrust of Negro enterprises had formerly prevailed."

"In spite of handicaps," it was the victory of two colored boys that brought honor to America in the Olympic Games at Paris in 1924—"Ned" Gourdin of Harvard University, and De Hart Hubbard of the University of Michigan. In Hubbard's own words:

"A few minutes later the band was playing 'The Star Spangled Banner'—the American flag went slowly up the pole, flying high over that stadium in France above the flags of all nations—and there on that pole that denoted first place and second place victories it floated triumphantly. And down there on the field, surrounded by all the nationalities of Europe, stood Gourdin and I, realizing that two colored men had carried America's colors to victory."

LEADER: Time forbids enumerating more, but to music, education and athletics can be added achievements in Art, Science, Literature, Religion, Law, Poetry, History, Surgery, Civil Engineering and Missions.

SOLO: "Pass On The Torch."
(Page 24 Music Section.)

OFFERTORY: "Deep River." Negro Spiritual.
(Page 21, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: "In Heavenly Love Abiding." Mendelssohn.
(No. 41, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

NOTE: On a large sheet of card-board, mount in the center, the picture of Lincoln.

In a semi-circle, across the top, in large letters, arrange the title: "In Spite of Handicaps." If possible, use a border of small pictures of Negroes, men, women and children. On each side of Lincoln's picture in smaller letters, the names of branches of achievement which Negroes have accomplished: Music, Art, Science, Literature, Religion, Poetry, History, Law, Education, Surgery, Athletics, Business and Finance, Civil Engineering, and Missions.

Service No. 28

George Washington

(Entangling Alliances)

Use Flag and Washington's Picture

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Battle Prayer." Himmel.
(Page 26, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: "America."

IN CONCERT: "The American's Creed."

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its construction; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against enemies."

HYMN: "God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand."
(No. 245 H. A. Y.; No. 318 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 254 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER: A Prayer by George Washington.

Almighty God: We make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government, and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large. And finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

CHANT: "The Lord's Prayer."
(Page 37, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." (Proverbs 14:34.)

Blessed is the nation whose God is Jehovah. (Psalm 33:12.)

When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn. (Proverbs 29:2.)

If thou hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord, thy God, —the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all the nations of the earth."

OFFERTORY: "O Beautiful, for Spacious Skies."
(No. 239 H. A. Y.; No. 309 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 253 H. Y. P.; No. 86 S. P.)

LEADER: George Washington, who lead the little Continental Army of America to victory, won for himself the title—"Father of his country," because he displayed the same interest in its welfare as a father has for his child.

It was natural for Washington to wish to shield his young country, to fear mighty foes from without, and to warn against entangling alliances abroad.

But the great Washington reckoned without the "incoming millions" who have flooded our shores, bringing some with cross-purposes allied with forces within that threaten to undermine our national spiritual defense.

FIRST SPEAKER: One of these alliances is with those who would destroy the Sabbath of our forefathers.

There is a choice bit of classic fancy that Jupiter dropped a wooden statue of Pallas, the Goddess of Wisdom, within the precincts of ancient Troy; and that the beautiful city could not be overthrown so long as the worship of the noble Goddess was perpetuated; but it is no mere classical legend that the Sabbath is the Palladium of our Nation's peace, prosperity and integrity and so long as the Sabbath is honored and revered, no enemy, within or without, can overthrow this Christian Republic.

At the end of God's busy week of creation, the record says: "And on the seventh day, He ended His work, and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made, and God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." (Genesis 2:1, 2.)

There is every reason to believe that the Sabbath thus set apart was long observed, and then, at length, forgotten. Fifteen hundred years later, when God gave Moses the ten commandments, He sought to restore the forgotten institution, so He said "Remember."

It is estimated that there are five million people in the United States, at least, who are unnecessarily employed on Sunday work. This continuous toil, it is computed, deducts twelve years from the effective years of the man who works. It is stated that one thousand persons die each day as a sacrifice to hurry, and grind, and greed. The overworked man seeks relief in artificial stimulation, and thus is led to dissipation, to crime, and to a premature grave."

(National W. C. T. U.)

Miss Isabelle Crawford, missionary to the Kiowa Indians in Arizona, whose efficient and heroic service has won the praise of thousands of Christian friends, told recently, while on the Pacific Coast, of some of her experiences among these first Americans. Along with other things she earnestly taught them through precept and example the proper regard and reverence for the Lord's Day. In time many Indians came to observe the day in worship and quiet meditation.

On one occasion, Miss Crawford stopped at the home of some Indian friends on Sunday morning and found the woman of the house scrubbing, baking and busy with the regular house work in general. Miss Crawford expressed her surprise in finding her thus busy on Sunday. The Indians looked a little confused as they told her they thought this was Saturday. When fully convinced of the mistake, they quit the work and made hasty preparations for the church services.

One Sunday, months later, Miss Crawford was enroute through the streets of Kansas City, Missouri, in company with some Indians to attend a special program in one of the churches. They came upon some men doing heavy hauling and construction work. Immediately the Indians called the attention of their leader to the fact that these white men must have forgotten that it was Sunday. They urged her to stop to tell the working men of their mistake. It was rather embarrassing for the missionary to acknowledge that these men had not forgotten, but were deliberately working on the Lord's Day.

Today we are not only confronted with indifference on the part of people when it comes to Sunday observance, but we have powerful commercial interests that are seeking in every possible way to break down the American Sunday through propaganda for a wide open day. They ridicule the so-called "reformers" for attempting, as they say, to clamp down the blue laws upon the American public.

The American Christians of the white races might do well to be as devoted to their religious principles as the new Christians in our land, who have come out of the darkness of heathenism. They can set better examples and be more loyal in the support of those movements that are now seeking to restore some respect for the Lord's Day and protect it from the hands of unprincipled commercial interests, and thus conserve the moral welfare of thousands of misguided youths of the land.

SECOND SPEAKER: Another alliance is with those who threaten to break down our Constitution, by refusing to obey its laws, especially the 18th Amendment.

It may be profitable on the anniversary of him who was "first

in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen" to note the rough parallel between the whisky rebellion of his administration and that of the present Chief Executive.

[1] We shall find, however, that the rebellion under Washington was much more formidable and violent. It threatened the disruption of the Union through resistance to the excise laws passed by Congress. The trouble arose from the passing of a rank prohibition bill, which levied a tax on ardent spirits, and forbade their manufacture and sale unless the tax was paid. The law interfered with the personal liberty of thousands of people who felt that they had a right to do what they pleased with their own corn and rye.

To them, this excise measure was a far greater affront to their personal prerogatives, and more hotly resisted than the total prohibition measures of our day. The true nature of alcohol was not scientifically understood in those days, and everybody drank, even the clergy. But now, we know the truth about the insidious and dangerous nature of alcohol, but thousands keep right on using it, knowing the destruction that awaits them.

Under Washington, men did not know that alcohol was a narcotic poison—that great man himself never suspected it—and hence their opposition to excise laws was real opposition based on principle. Nevertheless, Washington determined to have the law enforced. After exhausting every peaceable means, he ordered out a large body of militia. The argument of force was effectual, and again the wisdom and firmness of Washington averted a great peril to the young nation. Today, opposition to prohibition is hardly a matter of principle, but almost wholly a matter of physical self-indulgence, for "the very great pleasure of drinking," as one senator said.

But the United States Government is supreme, and its authority should be felt. Insurrection quickly melted away under Washington's determined purpose, and the same thing will happen in any administration having the same determination.

THIRD SPEAKER: The third alliance that may lead to our destruction is materialism.

In the great Jerusalem conference "a deep concern was felt regarding secularism." "This monstrous hydra-headed menace of materialism loomed, for the Council, above all other enemies." Who today, heeds the words of Jesus: "Seek ye first His Kingdom and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you?"

Do we not covet things, instead of ways of life?

[1] From "The Whisky Rebellion." By W. G. Johnston, Christian Evangelist. Used with permission.

Shall America boast of being the richest nation in the world, if its citizens grow poverty-stricken in spirit?

Is our prosperity founded on truth and justice to all? At the same time the institutions of one great city were declaring dividends on millions of dollars, and our national banks were claiming more than twenty-nine million dollars, another great city suffered from the fighting of a mob of twelve hundred idle men, in the "bread-line." Can no prophet arise, able to adjust industries, giving all a chance? When there is work for all, no hunger, no worry, and all business founded on the Christian principles of our founders, America need have no fear of Bolshevism or any entangled alliances with materialism.

If a man consistently prefers honor to wealth, truth to trickery, kindness to covetousness, modesty to vain gloriousness, service to recognition, humility to grandeur, usefulness to material reward —that man wins the sort of success in life that no slumping markets can rob him of. If the material rewards come also, well and good; he will know how to use them. If they do not, it matters little.

HYMN: "O, Beautiful, My Country." [1]
(No. 237 H. A. Y.; No. 314 A. C. & C. S. H.)

[1] "His fair fame, secure in its immortality, shall shine through countless ages with undiminished lustre. It shall be the statesman's polar star, the hero's destiny, the boast of age, the companion of maturity, and the goal of youth. It shall be the last national office of hoary dotage to teach the infant that hangs on his trembling knee to lisp the name of Washington."

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: "Great and Fair is She Our Land."
(No. 232 H. A. Y.; No. 313 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 257 H. Y. P.)

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[1] From the Funeral Oration of Past Master Dr. Elisha C. Dick, delivered on the day of Washington's Death, at Brook Lodge 47, Alexandria, Virginia.)

IX

BUILDING CHRISTIAN PERSONALITY (LEADERSHIP)

Service No. 29

Responsibility

INSRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Commit Thy Ways." Bach.
(Music Section, Page 40, Vol. I.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)
LEADER: Hear the Word of the Lord Jehovah. (Ezekiel 25:3b.)
RESPONSE: *The counsel of Jehovah standeth fast forever,*
The thoughts of his heart, to all generations.

HYMN: (Seated.) "I Need Thee Every Hour."
(No. 151 H. A. Y.; No. 187 A. C. & C. S. H.)

THEME TALK: Personality is a most desired asset to leadership. To possess "it," is a coveted longing in crowd and campus. Yet sometimes "it" is a subtle enemy to Christ's Kingdom, unless accompanied by other more sterling qualities. For a few Sundays we will give our attention to some of the attributes that have helped to build a strong Christian personality in great leaders. The first of these qualities is "responsibility."

H. L. Mencken tells the story of an old colored woman of the South, who lived in a wretched room in an alley in Baltimore. Some one asked her why she did not go back to her home town, where she could have a better place to live, more food and purer air, but she replied that they didn't have any *parades* in the country.

Have we not seen leaders like that? We cannot always be in the lime-light, nor have a brass band in front of us. Neither can we attempt jobs bigger than our ability, but if we would grow in leadership, we must cultivate responsibility.

SOLO: (Unannounced.) "Ahead of Time."
(No. 1 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: Jesus knew the value of responsibility and was constantly admonishing his disciples: (Read Luke 12:35-38.)

OFFERTORY: "O Lord! Correct Me." G. F. Handel.
(No. 13 Music Section, Vol. I.)

HYMN: (Verse 2.) "Jesus Calls Us, O'er The Tumult."
(No. 128 H. A. Y.; No. 152 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 134 H. Y. P.)

STORY: "Out of the Agony."[1]

It was mid-day, and the sun beat on the race course with merciless

[1] From "Parables of Life." Hamilton Wright Mabie. 1904. Used with permission. The MacMillan Company.

intensity; a cloud of dust hung over the track and enfolded the runners so that they saw neither the sky nor the crowd that waited and watched, excited, eager, ready to break into thunders of applause.

They saw one another only indistinctly—vague figures moving in a suffocating fog. The agony of the contest had entered their souls; their faces were strained, sweat poured from them, they ran with a silent, steady persistence that was full of pain and yet indifferent to it. The few who still ran had ceased to count suffering; that was part of the price of the reward, and they paid it without questioning. It was, after all, only a kind of acute fatigue, and the brave spirit makes sport of fatigue.

The weak, the irresolute, the fickle-minded, had long since fallen out of the race. They had started with assurance on their faces; for the course lay so clearly before them that it seemed but a little way to the goals shining in the fresh, morning air. There was an eager throng cheering the runners as they sped away from the starting-post, and friendly faces and shouts lined the path or followed them along. It was pure pleasure to run in the bracing air, with flying competitors, with goals to guide the feet, and vociferous praise following like a noisy wave.

But the distance lengthened, the morning passed, the heat grew bitter, the dust of racing feet rose in a suffocating cloud, sweat ran from every pore, the struggle became agonizing. Those who were untrained, who had borne no yoke of discipline, who needed the stimulus of applause or of visible rewards, grew faint and weary and ceased to run. In the cloud of dust which moved along the course there was left only the little group of those whose sinews were steel, whose wills were iron, who cared neither for applause nor for rewards if only the race might be well run. They had ceased to hear the cheers so long that they had forgotten that there were any spectators; they were so intent upon putting forth their full strength that they had ceased to think of the goals. They ran as if running were life and nothing else were worth while. They had given themselves to the race, they were paying the price; that was the whole of their simple, heroic story.

And while they ran, long forgetful of all save the speed of the moment, the dust began to settle, the sky began to clear, the heat began to pass, faces began to clear on either side, and sounds broke the silence. And, lo, when they had ceased to care for reward in the strain and stress of the trial, suddenly the goals shone clear and close at hand in the soft afternoon air, and long cheers thundered about them, and flowers rained from friendly hands, and crowns of wild olive were outstretched.

Processional to Classes: Instrumental. "Looking Upward Every Day."

(No. 48 H. Y. P.; No. 139 H. A. Y.; No. 206 A. C. & C. S. H.)

Service No. 30

Self-Control

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Moderato in B flat." George P. Allen. (Page 14 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: Seek ye Jehovah and his strength. (Psalm 105:4a.)

RESPONSE: *Create in me a clean heart, O God;*
And renew a right spirit within me. (*Psalm* 51:10.)

QUARTETTE: "Thy Will, O God, Is Joy To Me." (No. 169 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER: (For the Presence of the Spirit of Christ who controlled himself and surrendered his will.)

LEADER: There was once a beautiful young woman who had, to all outward appearances, an attractive personality; marred, however, by her temper. As a child she learned that by throwing herself on the floor in a tantrum her wishes were granted. As a girl, she obtained her desires by stamping her foot in self-will.

Later, as she was a member of a prominent family in the church she attended, she was elected president of her department in Sunday School. Having no experience in self-control, she knew no discipline but wilfulness. She soon went to pieces, and angrily left the church. She married, only to lose her husband and home. Thus her personality was of little value in establishing a permanent popularity.

SCRIPTURE LESSON: The Apostle Paul, a true servant of God, wrote to his child of faith, Titus, a description of a bishop. The qualities are equally necessary to any leader. (Read Titus 1:7, 8.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 3.) "O Jesus, I Have Promised."
(No. 138 H. A. Y.; No. 178 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 167 H. Y. P.; No. 9 S. P.)

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "Dare To Be Brave, Dare To Be True."
(No. 175 H. A. Y.; No. 226 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 159 S. P.)

STORY: "The Driving Conscience." [1]

"O Mamma, please!" Eva wailed despairingly. "Do I have to go?" "No, of course not!" Mrs. Pace assured her. "But you promised to stay with Mrs. Matthews any time she called on you. Remember?"

"Not if I had a date," Eva declared. "And this is a most important date. Kath is giving a party at the club. There'll be skating and all

[1] By McRae Vaughn. From Christian Endeavor World. Used with permission.

kinds of high jinks. Frank Roberts is taking me. I can't go to Mrs. Matthews; I wont."

"Just as you please," Mrs. Pace conceded. "But I don't know what Mrs. Matthews will do. She's all alone tonight, and that is an isolated place."

"Why does she stay there?" Eva demanded. "All alone all the time, except for that old servant. And every time she leaves, Mrs. Matthews sends for me."

"Didn't you offer to stay at any time?"

"Y-yes, but mother, it's most all the time, now. You said yourself 'twas an imposition. I don't mind staying occasionally, but—"

"Well, suit yourself. If you're not going for the night, you must go out there and tell her not to expect you."

"I don't know who'll stay with her," Eva worried. "But I'm going to that party, I've got to. You see, mother, Frank is the nicest boy in our crowd; and he wants me to go with him."

"The nicest boy in your crowd? I don't believe I've heard you mention him before."

"He's not exactly in our crowd. But we want him badly. He's the Caspar Roberts' son."

"That rich Roberts family on the mountain road?"

"Yes. They're awfully high-hat, exclusive, and all that. This is the first time Frank has dated me, and I'm thrilled to death. He has his own car, and a German police dog—white, mother, and as big as a lion!" She described extravagantly. "Frank doesn't care much about girls; he has stuck with the boys altogether until right lately. He never goes with any one girl for any length of time. I like him. I'd like to—sort of pal with him—you know. He seems nicer than most of the bunch. If I don't go with him tonight, he'll never ask me again. I'll drive out and explain to Mrs. Matthews."

"You wanted that blue sport suit at Fair's," Mrs. Pace reminded her. "Suppose you get it to wear tonight."

"Oh, wonderful!" Eva exclaimed. "I'm crazy about it. I'll go and get it this very minute; then I'll go out to Mrs. Matthews'."

The skirt of the blue suit had to be altered. Eva sat in the fitting-booth waiting to try it on again. She turned the pages of a magazine uninterestingly, thinking of the unpleasant duty ahead of her. She hated telling Mrs. Matthews that she could not stay with her that night. Mrs. Matthews was rather pathetic in Eva's sight. An old lady alone in the world. She lived in an unpretentious place on the outskirts of the far side of the city. Once, driving into town, Eva's car had suffered from a flat tire, and she had walked to the nearest house to telephone a service station. The house proved to be Mrs. Matthews'. They had talked until the tire was changed and the car in running shape. As they met on the street one day, Mrs. Matthews bewailed the fact that

her servant was to be away for the night and she would be entirely alone in the big, rambling house. Eva had volunteered to stay that night, any night. At first she was called but seldom; of late, repeatedly.

"I wouldn't mind missing the party," Eva told herself; "but I don't want to offend Frank."

A murmur of voices became audible, and a customer and a saleswoman entered the next booth.

"I don't see how you can stay at that place," one of them remarked. "Aren't you afraid 'way out there?"

"When I'm alone," the other voice admitted; and Eva started violently. It was Mrs. Matthews. "But I'm never alone nights now. When Susan goes to her sister's, there's a girl who comes and stays with me."

"You pay her, of course."

"No, I don't pay her. She wouldn't accept money if I had it to offer. Besides, I couldn't pay that girl for what she's done for me. If there ever was anybody liable to make the angels in heaven jealous, it's that girl."

Eva's cheeks burned hotly. A fierce drumming sounded in her ears.

"She never has refused," Mrs. Matthews was saying when Eva became normal again; "and she's just like a daughter to me. My own daughter died twenty-odd years ago. But I always see her in this girl. She brings her books, and gets up her lessons. Reads to me sometimes. Plays the piano and sings. I live for the nights that she spends with me. I don't care how often Susan goes to her sister's; I urge her to go. I think this dress is all right; I believe I'll take it."

"The satin dress is so handsome," the saleswoman remarked.

"And so much more expensive. I can't afford it. This will have to do. I'll wear it tonight. That girl is staying with me."

Eva sat very still after the next-door booth was vacated.

"O, why did I have to hear it?" she wailed inwardly. "It's just too bad."

A still small voice spoke in her soul. "It would have been too bad if you hadn't heard it."

Going out of the shop with the box containing the blue dress, she ran into Kathleen.

"All set for tonight?" Kathleen hailed her.

"I—I'm not coming. I'm sorry," Eva floundered; and there were tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" Kathleen demanded. "Somebody sick?"

"No, but I have to stay with Mrs. Matthews," Eva choked.

"Eva Pace! The idea! Stay with that old lady and let my party go by. You certainly are—dumb," cuttingly. "And it'll be a long

time before I'll invite you to another."

Eva climbed dejectedly into her car, and backed out into the street. At the next corner she saw Frank Roberts come out of a drug-store, the great white dog pacing at his heels.

"O Frank!" she hailed him. "Come here a minute, please. Get in. I want to tell you something."

"Hope it's something nice," he said with a smile, as he got in beside her. "How about chocolate—a sundae or something?"

"No, I don't want it, really. Frank, I can't go tonight. To Kath's party. I mean."

"Too bad." He looked at her searchingly. "Another date?"

"Sometimes I stay with an old lady who lives on Hand's Mill Road. She wants me tonight. She needs me terribly. I'll have to go."

"And skip a party?" He was dumbfounded.

"Yes, I'm sorry. I did so want to go."

"Do you have to stay with her?" he probed. "Mother making you?"

"No. Mother said I could do as I pleased. But I have to stay with her just the same. I'm being made to all right. I guess it's my conscience," she floundered, a trifle awed, "my conscience—or God."

He laughed, a bit awkwardly.

"So you've got a conscience and a God. I've never heard one of the other girls in the crowd say a thing like that."

"I was trying to explain to you—and to myself. I'm sorry about tonight."

"You're letting me down," he accused her.

"I know. I said I was sorry. I just can't let her down. Let me tell you how it happens that I can't."

He listened in silence to her story. At its conclusion he swung himself to the sidewalk, and banged the car-door shut.

"Please don't be mad at me," Eva begged. "I wanted so to go with you. I want to go right now. But I'm not going. I'd be miserable."

"You'll be miserable, anyway," he told her.

"Well, perhaps. But I'd rather be miserable doing right than to be miserable doing wrong." She laughed shakily and stepped on the starter. "Thank you so much for asking me to go, and forgive me when you can." She nodded in farewell, and swung into the traffic.

Frank stood looking after her, a strange expression upon his face. He turned away toward his parked car, and came face to face with Kathleen.

"Eva's not coming to my party," she told him, indignantly. "Isn't she crazy? Everybody will be there, and she'll be 'way off nowhere, playing the piano for an old witch of a woman who is nearly dead with old age and so deaf you have to shriek your lungs out to make her hear. And she's so poor you dare burn only one stick of wood at a time on the fire. I went there with Eva once, and never again. Isn't

she simple? I don't know what possesses her."

"Conscience, I expect," he said, watching her closely.

"Conscience?" Kathleen laughed derisively. "Conscience? Now you're simple! A girl doesn't have a conscience any more. Why they went out with rats and long skirts, and things like that."

"That's what I thought," he said. "How about a sundae?"

"Crazy for one," she assured him. "I'll never ask Eva to a party again. It's a terrible way for her to treat me, to treat you. She's pretty slow, too, for our crowd, don't you think?"

"Sort of different," he conceded.

"You like pep, don't you?" Kathleen probed. "Swift-moving things? A good time? Plenty of zip? You're so up to the minute yourself, you must."

"Well—yes," he admitted. "I like a lot of pep."

He drove Kathleen home, and turned his car into the mountain road.

"Conscience," he said half aloud. "Conscience—or God."

Eva drove home, and hung the new blue dress upon a hanger.

"I'm not going to the party," she told her mother. "I'm going to Mrs. Matthews'. Let me tell you how I happened to change my mind."

When the recital was ended, she buried her head in her mother's lap, and burst into tears.

"I'm proud of you," her mother praised her. It's sweet of you to do this."

"I don't think you deserve one bit of credit for doing your duty if you don't want to do it," Eva sobbed.

"You're doing your duty because you want to do it," her mother told her softly. "You want to do it, but it's hard. There's the phone. Will you answer it?"

"May I speak with Eva?" a well-known voice inquired. "This is Frank. Sorry I was such a boor this afternoon. Dead sorry. Forgive me 'when you can.' And, say, I'm not so keen about Kathleen's party. How about letting me take you out to wherever that old lady lives? And how about letting me spend the evening when we get there? Going in time for supper? I'll bring a steak and rare it. Fine! Be there in fifteen minutes."

Eva rushed to her mother, her face alight with joy.

"O, I'm so happy! I'll have a better time than if we had gone to Kath's party. And we'll give Mrs. Matthews the time of her life." And she tore upstairs to get ready.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "In The Hour of Trial."
(No. 172 H. A. Y.; No. 215 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 211 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Take My Life, and Let It Be."
(No. 166 H. A. Y.; No. 163 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 153 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 31

Good Cheer

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Cavatina." Beethoven.
(Page 17 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: O Come, let us sing unto Jehovah;
Oh sing unto Jehovah a new song; (Psalm 95:1a, Psalm 96:1a.)

RESPONSE: *Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.*
Let us make a joyful noise unto him with Psalms.
(*Psalms* 95:1b, 2b.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 3, 4.) "Rejoice Ye Pure in Heart."
(No. 1 H. A. Y.; No. 219 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 24 H. Y. P.)

POEM: (Unannounced.)

THE HINDERED CHRIST

"The Lord Christ wanted a tongue one day
To speak a message of cheer
To a heart that was weary and worn and sad,
And weighed with a mighty fear.
He asked me for mine, but 'twas busy quite
With my own affairs from morn till night.

"The Lord Christ wanted a hand one day
To do a loving deed;
He wanted two feet, on an errand for Him
To run with gladsome speed.
But I had need of my own that day;
To His gentle beseeching I answered,
"Nay!"

"So all that day I used my tongue,
My hands, and my feet as I chose;
I said some hasty, bitter words
That hurt one heart, God knows.
I busied my hands with worthless play,
And my wilful feet went a crooked way.

"And the dear Lord Christ, was His work undone
For lack of a willing heart?

Only through men does He speak to men?
Dumb must He be apart?
I do not know, but I wish today
I had let the Lord Christ have His way."

DUET: (Unannounced.) "Through Love To Light." (No. 11 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER: Our Father, we thank Thee for the good things that have come into our own lives—our homes, our schools, our work, our friends, and most of all for Jesus, and his words of love and good cheer. We confess we sometimes forget there are those less fortunate, perhaps troubled or discouraged. Make us alert to the need of others. Fill our hearts with such an abundance of Thy love, that it may shine in our faces and others may feel cheered and blessed by our presence. Amen.

HYMN: "When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing." (No. 213 H. A. Y.; No. 274 A. C. & C. S. H.)

SCRIPTURE READING: (Read Proverbs 15:13a.) A glad heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Good cheer was a quality Jesus must have desired in his disciples, for He often spoke to them about it. (Read John 16:33.) "In the world ye have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

LEADER: Poets and philosophers have long sung of the value of gladness—of smiling and laughing and loving good cheer.

INCIDENTS: (Unannounced.)

POEM:

LITTLE SISTER [1]

I know a girl of presence fresh and fair,
She lies abed year-long, and so has lain
For half a lifetime; flower sweet the air;
The room is darkened to relieve her pain.

There is no hope held out of healing her,
You could not blame her if she turned her face
Sullen unto the wall, and did demur
From further breathing in her prison place.

Not so; her sickbed is a throne, where from
She doth most royally her favors grant;
Thither the needy and the wretched come,
She is At Home to every visitant.

[1] By Richard Burton, in Scribner's Magazine. From "Poems of Earth's Meaning." Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Used with permission.

They call her little sister; for her heart
Goes out to each that takes her by the hand
In sisterly devotion; 'tis her part
To feel, to succor and to understand.

Unto her dim lit chamber how they flock,
The seamy folk, the weakling and the base!
There is no sin so low that she will mock,
No shame that dare not look her in the face.

One never thinks of woe beside her bed,
So blithe she bends beneath the rigorous rod;
She does not seem like one uncomforted,
Her prayers like songs go bubbling up to God.

Hers is the inner secret of the soul;
Radiant renouncement, love and fellow cheer—
These things do crown her like an aureole,
Making her saintly, while they make her dear.

STORY: "How The Hospital Came To Tea."

Irish Annie clung to the hand that had been patting her own thin, blue-veined one. She raised beseeching eyes to the face that had brought her sunshine every Tuesday for months past.

"But it is late, Annie, and I have given you especially much time. There's old Granny Andrews looking at me as if she would weep. And, O Annie, I must go; just lift your head a bit and see that lonely girl all in black, sitting in the wheelchair. I didn't see her come in, did you?"

"Yes," rather shame facedly, "I saw the Nurse roll her in and then go out before she got out of the chair. I guess maybe she's a cripple, too—there's a lot of us," she concluded, bitterly.

"Oh, don't, Annie! You know we are trying to be sweet and patient. That poor child certainly is being both. Annie, I am going to speak to her. Perhaps she has never been in a hospital before."

"But you will come back for a moment; promise."

"Yes, for a moment. I'll tell you about her; maybe you can help cheer her up."

"I don't want to," but the rebellious voice was too low for Mrs. Norris to hear. She rose and with a pat of Annie's detaining hand walked swiftly over to the stranger in the ward.

"I love her in those scarlet ribbons," Annie's next bed-neighbor said, as the tall, fair-haired girl flashed across the great room lined with beds. Does she come every week?"

"Rain or shine, snow or thunder. You see she's been sick a lot her-

self. She tells us she knows how hard it is and to keep brave and hopeful. She always comes to our ward last, but she stays here longest—in the surgical and medical wards people are sometimes sicker than we are, only"—with a sigh—"it's sooner over for them; they either die or get well quicker."

"She talked to that colored girl a lot."

"She always looks up colored women, because once she had a colored maid who had been sick four months in a hospital ward and no one ever spoke to her except the doctors and nurses. Mrs. Norris told her she would remember that and make it up to some other colored girl. Sometimes she—"

And then the two crippled girls saw her hastening back with steps as swift as had borne her away. In a moment she had bent down over the Irish girl with a saddened face.

"O Annie, I am so glad I went. That poor girl is quite alone, and she has the worst kind of rheumatism—the kind old Mrs. Turk had, and"—the voice broke—"she's not as old as I am. Her mother died a year ago, after four years of dreadful illness with this same disease. This poor child nursed her all that time. Here she is this dull gray November twilight, alone and ill, and yet so brave and cheery."

"Why don't they take her out of that chair?" Annie spoke sharply.

"The nurse had to go off a minute and promised to come right back."

"Is—is she crippled?"

"Yes," sorrowfully, "she can't bend her knees at all."

"Does she have to wear a plaster cast like mine?"

"No, that wouldn't help her." Mrs. Norris looked pityingly down on the motionless body of Irish Annie.

A merry, active child had Annie been for nine happy years. Then a tumble from a tree had ended childhood for her. In the nine years since, old, old age had companioned her, for suffering knows no youth; it is born old.

Annie raised her head a bit; the girl in black still sat in the gray twilight of the unlighted ward. Suddenly the cripple drew Mrs. Norris' hand to her lips.

"Go back to her," she whispered; "maybe she does need you most just now."

It was so nearly dusk that Mrs. Norris for once gave way to her emotion, and bending over the girl, swept her brow with a kiss.

"Thank you, my child," she said, and was gone.

A joy beyond anything she had ever known thrilled the frail body held so motionless in its plaster cast.

"Mary, mother, she kissed me—me—that's just a plain, poor Irish girl," and in sheer happiness Irish Annie wept.

One Tuesday, about four months later—the sixteenth of March, to be exact—Mrs. Norris came home miserably sad.

"You've been to the hospital again, Mrs. Norris—this cold, dreary day, too. It's just too bad, your getting all worked up the way you do over those sick folks. You might stay home such awful Tuesdays. I've nearly a mind to tell Mr. Norris!" The voice of the faithful maid trembled a little in spite of her effort to seem merely cross.

"Mabel! You wouldn't! What would Annie do? And poor little Nora, with her stiff knees, and now her hands so bad, besides? Why, I have got to go to the hospital even such days. But how dismal and lonely it seems—especially when I come home to this!" She lifted her eyes from the tea-table, where Mabel had started the kettle at the sound of her mistress' key in the door.

"Well, I wish the old hospital could come to you once in a while, so you'd enjoy your cup of tea!" Mabel's voice was again uncertain, but managed to convey a degree of crossness—though with most unexpected results.

"Mabel! Why Mabel! Oh, oh, goody!" No child could have made more expressive those childish words.

To Mabel's amazement her mistress jumped up and forgetful that she had her favorite teacup in her hand, dropped it from sheer excitement, as she began to pour into Mabel's astonished ears something vastly more interesting than tea.

Evidently Mabel heard and heeded, for the very next day she was driving to the hospital with Mrs. Norris, though inwardly shivering at the dreaded sights of suffering.

Up in the chronic ward two nurses were getting Irish Annie and rheumatic Nora into such wrappings as would keep them warm, but would not pass muster as to style.

"It'll be my first ride in an automobile, 'cept a hospital ambulance automobile," Annie was saying, as Mabel and Mrs. Norris came to meet the wheelchairs.

"Home," Mrs. Norris' answer flashed a smile in return to that of the big fellow who had lifted so tenderly into the car the painful form of Nora settling her into the most comfortable position possible.

Home she and Mabel made it in spirit and reality to those frail visitors. But Mabel was treated also as a guest. Her mistress refused to have it otherwise, though the girl pleaded to serve instead of being served.

"You will help me most by making them feel comfortable, Mabel," Mrs. Norris whispered. Aloud she said:

"Mabel serves us always so pleasantly and well, it is my real happiness to look after her today. Let me see, do I serve to the left and remove to the right, Mabel?"

For it was a real feast to which the Irish girls had come on Saint Patrick's Day.

"It's never been nicer, nor nearly as much to eat, for her finest

guests," Mabel managed to say when her mistress had gone to the kitchen.

"It's because she seen our supper trays—"

"Don't you get enough to eat?" Mabel interrupted.

"We get enough, but it's very plain," Nora answered. She had known good living, rather more dainty than one might have guessed.

"Just you have more of this salad," Mabel was choking over her own. Then she turned to her feet as she heard the doorbell ring.

"I'm going, Mabel," Mrs. Norris gave no chance for Mabel to answer either the bell or her mistress.

"Goodness, I hope it isn't some of her friends," Irish Annie looked scared.

" 'Tisn't, or anyhow she won't let them in. That's why she invited me, she knew you'd be more comfortable with your own kind of people."

"Look, girls, oh, look!" Mrs. Norris stood in the doorway. Her arms were literally filled with daffodils. In her hand she held a note.

"Mr. Norris has sent them to my guests. He says to divide the flowers equally among the three of you."

"Not for me, Mrs. Norris!" Mabel's eyes and voice protested and at the same time showed her happiness.

"Yes, indeed, Mabel, three bouquets!"

At last the maid was persuaded to take her share. The breath of spring filled the room as the flowers of it filled the arms of the girls.

"Are they mine, really?" Mabel asked, as she held hers close.

"Mabel, you funny child, of course they are!"

"To do just what I like with?"

"Yes," Mrs. Norris laughed her reply.

Mabel bent lovingly over the daffodils, and then raised twinkling, yet misty eyes, to her mistress.

"Well," she said, "I am going to keep these," selecting half a dozen, "because I'm not saint enough to let them all go, but the rest," she rose and carried them over to where Nora lay on the couch by the open fire, "I want you to take to that colored girl in your ward, Nora—the one you've been telling me about. Tell her Mrs. Norris' maid sent them with her love."

"Oh, Mabel—" a tear had rolled down her cheeks before Mrs. Norris remembered she was having a party and must be gay and smiling.

HYMN: "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee."
(No. 47 H. A. Y.; No. 69 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 26 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: "Love Divine, All Love Excelling."
(No. 126 H. A. Y.; No. 150 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 61 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Come Unto Me, Ye Weary."
(No. 127 H. A. Y.; No. 155 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 131 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 32

Fidelity

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Hark! The Vesper Hymn."
(Page 8 Music Section, Vol. I, "Worship for Youth."

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: O Come, all ye faithful.
O Come, let us adore Him, Christ, the Lord.
(From Adeste Fidelis.)

RESPONSE: *My loving kindness will I not utterly take from him,*
Nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. (*Psalm* 89:83.)

HYMN: "I've Found A Friend, O Such A Friend."
(No. 159 H. A. Y.; No. 208 A. C. & C. S. H.)

HYMN: (First 3 verses.) "Father, Lead Me, Day By Day."
(No. 141 H. A. Y.; No. 158 H. Y. P.; No. 10 S. P.)

PRAYER: (For the consciousness of Divine Power, and a plea for young people with real fidelity to principle, able to build a lasting leadership.)

PRAYER RESPONSE: (From Geo. Withers, "Hallelujah.")
(Page 35 Orders of Worship H. A. Y.)

SCRIPTURE READING: (Read Psalm 92:1, 2; Lamentations 3:21, 22, 23, 25.)

It is a good thing to give thanks unto Jehovah,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High;
To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

This I recall to mind, therefore have I hope. It is of Jehovah's loving kindness that we are consumed, because his compassion fail not.

They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness. . . .Jehovah is good unto them that wait for him.

LEADER: Jesus expected fidelity or faithfulness in His servants. In the story of the talents, the servant with one unused talent was denied promise, but the servants with five used talents, or even two, were rewarded with the words:

"Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord." (Matthew 25:21.)

QUARTETTE: (Concealed.) "Let The Words of My Mouth."
(Page 24 Orders of Worship H. A. Y.; No. 302 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: A Prayer. Mascagni.
(Page 14, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: "O Lord of Life and Love and Power."
(No. 143 H. A. Y.; No. 223 A. C. & C. S. H.)

STORY: "The Boy Scout." [1]

A Boy Scout rule is "to do every day, some good turn"—not because the copy-books tell that "one good turn deserves another," but in spite of that pleasing possibility.

If you are a true Scout, your day is dark, until you have performed your act of kindness. But when you have proved yourself, you may look the world in the face with a clear conscience.

Jimmie Reeder, one hot summer morning, gave his sister Sadie a dime—told her she could go to the Picture Show. Jimmie was setting out for the annual encampment of the Boy Scouts on Hunter's Island. But Sadie, too, could be unselfish. With the heroism of a camp-fire maiden, she made a gesture, which interpreted, meant she was returning the money. "I can't take it Jimmie, off of you. You saved it, and you ought to get the fun of it."

"I haven't saved it yet," said Jimmie. "I'm going to get off at City Island, instead of Pilham Manor, and walk the difference. That's ten cents cheaper."

Sadie insisted, as his grip was so heavy; but he hurried down the steps, and strode happily away waving "good-bye" to his mother and sister.

An hour later, he was tramping up the Boston Post Road. The day was cruelly hot and dusty. The knapsack and grip grew more tiresome. Jimmie shifted the valise about twenty times.

Suddenly, there drew near a low racing car at the rate of forty miles an hour. In the car was a young man, with white hair, wearing a suit of blue and golf cap. He wore large yellow gloves. He stopped, backed up, and halted his car. He saluted Jimmie.

"You are a Boy Scout?"

Jimmie again dropped his valise and saluted.

The young man invited him into the car, and asked Jimmie to tell him about the times when he was not a Boy Scout. Jimmie informed him that he was an office boy and guarded the gates at Carroll and Hastings, stock brokers, against peddlars and beggars. It was a very distinguished firm, conservative and long established. The young man knew them—indeed they were customers of his. Jimmie explained that he lived at 146th Street with Sadie and his widowed mother.

He told why he was walking in the hot sun. The young man urged him to ride, but Jimmie decided that to keep his pledge, he must get out and walk.

[1] By Richard Harding Davis. Used with permission of successor to the Metropolitan Magazine.

As he trudged away, that young man did not start his car. He remained at the side of the road, meditating about Jimmy and his fidelity to his code. He said to himself, "Why, I'm running away from the temptation to do a good turn." Strangely enough this young man from Wall Street being very wealthy, had been asked by Jimmie's firm, Carrol and Hastings, for a large loan, and he had refused to make it.

Very quietly he sat for a few minutes and then he turned his machine and swung the car back. At the first road house he stopped to telephone Mr. Carroll..

He gave his name, and insisted upon speaking to Mr. Carroll, who was in his private office and had left orders not to be called. Carroll, when interrupted, had letters all about his desk—one to his lawyer, one to the coroner, and one to his wife. Hidden under the papers was an automatic pistol.

Over the phone the young man offered to loan him three million dollars. The effect on Carroll was magnetic. He had planned a sea voyage for his wife and children, so that they would escape the disgrace of his suicide reported in the newspapers. Now, he decided to go with them. So he called his head clerk and offered him his beautiful apartment for the summer. It was a great joy to the young man and his bride to get away from their stuffy boarding-house.

In the meantime Carroll's partner, Mr. Hastings, had talked to the bookkeeper in the main office, Champ Thorne, who had asked for a raise, that he might get married. He knew the bad straits of the firm but now he was told the salvation by the rich young man's loan, which permitted them to raise his salary. He immediately sought his sweetheart, excited and happy over his prospects. His sweethearrt was Barbara Barnes, whose father, Senator Barnes, was president of the Brazil and Cuyaba Rubber Company.

Barbara had read in a newspaper of the atrocities in South America —of Indian slaves in the jungles and back waters of the Amazon, who are sacrificed to "red rubber." She took the paper to her father. He denied it, but loved his daughter so much, he promised to investigate.

For a wedding present, he gave her a trip to the Amazon, she to choose the men to investigate. The outcome of the trip was the freeing of these slaves.

One night, Champ Thorne and his bride were driving in the moonlight along the Amazon, when Barbara said: "How strangely the Lord moves his wonders to perform. Had not the young man of Wall Street saved Mr. Carroll, he would have been dead, and Mr. Hastings could not have raised your salary, and you would not have asked to marry me.

"If you had not, father could not have given me a wedding present, and thousands of slaves would still be buried in the jungles—hidden

away from their wives and children. They would still be dying of fever, starvation and tortures."

But what of the Boy Scout? At Hunter's Island, Jimmie Reeder lay on a canvas cot, with his bunky, Sam Sturgis.

"Sam, that was bully," said Jimmie, "what you did today, saving the dog. If it hadn't been for you, he'd a' drowned!"

Sam objected, but Jimmie added:

"The Scoutmaster said it was the best good turn of the day."

"I'll bet yours was better," said Sam again.

Jimmie yawned and said:

"Me? I didn't do nothin' but send Sis to the movies."

HYMN: "I Would Be True."
(No. 170 H. A. Y.; No. 222 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 172 H. Y. P.; No. 16 S. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: "Prelude in C minor." F. Chopin.
(Page 36 Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

Service No. 33

Meekness

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Serenade." Schubert.
(Page 28, Music Section, Vol. I.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: "Before Honor—real Honor—walks Humility as his herald."—(Christian Herald.)

RESPONSE: *"Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them, only small, mean souls are otherwise."—Carlisle.*

HYMN: "O Jesus, Thou Art Standing."
(No. 133 H. A. Y.; No. 160 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 132 H. Y. P.; No. 157 S. P.)

PRAYER: "Lord, let me never get far away from some deep experience which it steadies me even to think about! Let me revisit in imagination the scene of my own best hour! Let me go back and back again and never be far away from the place where, looking back—at my deepest, at my humblest—I was most sure of God! Let me go back to it in imagination, and there let my spirit sink down and down into its sorrow, into its necessity, and then let me rise again dripping like one newly baptized." Amen.
(Francis Thompson.)

PRAYER HYMN: (Verse 4.) "Gracious Spirit, Dwell in Me."
(No. 70 H. A. Y.; No. 50 A. C. & C. S. H.)

SCRIPTURE TALK: The Bible is full of leaders possessing great meekness of Spirit; from Moses, about whom the Bible says, "Moses was very meek, above all men upon the earth," even to the lowly Nazarene, who has been called: 'The Terrible Meek.' It was out of his own experience that Jesus could issue the promise: "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." (Matthew 5:5.) Shall we read responsively, other promises concerning the quality of meekness.

LEADER: "Jehovah upholdeth the meek." (Psalm 147:6a.)

RESPONSE: *With righteousness shall he judge the poor, and decide with equity for the meek of the earth.* (*Isaiah* 11:4a.)

LEADER: The meek will he guide in justice; and the meek will he teach his way. (Psalm 25:9.)

RESPONSE: *The meek shall inherit the land, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.* (*Psalm* 37:11.)

LEADER: Sanctify in your hearts, Christ the Lord: being ready always to give answer to every man that asketh you, a reason concerning the faith that is in you, yet with meekness and fear. (I Peter 3:15.)

RESPONSE: *Jehovah will beautify the meek with salvation.* (*Psalm* 149:4b.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2, 4.) "When the Lord of Love Was Here."
(No. 98 H. A. Y.; No. 105 A. C. & C. S. H.)

OFFERTORY: "I Need Thee Every Hour."
(No. 152 H. A. Y.; No. 187 A. C. & C. S. H.)

QUARTETTE: "Jesus, The Very Thought of Thee."
(No. 123 H. Y. P.)

STORY POEM: The Cup of Pride.[1]

I

Young Celestinus, prince of Rome,
Driven by the Spirit, left his home—
Left lordly palaces and lands
To find a cavern in the sands.

For he had turned in terror when
Savonarola, crying to men
Out of Love's burning anger, hurled
His judgment thunders on the world.
Then fell the house of pride for him;
Then shined the path of Seraphim.

His shirt of hair, his holy book,
And one tall cup were all he took—
One carven cup whose lettering told
Of his princely race and their deeds of old.
So out of Elim's seven tall palms,
With sounds of penitential psalms,
And aching knees and fastings long,
He strove to purge away the wrong
His deeds had heaped in those wild years
When he had sown the seed of tears.

[1] From Collected Poems by Edwin Markham, 1932, and used with permission of Mr. Markham.

II

But not alone with prayer and praise
Did Celestinus build his days,
He led afar a little stream
To glass the bough and the starry beam.
He scooped each day the sandy hole
That held well-water as a bowl,
To gladden conies in their play
And hearten camels on the way.
He made the stream that was so lean
A winding path of trembling green,
Where vine-leaves lifted and white pease,
And barley for the wind to tease.

There at his lonely cavern door,
There on his hard but friendly floor,
Worn travelers stopt on the way to eat
Of dates and honey and wild goat's meat.
Here camel-men and pilgrim band
Found comfort in a weary land,
As Celestinus gave them ease
And washed their feet upon his knees.
But he always brought with a secret pride
The carven cup from its niche inside,
Thinking the guests might his story trace
And learn that he came of a lordly race;
And say, as they saw his feet unshod,
"How much he has given up for God!"

III

And yet in his prayers the hermit cried,
"Lord, have I purged away my pride?
Am I little and humble in Thy sight,
And moving hourly toward the light?"
And God was listening to this, and glad;
Till at the end of a happy year,
He turned to the angel Arabad:
"Go, for this child is very dear—
Go to the sands this soul to save."
So came one night to the hermit's cave
A pilgrim with starry eyes and grave.

Quickly the hermit smoothed a seat;
Spread for the angel bread and meat,
Pouring the goat's milk foaming and cold
Into the cherished cup of gold,
The goblet carven with curious grace
To tell the glories of his race—
Their births, their deaths, their princely reigns,
Their daring deeds, their splendid pains.

Softly they talked with bite and sup,
Yet spoke no word of the boastful cup.
But lo, in the hush of the desert night,
When sleep on Celestinus fell,
There shined round the pilgrim a mystic light;
And he rose and took from the hermit's cell
The lordly goblet loved too well,
And bore it away in his camel-pack
And faded to air on the desert track.

But he sent on the hermit's soul a dream
That threaded the dark like a starry beam
Bringing these words from the world's extreme:
"Your goblet, brother, I must destroy,
As we take from a child a perilous toy.
Let go of the past, both deed and date:
Only your own act molds your fate—
Only the man you are today
Counts when the judgment angels weigh!

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "Draw Thou My Soul, O Christ."
(No. 140 H. A. Y.; No. 195 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 155 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER: (For the Spirit of humility to accept any opportunity to serve.)

SOLO VOICE: (Verse 3.) "Draw Thou My Soul."

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "O Jesus, I Have Promised."
(No. 138 H. A. Y.; No. 178 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 167 H. Y. P.; No. 157 S. P)

Service No. 34

Truthfulness

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Der Freischutz." Von Weber.
(Page 20 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: Let us draw near with a true heart in fulness of faith. (Hebrews 10:22a.)

RESPONSE: *Consider how we love thy precepts:*
Quicken us, O Jehovah, according to Thy loving kindness. The sum of Thy word is truth, and every one of Thy righteous ordinances endureth forever. (*Psalms* 119:159, 160.)

HYMN: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."
(No. 12 H. A. Y.; No. 19 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 2 H. Y. P.; No. 162 S. P.)

PRAYER: Our Father, Lord God, Almighty, we come to Thee, seeking the truth that is Thine.

We honor Thy word. We thank Thee for its examples of truthfulness.

We know false words can never bear a message of Thy love, nor can they challenge the hearts of Thy children. Give us a glimpse of the peril that comes with false leadership, and may we cling to the truth that is ever Thine, for the sake of Thy dear Son, who died that we might be true.

HYMN: "I Would Be True."
(No. 170 H. A. Y.; No. 222 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 172 H. Y. P.; No. 16 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON:

LEADER: In this day when dishonesty is often lightly condemned, let us heed God's words of promise to those who rise above any temptation to falsify. (Read Revelation 3:10, 12a.)

Because Thou didst keep the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of trial, that hour which is to come upon the whole world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.

He that overcometh, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God.

Set a watch, O Jehovah, before my mouth;
Keep the door of my lips. (Psalm 141:3.)

HYMN: "In The Hour of Trial."
(No. 171 H. A. Y.; No. 215 A. C. & C. S. H.)
From Joshua 9.

RADIO-DRAMA: The Wily Gibeonites.
(See Note, Service No. 9.)

CHARACTERS:
Two Gibeonite Warriors (Young men.)
A Prince of Israel.
Joshua, Leader of Israel.

SCENE I—CITY OF GIBEON

ANNOUNCER: Good-morning, Young People. This is Station YPE again, broadcasting from the hills of Canaan, in the time of Joshua, leader of Israel.

Here we are in the city of Gibeon.

FIRST WARRIOR: Come, all ye inhabitants of Gibeon—hear what Joshua hath done to the cities of Jericho and Ai. They are laid waste —both cities are places of desolation and the inhabitants thereof are utterly destroyed. We are an adjacent city, and may be the next city to be defeated. Come, let us make peace with Joshua.

SECOND WARRIOR: How can we make peace with him? Already the kings that were beyond the Jordan, in the hill-country, in the lowlands, and on all the shore of the Great Sea, have heard of Israel's victory, and have gathered themselves together to fight Joshua and Israel, with one accord. We are his neighbors. Joshua will not trust us.

FIRST WARRIOR: Aye! We must form an allegiance with them, for the Lord God Jehovah is with them. Joshua hath built an altar unto the God of Israel at Mt. Ebal. Half of them are gathered at Mt. Gerizim and half at Mt. Ebal to hear Joshua read from the Law of Moses. There is not a word of all that Moses commanded, which Joshua has not read before all the Assembly of Israel.

Jehovah, their God, gave the land to Moses, and Joshua is following Moses' commands.

Let us pretend we are not his neighbors, but are ambassadors from a far country. Let us take old sacks for saddles and wineskins, old and rent and bound up. Let us put old and patched shoes upon our feet, and wear old garments.

The bread of our provision shall be dry and mouldy. By wily work we can deceive them. (Pause.)

ANNOUNCER: The Gibeonites have now reached Gilgal, camp of Israel.

FIRST WARRIOR: Hail, men of Israel—Joshua—and thy people: We are come from a far country. Now therefore make a covenant with us. Oh, come, let us make a covenant of peace with thee.

JOSHUA: Princes of Israel, arise! Swear unto these people the words that I shall speak:

We do establish our covenant with you. Our peace we pledge unto you.

PRINCE OF THE CONGREGATION: Israel doth swear unto thee that thou shalt live and abide in thy land in peace, in the name of our Lord God, Jehovah. Amen. (Pause.)

SCENE II

ANNOUNCER: The Gibeonites return home, which the Israelites discover later. The children of Israel have returned now from a journey to Gibeon, bringing Gibeon leaders with them.

PRINCE OF THE CONGREGATION: Oh, Joshua, leader of Israel, we have been deceived. Only three days have passed, and we have found these Gibeonites in their own city, living among us as our neighbors.

JOSHUA: And what didst thou unto them?

PRINCE OF ISRAEL: We smote them not, because the princes of the congregation had sworn unto them by Jehovah, the God of Israel.

JOSHUA: Dost thou not fear the murmurings of your own congregation?

PRINCE OF ISRAEL: What could we do? We had sworn unto them by Jehovah, the God of Israel; now, therefore, we may not touch them. We must let them live, lest wrath be upon us, because of the oath which we swore unto them.

PRINCE OF ISRAEL: (Doubtfully.) Are ye not of the Hivites, our neighbors? Peradventure ye dwell among us, and how shall we make a covenant with you?

SECOND WARRIOR: We are thy servants, who have traveled many miles to greet thee.

JOSHUA: Who are ye and from whence came ye?

FIRST WARRIOR: We are come from a far country—thy servants are come because of the name of Jehovah thy God; for we have heard the fame of Him, and all that He did for Egypt, and all that He did to the Kings beyond the Jordan. We bear a message from our elders and all the inhabitants of our country, who spoke to us, saying:

Take provision in your hand for the journey, and go to meet them, and say unto them, we are your servants, now make a covenant with us. This our bread we took hot for our provision out of our houses on the day we came forth to go unto you; and now, behold, it is dry and mouldy. And these wineskins, which we filled were new; and behold, they are rent; and these garments and these shoes have become old by reason of our very long journey.

JOSHUA: Men of Gibeon, come forth! Wherefore have ye beguiled us, saying, we are very far from you; when you dwell among us? Now therefore be ye cursed.

FIRST GIBEON WARRIOR: Because it was certainly told thy servants, how that Jehovah, thy God, commanded Moses to give you all the land, and destroy all the inhabitants of the land from before you; therefore we were sore afraid for our lives because of you, and have done this thing. Now, behold, we are in thy hand; as it seemeth good and right unto thee, to do unto us, do.

JOSHUA: Thou hast been delivered out of the hand of the children of Israel. Thou shalt live—but thou shalt become hewers of wood, and drawers of water for the congregation of Israel, and for the altar of Jehovah.

ANNOUNCER: These tricky Gibeonites have accepted their bondage and are starting back toward Gibeon, wiser than they were concerning truthfulness. (YPE signing off.)

OFFERTORY: "Father in Heaven, Who Lovest All."
(No. 168 H. A. Y.; No. 220 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 225 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: "Yield Not To Temptation."
(No. 174 H. A. Y.; No. 228 A. C. & C. S. H.)

Service No. 35

Sympathy

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Adagio from Sonata Pathetique." Op. 13. Ludwig Beethoven.
(Page 25, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

LEADER: Not understood, how many breasts are aching
For words of sympathy. Ah! Yes, today
How many hungry hearts are breaking,
How many noble spirits pass away—
Not understood.—(Author unknown.)

RESPONSE: *"To be a strong hand in the dark to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a crisis, is to know the glory of life."*
(*Hugh Black.*)

HYMN: "We Are Come With Joy and Gladness."
(No. 207 H. A. Y.; No. 371 A. C. & C. S. H.)

POEM: (Unannounced.)

FOR GRACE TO SERVE[1]

As I meet comrades on life's road
With faces sad and very tired,
Or struggling with a grievous load,
This is the thing I have desired:
That He who came all men to bless,
And served them with humility,
Will teach me of His tenderness,
And give me loving sympathy;
That something I may do or say,
Or words of cheer that I can write,
Shall help them on the toilsome way,
Or make a heavy burden light;
That by His grace where'er I go
I may dry eyes with tears grown dim;
For I would ever seek to show,
In serving others, love to Him.

HYMN: "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."
(No. 205 H. A. Y.; No. 281 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 152 H. Y. P.)

[1] By Elsie M. Roberts. in The Christian World, London. Used with permission.

LEADER: If we are ever to become Christian leaders, we must possess sympathetic understanding, which is an antidote to the evil of criticism; for critical thoughts and words are usually unsympathetic, and not of love. Thus criticism poisons the soul and handicaps leadership. Some one has said that "only love will crowd criticism out of ourselves," to be replaced with kindly sympathy.

MAKING THE BEST OF ONE ANOTHER

We may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Every one has his weak points; every one has his faults; we may make the worst of these; we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive even as we hope to be forgiven.

We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us, love will flow back from them to us, and life will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven, and we shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is Love.—(Dean Stanley.)

WHAT ALL CAN UNDERSTAND

A missionary went to a town in Mesopotamia to labor among the Syrians, Mohammedans and others there. Thirteen long years he toiled among them before he had a single convert. "Your words sound well," they told him, "but we cannot understand them. Why should you come to us with these words? Why are you not content to leave us as we were?" Then came the cholera. Those who could, fled, leaving the sick to die uncared for. The missionary stayed. He went into home after home and cared for the stricken ones, till at last utterly spent with weariness, he succumbed himself to the disease. Those whom he had saved bore his body without the city wall and tenderly buried it.

Long afterward another missionary came to that city. He expected to find the work of his predecessor forgotten, but nine miles out from the city the people met him with great joy. They took him to a grove outside the city and showed him a grave. "This is the grave of the man who died for us," they told him. They understood now the words the missionary had spoken, and they built a fine, large, stone church and dedicated it to his memory and to the service of the God whom he served.—Selected.

HYMN: "Love Divine, All Love Excelling."
(No. 126 H. A. Y.; No. 150 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 61 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE: The Gospels are filled with instances of the sympathy or compassion of Jesus. He even wept with Mary and Martha at the death of Lazurus. (Read Luke 10:25-38.)

LEADER: There are many modern "Good Samaritans." Here is a newspaper clipping:

BLIND MAN CROSSES SEVEN STREETS AS QUICKLY AS THOSE WHO SEE[1]

Kindness of More Fortunate Disproves World Is Heartless, Insures Safety As Well.

The world is not half so hard and heartless as pessimists proclaim, if a blind man's ease in crossing busy streets is used as a gauge of kindness.

A blind man on Indianapolis streets was escorted promptly across seven intersections without waiting longer than pedestrians with complete sight.

Five men, a woman and a couple were the good fellows who took the blind man's arm at the seven corners.

When the man's cane, his only guide, felt the curb of New York street at Pennsylvania he halted and stood only a moment before a masculine voice offered him guidance across the street.

At another street a man and woman loaned two pairs of eyes and shared the joy of a kind deed. At no crossing during the time observed did the man have to cross alone, and at no time did he have to wait long.

Safety for Benefactors

The world can't be so bad when volunteers for blind men's guides bob up at every corner. Many a man's daily good deed is done in this fashion, and nobody can say that other than kindness inspires the act.

The fact is that motorists are so considerate of blindness and age that a blind man or an elderly woman on your arm is the best possible insurance of getting safely across the street yourself.

HYMN: "When Thy Heart With Joy O'erflowing."
(No. 213 H. A. Y.; No. 274 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 235 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: "Jesus, Thou Divine Companion."
(No. 210 H. A. Y.; No. 296 A. C. & C. S. H.)

QUARTETTE: "Healing The Heart of The World."
(Page 103 "Hymns for Today." Fillmore Music House, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy."
(No. 214 H. A. Y.; No. 292 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 238 H. Y. P.)

[1] By Claude A. Mahoney, feature writer, Indianapolis Star. Used with permission.

X

CRUSADING FOR CHRIST
(PRE-EASTER SERIES)

Service No. 36

Charting The Way

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Crusader's Hymn." (Fairest Lord Jesus.) With Cornet or Trumpet.
(No. 122 H. A. Y.; No. 148 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 121 H. Y. P.; No. 140 S. P.)

CALL TO WORSHIP:

LEADER: The Trumpet Call! Crusade with Christ! To go with Him in his world-saving Way, we must be with Him. Beyond all creedal statements and including them, this trumpet call is a challenge to be Christian and to do whatever He would like to have us do. Here we stand or fall.
Here enters victory or defeat.

RESPONSE:[1] We can do all things through Christ. We can only fail without Him.

HYMN: "Fairest Lord Jesus."

PRAYER: (For young people willing to Crusade with Christ, and for a vision of the Way.)

HYMN: Response. (Verse 4.) "Thou Did'st Leave Thy Throne." (No. 91 H. A. Y.; No. 108 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 93 H. Y. P.; No. 137 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE READING: Hebrews 11:1, 6, 8.

LEADER: "Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered resources and possibilities. Happy is he who acts the Columbus to his own soul."

A newspaper says: "Who are the men of mark, who are the really big men to carry on?"

This question is asked eagerly wherever there is a serious discussion, and back of the interrogation is uneasy fear.

There are plenty of really "big men" in the United States—able to "carry on." Some of them are marred by having too deep and long a training in things purely material, but if they could be made spiritual they would walk before us as the greatest men yet produced.

[1] From Daniel A. Poling's Message at the International Christian Endeavor Convention, Cleveland, Ohio, July 3, 1927. Used with permission.

Henry Drummond said: "Some seek first the kingdom of God, as Jesus said: Others put Him in second place. Then prayer services are dull and uninteresting. Any man who is seeking secondly the kingdom of God, may be religious; but there is something he loves more, and both worlds are spoiled to him. He has neither the cream of the one nor of the other."

QUARTETTE OR DUET: "O, Christ, the Way."
(No. 186 H. Y. P.)

POEM: Radiant Crusaders.[1]

Radiant crusaders, take no lesser name,
Let the Name of Jesus be your cloud and flame!
Yours the vast adventure, his the high control;
Yours the gloom or glory, his the marching soul!

Radiant crusaders, to each race and clan
Bring your meed of homage for the Son of Man!
Scorn no shrine or altar, while in every place
God shall go before you with his shining grace!

Radiant crusaders, wreathe your swords in flowers—
Souls are watching o'er you and eternal powers!
Light beyond our starlight, Love beyond our tears
Tenderly enfold you, dauntless pioneers!

HYMN: "Father, Lead Me Day By Day."
(No. 141 H. A. Y.; No. 158 H. Y. P.; No. 10 S. P.)

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "Fierce Was The Wild Billow." (7th Symphony.) Beethoven.
(No. 100 H. A. Y.)

THEME STORY: Charting The Way.[2]

Mr. H. H. Franklin, an automobile pioneer of Syracuse, N. Y., urged in a recent address that in the interest of speed and safety, the new roads that are built or the old roads that are built over shall boldly disregard boundary lines and go directly to the goals.

Let road builders see further ahead, and build tomorrow's road today. That is good advice for all phases of life, especially the Christian Way.

"I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," said Jesus.

[1] By Allen Eastman Cross. Used with permission.
[2] From Christian Herald. Used with permission.

'For every beaten path of civilization, some one has blazed the trail.

It is to the humble monk, Augustine, that our Anglo-Saxon forefathers owe their conversion to Christianity.

After the downfall of Rome and the removal of the Roman legions from Britain, the barbarians swept over Britain, which rapidly reverted to primitive conditions and pagan superstitions. It was at this time that the missionary enthusiasm in the breast of a monk who was later to become the great Pope Gregory, was aroused by the sight of some captives from Britain being sold in the market-place of Rome. When he learned that these fair-haired, fair-faced captives were from the distant land of Britain and that it was a heathen land, a deep purpose was born within his heart to take the Gospel to them.

He sent Augustine with a band of forty monks to effect the conversion of England.

When the monks landed on the coast of England, they were favorably received by King Ethelbert. He received them kindly and appointed a meeting at Canterbury. The forty monks marched slowly toward Canterbury; at the head of the procession went a monk carrying a silver crucifix, and as they marched they sang.

HYMN: (Standing. Verses 1, 5.) "Jesus Shall Reign."
(No. 261 H. A. Y.; No. 329 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 267 H. Y. P.)

STORY: Augustine. (Continued.)

The missionaries settled down in the lodgings assigned them, and in the language of the Venerable Bede:

They began to imitate the apostolic life of the early Church; serving God with continual prayers, watchings and fastings; preaching the word of life to those whom they could reach; putting away all things of this world as no concern of theirs; themselves in all points living in accordance with what they taught.

"In our day," said David Swing, "Christianity is an intellectual platform of piety."

But in Augustine's time, "it was not a philosophy but an experience."

Each Christian felt that his God or his Saviour was always just at hand, so the prevailing tone of religion was personal and spiritual.

CONCERT PRAYER: (Bowed heads.)

"O thou Good Omnipotent, who so carest for every one of us, as if thou carest for him alone, and so for all, as if all were but one!

[1] From Jerusalem to Jerusalem, Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Mission. Used with permission.

Blessed is the man who loveth Thee, and his friend in Thee, and his enemy in Thee. . . . To Thee will I intrust whatsoever I have received from Thee, so shall I lose nothing.

Thou madest me for Thyself, and my heart is restless until it repose in Thee. Amen. (St. Augustine 354-430.)

DUET: (Bowed heads continued.) Prayer Song. "Do With Us Father."
(No. 12 S. P.; Page 23 Music Section.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Faith of Our Fathers Living Still."
(No. 269 H. A. Y.; No. 285 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 171 H. Y. P.; No. 170 S. P.)

Service No. 37

Kindling The Fire

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: Instrumental. "Crusader's Hymn." (No. 122 H. A. Y.; No. 148 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 121 H. Y. P.; No. 140 S. P.)

CALL TO WORSHIP:

LEADER: "O Jehovah, wouldst that Thou would rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might quake at thy Presence, as when fire kindleth the brushwood and as the fire causeth the waters to boil, to make Thy name known." (Isaiah 64:1, 2a.)

RESPONSE: *For lack of wood the fire goeth out.* (*Proverbs* 26: 20a.)

HYMN RESPONSE: The Lord Is In His Holy Temple. (Page 6, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

SILENT PRAYER:

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "Holy Spirit, Truth Divine." (No. 69 H. A. Y.; No. 48 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 67 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE READING: Luke 3:15, 16.

HYMN: "Light of the World, We Hail Thee." (No. 9 H. A. Y.; No. 145 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 3 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: "O God, Thy World Is Sweet With Prayer." (No. 8 H. A. Y.; No. 17 A. C. & C. S. H.)

CANDLE SERVICE: (Enter "Light of Christian Experience—a young girl in white robe, carrying large white candle, lighted.)

LIGHT OF CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE: I am the Light of Christian Experience. I burn only in the hearts of those who kindle the flame from the Fires of the Christian Way. (Steps back, holding candle a little forward.)

(Three Fires of Christian Way, represented by three girls in white robes, each with a red bandeau, a red girdle and carrying a red lighted candle.)

FIRE OF CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE: I am the Fire of Christian Knowledge. The Light of Christian Experience burns only in the hearts of those who kindle the flame from the Fire of Individual Bible Study. Every Christian martyr has felt the fire of personal contact with God's word. (Step to left of Light of Christian Experience.)

STORY: Abdullah and Sabat.[1]

In the beginning of the nineteenth century there were two Arab friends, Abdullah and Sabat, who were devoted Mohammedans. One day, as they rode on their camels to worship at Mecca, they determined to travel further, as far as the mountains of Afghanistan. So they rode to Damascus then over the Syrian desert into the lovely land of Persia. The ruler of Afghanstan was so taken with the capacity of the young men, especially Abdullah, that he asked him to become one of his courtiers. So Abdallah stayed and Sabat returned to Persia. In the city of Kubal, Afghanistan, an Armenian trader gave Abdullah a book in Arabic. It was the gospels. Abdullah read it, becoming absorbed in the One whom it portrayed. As he read, conviction came like an arrow to his heart. "I worship Him," said Abdullah. He knew that to declare his faith meant death, but he could not keep silence, the fiery hearted, glorious young Arab. He confessed Christ and was baptized. Then he fled for his life back into Persia. Sabat heard of what he had done. He loved Abdullah, but he was loyal to Islam and believing Abdullah to be a traitor did not raise a hand to save him, but stood watching as did Saul at Stephen's death, as first one arm then another was cut off, as Abdullah refused to give up the Lord Jesus. Finally the sword flashed again and Abdullah had gone to meet his Master. Sabat was in agony. He could not forget the dying look of loving forgiveness Abdullah had given him nor his testimony. He became a wanderer, sailing into India. Here he, also, was given a copy of the gospels and read it as Abdullah had done. "The truth came in a flood of light" he said and he began to worship Jesus. The same fate overtook him as had his friend Abdullah, but he died protesting his faith to the last.

FIRE OF CHRISTIAN COMMUNION—PRAYER: I am the Fire of Christian Communion. The Light of Christian Experience burns only in the hearts of those who kindle the flame from the Fire of Personal Prayer.

Christian leaders are needed—on fire with love and devotion to Christ. (Step to right of Light of Christian Experience.)

STORY: Lieutenant Fenton. (See Introduction.)

FIRE OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE: I am the Fire of Christian Service. The Light of Christian Experience burns only in the hearts of those who kindle the flame from the Fire of Sacrificial Service.

"Each man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it is revealed in fire; and the fire itself shall prove each man's work of what sort it is." (I Corinthians 3:13. Remain standing.)

[1] From "Jerusalem to Jerusalem." Used with permission of the Central Committee of the United Society of Foreign Missions.

1. Pass on the torch, pass on the flame;[1]
Remember whence the Glory came;
And eyes are on you as you run,
Beyond the shining of the sun.

2. Lord Christ, we take the torch from Thee;
We must be true, we must be free,
And clean of heart, and strong of soul,
To bear the Glory to its goal.

3. O Lord of life, to Thee we kneel;
Maker of men, our purpose seal;
We will, for honor of Thy name,
Pass on the torch, pass on the flame. Amen.

DUET: (Unannounced.) "Teacher, Saviour, Master."
(No. 156 S. P.; Page 25 Music Section.)

HYMN: "Pass On The Torch." (Sing poem above to tune "Fling Out the Banner.")

SENTENCE PRAYERS:

SOLO: (Verses 1, 2, 3.) "Breathe On Me, Breath of God."
(Page 2 Music Section.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Communion in G—Batiste.
(Page 45 Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

[1] Allen Eastman Cross. Used with permission.

Service No. 38

Braving The Enemy

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.) Hymn: "Fairest Lord Jesus."

POEM:

DREAM AND DARING

You who are old,
And have fought the fight,
And have won or lost or left the field,
Weigh us not down
With fears of the world, as we run!
With the wisdom that is too right,
The warning to which we cannot yield—
The shadow that follows the sun
Follows forever—
And with all that desire must leave undone,
Though as a god it endeavor
Weigh, weigh us not down!
But gird our hope to believe
That all that is done
Is done by dream and daring.
The earth was not born
Or heaven built of bewaring.
Yield us the dawn!
You dreamt your hour—and dared, but we
Would dream till all you despaired of be.
Would dare, till the world's
Won to a new wayfaring.

—Cale Young Rice

HYMN: "Follow Me, The Master Said."
(No. 137 H. A. Y.; No. 176 A. C. & C. S. H..)

PRAYER: For divine presence and guidance; for a strange conviction of right and wrong; for greater faith to attack sin and all enemies to Christ-like lives.

HYMN: "O Jesus, I Have Promised."
(No. 138 H. A. Y.; No. 178 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 167 H. Y. P.; No. 9 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE LESSON: The rich young ruler who came to Jesus to find the way of salvation, was a good young man, having kept the commandments from his youth up; but he was not able to let go

the thing that bound him to the world. To inherit riches of the spirit, Jesus told him to sell all his goods and give to the poor. Then to come and follow Him. He lacked the desire to surrender all. Was this young ruler different from most young men? (Read Matthew 16:24-28.)

OFFERTORY: "Jesus Calls Us O'er The Tumult."
(No. 128 H. A. Y.; No. 152 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 134 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "Immortal Love, Forever Full," (Verses 2, 5.) or "We May Not Climb The Heavenly Steeps."
(No. 144 H. A. Y.; No. 104 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 122 H. Y. P.: No. 144 S. P.)

LEADER: Some one has said that the gods most worshipped today are Mars, Venus, and Mammon, signifying war, pleasure and money.

The Crusade-with-Christ movement fits youth to combat all of these through its program for world-peace, law enforcement and world evangelism.

STORIES OF GREAT CRUSADERS:[1] (By three speakers.)

1. Far back in the thirteenth century, there lived a champion of peace, Raymond Lull, a rich Spanish nobleman who started out alone to win the moslem world by love.

"In an age when most Christians looked to conquest by the sword to spread the glory and power of Christ, Raymond Lull went to the Pope to ask aid for a new form of crusade. He said that the trust in military force was contrary to the spirit of Jesus, and that the old means of fighting the Turks was a failure. But the Pope refused to permit him to start on any such mission of love, nor would he bless any such mad enterprise. It seemed a bit heretical, a criticism on the eight Popes who had blessed crusades, and sent crusading armies on a mission of force. So Raymond Lull started out on his mission unaided. He knew that Jesus loved the Turks, and that the Turks had the right to learn of the love of Jesus. He spent twenty-four years, wandering around, telling the story of Jesus in Northern Africa and the Holy Land.

His joy was to witness for his master, but he never made a convert. He spoke boldly of the love of Jesus, was thrown into prison, condemned to die, and then released. At last he was stoned to death. His life, like that of the master, ended in failure."

[1] Quotations from "Jerusalem To Jerusalem," by Helen Barrett Montgomery. Used with permission of Central Committee, United Study of Foreign Missions.

The people did not understand—few do today. But the crusade, started by Raymond Lull, six hundred years ago, echoes the same trumpet-call today.

2. Who would expect to discover a great champion of Law Enforcement in the jungles of Africa?

Such a one was King Khama.

When he first became king he prohibited the importation of liquor or the making of native beer.

These laws he rigidly enforced for the protection of his people.

But the white traders began to break the King's law, and to smuggle liquor into the country.

Finally King Khama called these white men into his presence, proclaiming:

"Take everything that you have and go. I am trying to lead my people to act according to that Word of God which we have received from you white people, and you show them this example of wickedness such as we never knew. You the people of the Word of God! Go! Never come back again."

On the ground of old friendship one dealer pleaded for pity, when Khama flashed back: "Friendship! You know better than any one how much I hate this drink. Don't talk to me about friendship. You are my worst enemy."

It was necessary in the end for King Khama to appeal to the British administration in which he declared:

"I dread the white man's drink more than the assegaies of the Matabele, which kills men's bodies and is quickly over; but drink puts devils in men and destroys their souls and their bodies forever. Its wounds never heal. I pray your Honor never to ask me to open even a little door to the drink."

LEADER: Is it not a significant fact, that the great heroes for the Christian Kingdom have been surrendered Christians? The glamour of things superficial, is lost in the gleam of achievements sacrificial.

[1] "Hanging in the National Gallery, in London, is a painting by Raphael, representing a knight, clad in full armor, lying asleep at the foot of a tree, with his shield beneath his head. A beautiful woman with a sword in one hand and a book in the other, stands at his head, while another woman, equally beautiful, with a myrtle wreath in her hands, stands at his feet. Authorities of Art have entitled the picture: "The Dream of the Knight," the mean-

[1] From Spiritual Message of Great Art by Frederick D. Kershner. Used with permission of Meigs Publishing Company, Indianapolis.

ing of which they interpret to be the conflict in the mind of a young man between the myrtle wreath of pleasure and the sword of duty."

Let us bow our heads in Silent Prayer that God may speak to us. Are we real Christians? Are we all Crusaders for Christ?

SILENT PRAYER:

SOLO: God's Quest. (Page 22 Music Section; No. 127 S. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: "Beneath The Cross of Jesus." (No. 106 H. A. Y.; No. 103 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 39

Winning The Conquest

(Palm Sunday)

SETTING: Place in front the picture: Hoffman's head of Christ, wreathed with green. Below, a vase to hold offering of palm-leaves, as each participant carries to front and deposits.

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Jerusalem the Golden."
(No. 301 H. A. Y.; No. 348 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 292 H. Y. P.)
NOTE: This music to be played very softly through all the prayers and speeches that follow.

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Spirit of Meditation enters robed in white; with wreath of green, and carrying palm leaf. Faces picture, and speaks:)

O, Thou Christ of old Jerusalem, our hearts rejoice with the praise of the multitude as they spread their garments and waved branches cut from palm trees upon the way when thou didst make thy triumphal entry into Jerusalem. We bring palm leaves as a testimony of thy glory, when with a loud voice the multitude sang of the mighty works which they had seen, saying: "Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven and glory in the highest."

HYMN: (All standing.) "The Gloria."
(No. 12 Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 375 A. C. & C. S. H.)

SPIRIT OF MEDITATION: (Music continuing softly "Jerusalem the Golden.")

In the midst of all thy glory, we can hear thy voice speaking in anguish: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killeth the prophets, and stoneth them that are sent unto her! How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." (Turning toward picture.) But thou, Christ, hast died since then. We have felt the glory of thy love, and thy supreme sacrifice for the world. Again we hear the passion in thy dying words: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit." May the green of this palm leaf signify the perpetual beauty of thine everlasting life. (Deposit leaf in vase. See Note, Page 181.)

SOLO: "The Holy City." Stephen Adams.

HYMN: (Standing.) "Jerusalem the Golden."

SPIRIT OF MEDITATION:

Oh Jerusalem, thou couldst stone the prophets, but thou couldst not silence prophecy:

"A tiny stream issued from the temple, it rapidly grew deeper, waters to the ankles, to the knees, to the loins, waters to swim in. Wherever the waters came everything lived." (Vision of Ezekiel. Ezekiel 47:1-12.)

"The glory of God shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea." (Habakkuk.)

HYMN: "From Greenland's Icy Mountains."
(No. 263 H. A. Y.; No. 334 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 246 H. Y. P.)

ORIENTAL SPEAKER: (Oriental costume, carrying palm leaf. Faces picture.)

O thou Christ of old Jerusalem, Child of the Orient, Friend of the East. Couldst thou not hear in the mighty conference in Jerusalem, the voices of the oriental peoples who have joined in the Conquest for Christ's Kingdom—China, Japan, India, Korea—all who have heard the story of thy glorious sacrifice? The first little stream of gospel love, that had its source in the great heights of thy mighty victory issued toward the East; but its course has been impeded by currents of superstition and false religions. But Christians in the Orient still glory in being the first field of missionary endeavor. More than fifteen hundred years ago there was built the Nestorian Altar Tablet, near Madras, South India, bearing the challenging inscriptions: "Let me not glory except in the Cross of our Lord, Jesus Christ, who is the true Messiah and God alone, and Holy Ghost." (Participant closes with prayer for the Orient as palm leaf is deposited in vase.)

PRAYER:

SPEAKER: (Representing Black Race—carrying palm leaf. Faces picture.)

O Thou Christ, of all mankind, the black people are thy brothers, witnessing to the glory of Thy love. Amidst the jungles, and waste places of the desert, there are a few green spots which belong to Thy Kingdom. Since the mighty Livingstone gave his heart to our people, hundreds have joined in the Conquest for winning Thy Kingdom on all the earth, yet there remain "not fewer than seventy million people living in great unreached areas of Africa that the Church has never made any attempt to reach." (Page 164 Jerusalem to Jerusalem.)

(Prayer by participant for the winning of all Africa and black peoples, as palm leaf is deposited.)

PRAYER:

SPEAKER: (Representing the Red Man) carrying palm leaf, faces picture.)

O Christ, Great Spirit of Love, we are the primitive people of the West—the Indian red race. We are the last to hear Thy gospel. We have always been discriminated against by land laws, and we could not always see Thee in the lives of white men, who dealt with us. But, "The Indians, slowly at first, and then more rapidly, began to accept the Christian way of Life. There are many stories told regarding the first converts among our race, which are truly remarkable. We are witnesses to Thy glory in the lives of these, and are ready to accept the challenge of one of our number: "Let us be patient and stand firm and we know the gospel must triumph." (Deposit palm leaf with prayer.)

PRAYER:

SPEAKER: (Representing Brown Race.)

O Christ, of old Jerusalem, we are Thy Brown brothers—but we are only a few in number.

Our home is in Southwestern Asia, and our blood is tinged with thine own Semitic blood, yet not many call themselves Christians, for Mahomet is their prophet.

Two hundred million Moslems take pride in Islam, "with all its terrible and structural defects that unfit it to be the religion of mankind."

"Its code of ethics is limited and, in some respects, evil; it tolerates, when it does not foster, slavery; it degrades womankind; it fails to reveal the fatherhood of God. Its followers, however, have such strong traits of will and purpose that there is no group more worth winning for Christ than the Moslem. And there is none less neglected." Unless evangelized, the Moslems may again disturb the peace and security of the world, as in the seventh century. Christians believe it is impossible to reach a Moslem, and have never given their strength to the task." But "the door to the heart of the Moslem is open as never before, and he has much to contribute to Christianity." "If we, as Christians had half the zeal of the Moslem for propagating our faith, the world might be won for Christ in this generation."

The Moslems are so loyal to their religion, that they glory in it, not ashamed to pray wherever they are, and force their loyalty and faith upon the most unwilling attention. Wherever they go, they are gloriously missionary, seeking to win others to their faith.

So, "winning the Moslems is one of the major tasks of the Missionary Statesmanship of the Christian Church; but no weaklings

should undertake it; no half gospel will win the upstanding Moslems. (Looking up to picture.) And so, thou Christ, who loved us and gave thyself up for the world, it is only Thee that can win them.

(Participant closes with prayer, as palm leaf is deposited.)

PRAYER:

PRAYER SONG: Duet. (Verses 1, 3, 5.) "Gird Us For Service." (No. 166 S. P.)

PRAYER (Spirit of Meditation): Our Father, Author of divine love and world brotherhood, make me worthy to win the world for Christ. We know "the winning of the world will come only as we realize the majesty of the enterprise to which Christ summons us" and we desire to "lay at his feet all our resources of personality and possessions and prayer." Amen.

OFFERTORY: "The Palms." Faure. (Page 30, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "The Son of God Goes Forth To War."
(No. 180 H. A. Y.; No. 238 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 215 H. Y. P.)

NOTE: Artificial palm leaves can be procured from local florist.

Service No. 40

Resurrection Flowers

(Easter Service)

SETTING: "Gates Ajar," made by two screens, faced with strips of white or gold cardboard latticed, and intertwined with greenery and flowers. Flowers can be artificial if not gaudy or stiff. Palms or plants form background for gates, and baskets of flowers top gate ends. In the center, aloft, between gates, erect large white Cross, having a dark background, lettered with large gold letters: "Christ is Risen." Intertwine Cross with greenery and lilies having large cluster of lilies in center. If possible, singing birds hung amidst flowers.

PRELUDE: (Stringed instruments.) Spring Song—Mendelssohn.
Welcome Hymn: (Verses 2, 3, 4.) Welcome Happy Morning. (No. 117 H. A. Y.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Two chosen girls, white Grecian Gowns, floral wreaths, stationed at each gate end.)

FIRST: "Lo, the winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth; the tune of singing of birds is come."

SECOND: "And there shall be a new heaven, and a new earth, and the former things shall have passed away."

HYMN: (Verses 2, 3, 4.) "Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain." (No. 116 H. A. Y.)

SCRIPTURE: (Chosen readers.)

LEADER: The Wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as a rose.

RESPONSE: It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice, even with joy and singing. (Isaiah 35:2.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 4.) "Easter Flowers are Blooming Bright." (No. 119 H. A. Y.; No. 110 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE: (Chosen readers continue.)

LEADER: Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the Earth; make a loud noise, and rejoice and sing praise.

RESPONSE: Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a Psalm.

LEADER: With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King. (Psalms 98:4-6.)

RESPONSE: O sing unto the Lord a new song.

HYMN: "Golden Harps Are Sounding."
(No. 3 H. A. Y.; No. 143 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 115 H. Y. P.)

TABLEAU: (Two girls in white Grecian gowns, floral wreaths, having been concealed behind screens, take places at each side Cross, facing outward, one holding golden harp, the other, a golden trumpet toward the lips. Room darkened. Lights on Cross. See Appendix.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "Fairest Lord Jesus."
(No. 122 H. A. Y.; No. 148 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 121 H. Y. P.; No. 140 S. P.)

PRAYER: (For the awakening of love, and consecration to a new life.)

OFFERTORY: "With Verdure Clad." From "The Creation." (Page 15, Vol. I.)

STORY: The Crucified Christ. (Room darkened. Lights on cross. See Appendix.)

It was thirty-three years since the Heavenly host of angels had joyously sung: "There is born to you this day, in the City of David, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

Jesus had fulfilled the angel's song. For thirty-three years, His great heart of love had gone out to the people in the little country of Palestine, where He lived. He had blessed the children, preached to the people, healed the sick and wept with the sorrowing. Must He die to save them? He longed to live. He even sorrowed to leave the multitude of friends who had gathered about him. But the Heavenly Father knew that only by suffering could Jesus reveal His divine love; and as the gentle Nazarene passionately prayed in the Garden of Gethsemane, to be delivered from death, He was betrayed by one of His own disciples, who had been bribed by enemies, that had grown jealous of His popularity. They accused Him falsely, spit on His face, and struck Him with the palms of their hands, yet Jesus said not a word. He could have called to the Father to send legions of angels for his protection, but Jesus could not thus test his divine power of endurance without retaliation. Even when Jesus was tried before Pilate the Governor, He answered nothing when accused by the chief priests and elders.

Pilate really trusted His innocence, and marveled at His silence. He would have released Him, had not the mob demanded Barabbas, a notable prisoner, instead. Fearing their cries of "Let Him be crucified," He delivered Jesus to be crucified. With the same sweet spirit of submission, Jesus carried the Cross to the place called Golgotha. There he suffered the taunts of the soldiers, who put a scarlet robe upon Him, platting a crown of thorns for his head. Kneeling before

Him they mocked Him, saying: "Hail, King of the Jews," and gave Him vinegar to appease His awful thirst, as He was crucified.

Then those who followed Jesus, watching all these things that were done to him said: "Truly this was the Son of God."

GIRL'S QUARTETTE: "With Sorrowing and Sighing."
(Page 12; Music Section.) Lights.

STORY: "The Risen Christ."

The women who had tenderly cared for Jesus, when taken from the cross, were the first to reach His burial place after the Crucifixion. Resting all the Sabbath day, according to the commandment, they arose early in the morning of the first day of the week while it was yet dark, and returned to the tomb, bringing spices and ointments with which to annoint the Saviour.

Jesus had been buried in a tomb hewn out of a rock, having a great stone rolled to the door. The priests and Pharisees, fearing the words of Jesus that he would rise again the third day, sought to make the sepulchre more sure. So taking a guard with them, they sealed the stone.

As Mary Magdalene, Mary the Mother of James, and Salome approached the tomb, they were saying among themselves: "Who shall roll away the stone from before the door?" Looking up, they saw the stone rolled back. Entering the tomb, they were amazed to see a young man sitting on the right side, wearing a white robe, for an angel of the Lord had descended from Heaven and rolled away the stone and sat upon it. He spoke to them saying: "Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, who hath been crucified. He is not here. He is risen, even as He said."

HYMN: "Christ, The Lord Is Risen Today."
(No. 114 H. A. Y.; No. 135 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 111 H. Y. P.)

STORY: "The Living Christ."

Seeing the place where Jesus lay was empty, the women who first came to the tomb heeded the words of the angel: "Go quickly and tell the disciples of Jesus that He is risen." They departed in haste, and though filled with joy, they were yet afraid and trembling with astonishment. Mary Magdalene ran ahead, coming first to Peter and John, the disciples whom Jesus loved, saying: "They have taken away our Lord out of the tomb and we know not where they have laid him." Together these disciples ran to the tomb, where they beheld the linen cloths that had bound Jesus, and believed the words of the women. But as yet they did not realize the scripture that Jesus would rise again from the dead and sorrowfully returned to their houses.

Mary remained at the tomb weeping when she heard a voice say: "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She, supposing it was the gardener, said: "Sir, if you have borne my master away, tell

me where you have laid Him." Then turning, she saw Jesus as he spoke again, saying: "Mary." She knew Him and said: "My teacher."

She would have gone nearer, but Jesus beseeched her to go tell the disciples he would soon ascend to the Father in Heaven. In haste Mary told them all she had seen and heard. "When therefore it was evening, on that day, the first day of the week, and when the doors were shut, where the disciples were, for fear of the Jews, Jesus came and stood in their midst, and saith unto them, "Peace be unto you." He then showed them his pierced hands and side, saying: "As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you. Ye are witnesses of these things. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

HYMN: "Crown Him With Many Crowns."
(No. 124 H. A. Y.; No. 142 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 116 H. Y. P.)

POEM: The Sacrament.[1]

A Friend, among friends, He stands,
And shows the wound-prints in His hands,
Breaks the white bread of brotherhood,
And pours for all His common blood!

As death is dead, and life is king,
To you the immortal crown I bring—
The will that self and softness scorns,
The martyr soul, the crown of thorns!

Comrade of slaves, our suffering Lord,
Thy love shall lead us like a sword!
By the red path thy feet have trod
We come to do Thy will, O God.

HYMN: "My Faith Looks Up To Thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary."
(No. 144 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: At the foot of the Cross, shall we re-consecrate our hearts in silent Prayer.

SILENT PRAYER: (Soft music continues.)

OUR RESURRECTION FLOWERS: (Short talk by pastor or consecrated leader.)

INVITATION HYMN:

BENEDICTION: (Soft music.)

POSTLUDE: Instrumental. Hallelujah Chorus.

[1] Allen Eastman Cross. Used with permission.

XI

COMMEMORATING IDEALS

Service No. 41

Pentecost Pageant

SETTING: Slightly raised platform in front of a cyclorama. Rest a large gilded or black picture frame on platform. Arrange draw curtain in front. (See Appendix.) On each side place palms or potted plants. The curtain serves as background for Pageant.

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Angel's Serenade." G. Brag.
(Page 24, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty."
(No. 12 H. A. Y.; No. 19 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 2 H. Y. P.; No. 162 S. P.)

(Enter Theophilus, dressed in Oriental robes, and carrying a scroll from which he reads silently as he walks. Takes place in front of curtain, as music continues softly. See Appendix.)

THEOPHILUS: Ah! A letter from my old friend and teacher, Dr. Luke. (Reads aloud.)

Most Excellent Theophilus: As many others have taken in hand to draw up a narrative concerning those things which have been fulfilled among us, it seemed good to me also to write unto thee, in order that thou mightest know certainly, concerning the things in which thou wast instructed. For I have been an eye witness, and as a minister of the word, have traced the course of all things accurately from the first---(Interrupted by entrance of Dr. Luke, in oriental dress. He approaches Theophilus.)

DR. LUKE: (Pointing to Scroll.) O Theophilus, in the letter, which I wrote to you, I have told you about all that Jesus began to do and to teach, until the day in which He was received up into heaven.

THEOPHILUS: Yes. I note that He said that repentance and remission of sins should be preached to all nations, beginning from Jerusalem, and that we are to be His witnesses.

DR. LUKE: True. After His Passion, He showed Himself alive, by many proofs, appearing unto His apostles for a period of forty days. He seemed eager for them to know concerning the things of the Kingdom of God. Being assembled together with them, He charged them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father: "Ye shall be baptized in the Holy Spirit not many days hence."

THEOPHILUS: And did they tarry in Jerusalem, as He said?

DR. LUKE: Aye, Theophilus. And they were much moved by His parting words: "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you." Then, when He had said these things, as they were looking, He was taken up and a cloud received Him out of their sight.

THEOPHILUS: How they must have marveled!

DR. LUKE: But they were obedient unto His words. Turning from Olivet on which they stood, they came again unto Jerusalem. Entering into an upper room, they all, with one accord, continued steadfastly in prayer. Then came the day of Pentecost, and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit. (Each steps aside, curtains opened.)

THE LAST SUPPER

LIVING PICTURE: The tableau can be arranged by using the picture of "The Last Supper" by Hoffman. A group of three oriental women can be placed in background. Conceal the person representing the Christ in picture, showing only the hand, or one of the disciple group could serve the cup, using picture only as model for pose. During the tableau, soft music: "Holy Spirit, Truth Di-

vine"—Tune: "Last Hope"—Page 17, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.

(Curtains closed—Dr. Luke and Theophilus move toward center.)

VOICE FROM BEHIND CURTAIN: Ye men of Judaea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be it known unto you and give ear to my words. (Pause.)

DR. LUKE: It is the voice of Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifting up his voice unto men.

VOICE: (Continued with fervor.) Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God unto you by mighty works and wonders and signs which God did by Him in the midst of you, even as you yourselves know. Ye, by the hand of lawless men did crucify and slay Him. But this Jesus did God raise up, whereof ye are all witnesses. Being therefore by the right-hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father, the promise of the Holy Spirit, he hath poured forth this which ye see and hear. God hath made Him both Lord and Christ. Repent ye, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit.

DR. LUKE: Aye, Theophilus, it is a great Gospel. Come, let us join this mighty group. (Exit.)

HYMN: (Lights on Song-roll. See Appendix.)
(Verses 1, 2.) "Holy Spirit, Truth Divine."

LEADER: Shall we not tarry a moment in silent prayer?

SILENT PRAYER: (As above music continues softly. Lights on.)

HYMN: (Verses 3, 4.) "Holy Spirit Truth Divine."

SENTENCE PRAYERS:

DUET: (Unannounced.) "Old Time Power."[1]

OFFERTORY: Instrumental. "Gracious Spirit Dwell In Me."
(No. 70 H. A. Y.; No. 50 A. C. & C. S. H.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Prayer. Beethoven.
(Page 39, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

[1] By Paul Rader in Tabernacle Hymns. Order from Tabernacle Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Service No. 42

Love of Mother

(Mothers' Day)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Ave Maria." Bach-Gounod.
(Page 12, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

A MOTHER: "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear." (Psalms 45:10a.)
Restore unto us (me) the joy of thy salvation.

DAUGHTERS: And uphold us (me) with a willing spirit. (Verses 1, 3.) (Psalm 51:12.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 3.) "For The Beauty of the Earth."
(No. 38 H. A. Y.; No. 61 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 36 H. Y. P.; No. 164 S. P.)

SOLO: (Verse 3.) "O Thou Laborer in the Workshop."
(No. 158 S. P.)

PRAYER: (Daughter.)

HYMN: "There Is Beauty All Around."
(Page 42, Orders of Worship H. A. Y.; No. 353 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 275 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: Since the time when Mary, the mother of Jesus "kept all these sayings in her heart," mothers have pondered and prayed for the well-fare of their children, holding Jesus the divine child as a model of growth.

QUARTETTE: "O Holy Lord, Content To Fill."
(Page 12 Music Section.)

LEADER: Hear the story of a mother, whose faith lead Jesus to have compassion upon her daughter.

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 15:22-29.

HYMN: "Faith of Our Mothers." (Tune—St. Catherine.)
(No. 269 H. A. Y.; No. 355 A. C. & C. S. H.; Words, Page 144, Vol. 1, Worship for Youth.)

OFFERTORY: "Home, Sweet, Home."

PLAYLET: What kind of Mothers' Day At Your House?

CHARACTERS:

Mary—(Bright eyed good-natured girl in big wing chair.)
Dean—(Polite hostess at afternoon "Tea-party.")
Lenore—(Haughty girl.)
Elsie—(Little and demure.)

SETTING: Arrange corner with tea-table, chairs, pillows, etc. for the party, behind screen or curtain until time for playlet. The four girls are seated, one pouring, when curtain opens.

DEAN: (The hostess, as she hands Mary a cup of tea.) How do you celebrate Mothers' Day at your house, Mary? I know it will be different. Your eyes are always so bright, they seem to sparkle with a secret all their own.

MARY: Oh, not so different from other folks, I guess.

LENORE: (Haughtily.) Well, if you ask me, I think the whole thing's a silly bore. At the last minute you have to rush out and get flowers from a florist who charges you six prices—and you always mean to get them a day ahead, too, only you forget all about it until you see the stupid signs saying: "Have you written mother yet?" "Don't forget Mother on Mothers' Day." (After delivering her speech, Lenore leans back in her chair and stirs her tea savagely.)

ELSIE: (Sitting very erect, with her tea-cup balanced carefully on the right knee, while she daintily minces at muffin in left-hand.) Oh, Lenore, I don't feel that way. I wouldn't think of feeling anything but a great respect for Mothers' Day. I'd be afraid Mother would feel badly if she thought everybody else's daughter remembered and her's forgot. I wouldn't forget for anything. (A little silence, while Lenore stirs tea more vigorously. Elsie sits primly erect, her lips firm and tight. Dean moves nervously in her chair.)

DEAN: (Forcing cheery tone.) Here, girls, let's don't sit glaring at each other like deadly enemies. I want this to be a nice tea-party. Come, Mary, you're smiling like you're happy. You didn't say anything really about Mothers' Day, you know. I'll bet you do something entirely different from our way. You always do.

MARY: (Leaning forward from deep chair.) I was just thinking. You people would think I was crazy if I told you what I really intend doing on Mothers' Day.

CHORUS OF GIRLS: No, we won't. Do tell us.

MARY: Well, first we're going to get up very, very early, Mother and I, and walk over in Martin's Woods. I don't especially like to get up early on Sunday morning, but Mums does, and after all, its her day, you know! We're going to bring back lots of flowers—Oh, enough for the whole family, and while mother arranges them all, and

dresses for church, I'm going to get breakfast. Of course, it won't be flapjacks or anything like that, because I'm not that good, but it will be enough so that Mums won't have to worry a thing about it, or do a stroke of work, or get all into a flurry before church. (Pauses.)

(Lenore sips tea very slowly, Elsie settles back in chair and puts cup and saucer on the floor.)

DEAN: Go on, Mary. What then?

MARY: Oh, the afternoon is always sort of quiet. Roy and I try to have all of Mother's friends, none of ours, and we just stay around and help entertain. Mother likes it, because she says we are so busy we never seem to be there with our friends when she is there with hers. And we don't mind, you know. Being nice to her friends, when lots of them aren't much fun for us, makes her awfully happy. Then at night we always go out, both Roy and I, because we think mother and dad ought to have some time to themselves on Mothers' Day. And that's all. I don't suppose its nearly as exciting as roses and candy, but we like it better.

LENORE: I don't wonder you do, dear. I wonder if we don't sometimes try to celebrate days like this the way we want to, instead of the way that suits other people. I wonder if maybe mother wouldn't like me to get breakfast Sunday morning!

DEAN: We're a selfish bunch. I guess, even if we don't mean to be. But we all know, don't we, when mother isn't on the job?

ALL: Rather!

GIRL'S QUARTETTE: "Mother Knows." (Page 3 Music Section.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "The Home Road." (No. 80 S. P.)

Service No. 43

Love of Father

(Fathers' Day)

(Fathers and Sons seated together)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Andante Religioso." Francis Thome. (Page 20, Volume I, Music Section, Worship for Youth.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (Standing.)

SONS: Jehovah is my strength and song,
And he is become my salvation:
This is my God, and I will praise him
My Father's God, and I will exalt him."
(Exodus 15:2.)

FATHERS: A wise son maketh a glad father.
(Proverbs 10:1a.)

HYMN: "Faith of Our Fathers, Living Still."
(No. 269 H. A. Y.; No. 285 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 171 H. Y. P.; No. 170 S. P.)

THE LORD'S PRAYER: (Prayer of universal fatherhood.)

QUARTETTE: Chorale. "To God On High." (No. 330 H. Y. P.)

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE:

LEADER: I have written unto you, fathers, because ye know him who is from the beginning. I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the evil one. (I John 2:14.)

FATHERS: A wise son heareth his father's instruction. (Proverbs 13:1a.)

TEACHERS: Father, provoke not your children to wrath: but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord.

SONS: "Behold, all souls are mine," saith Jehovah; "as the soul of the father, so also is the soul of the son." (Ezekiel 18:4ab.)

FATHERS: Like as a father pitieth his children,
So Jehovah pitieth them that fear him. (Psalm 103:13.)

FATHERS AND SONS: But now, O Jehovah, thou art our Father; we are the clay, and thou art the potter; and we are the work of thy hand. (Isaiah 64:8.)

HYMN: "Father in Heaven, Who Lovest All."
(No. 168 H. A. Y.; No. 220 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 225 H. Y. P.)

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE STORY: The Prodigal Son. Luke 15:11 to 32.

LEADER: A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father:

SONS: Give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me.

ASSEMBLY: And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he fain would have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. But when he came to himself he said:

SONS: How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and I will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

LEADER: And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him:

SONS: Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy son.

ASSEMBLY: But the father said to his servants:

FATHERS: Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

LEADER: And they began to be merry.

ASSEMBLY: Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be. And he said unto him:

LEADER: Thy brother has come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.

ASSEMBLY: But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out, and entreated him. But he answered and said to his father:

SUPERINTENDENT: Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this

thy son came who hath devoured thy living with evil ones, thou killest the fatted calf.

LEADER: But the father said:

FATHERS: Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. It was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.

HYMN: (Verse 3.) "For The Beauty of The Earth."
(No. 38 H. A. Y.; No. 61 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 36 H. Y. P.; No. 164 S. P.)

OFFERTORY: "Father, Lead Me Day By Day."
(No. 141 H. A. Y.; No. 158 H. Y. P.; No. 10 S. P.)

BOY'S CHORUS OR QUARTETTE: (Verse 2.) "March On, O Soul, With Strength." (No. 192 H. A. Y.)

DIALOGUE: Dad's Gift.

(Two business men walk slowly to front of the room, talking in an undertone. They stop, continuing the talk aloud:)

FIRST FATHER: Well, tomorrow is Bud's birthday. Would you like to know what I'm going to give him?

SECOND FATHER: Yes, I imagine something nice—you can well afford it.

FIRST FATHER: (Taking from his pocket a piece of paper. Hands to second father.) Here it is. Read it.

SECOND FATHER: (Reads aloud.) To my dear son: I give you one hour of each week day and two hours on Sundays, to be yours, to be used as you want them, without interference of any kind whatsoever.

SECOND FATHER: That's an unusual gift. I wonder how the boy will take it. If he understands, this is something that he can never repay. Some boys might be disappointed. But tell me—how did you ever happen to hit upon the idea of giving such an extraordinary present?

FIRST FATHER: It's like this. The other day a young fellow whom I had not seen since he was a kid about my own boy's age, came into my office to "make a touch." His face and bearing carried the tell-tale marks of idleness and dissipation. He was simply a human derelict.

"Robert," I exclaimed in amazement, "to see you like this!—and you with such a father!"

He dropped his head and then replied: "Yes, I've often heard that dad was a fine man. All his friends have told me so. I never knew him. He was so much occupied with his business and his

clubs that I only saw him occasionally at meals. I never really knew him."

That made me think furiously, and believe me, from now on I'm going to see to it that my boy has a chance to *know* me."

SECOND FATHER: I discovered that a long time ago. My college athletics has been a great asset with my boys; and it is no bug-bear for me to play with them. I love it. Then, too, the habit is reacting beneficially on my own conduct. My boys' confidence in me was my salvation just yesterday. As a result, I may have to break with the Board of Directors, down at the plant. For the sake of harmony, I was about to accede to a plan that I had been fighting. I felt the firm was taking an outrageous advantage, but the majority was against me. As I meditated later, I was nearly tempted to withdraw my objection, for it meant hundreds of dollars to the firm.

Then my Tom came bounding into the office: "Say, Dad, the gang sent me down to see if you will referee our game tomorrow night. They say you're always fair and square."

That settled the question. I didn't vote with the majority. I may break with the Board of Directors, but I have my boy's respect. Yes, that's a good gift you're giving Bud. (Exit.)

HYMN: (Verse 1.) "I Would Be True."

TWO SENTENCE PRAYERS: Father—Son.

HYMN: (Verse 2.) "I Would Be True."

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Father Almighty Bless Us."

(No. 154 H. A. Y.; No. 198 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 44

Love of Country

(Flag Day)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "O God of Hosts, with Thy Strong Hand." (Page 58, Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: Flag-raising. (See bottom Page 243—Appendix Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: "The Star Spangled Banner."
(No. 248 H. A. Y.; No. 89 S. P.)

PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE: "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

HYMN: "My Country 'Tis of Thee."
(No. 246 H. A. Y.; No. 300 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 248 H. Y. P.; No. 88 S. P.)

THE LORD'S PRAYER:

LEADER: If we have true love for our country, we covet for its people the life and conduct symbolized in the Christian Flag.

CHRISTIAN FLAG RAISED:

HYMN: "All Hail The Power of Jesus' Name."
(No. 125 H. A. Y.; No. 141 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 120 H. Y. P.)

SALUTE THE CHRISTIAN FLAG:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the Saviour for whose Kingdom it stands—one brotherhood uniting all mankind in service and in love."

HYMN: "Fling Out The Banner, Let It Float."
(No. 256 H. A. Y.; No. 243 H. Y. P.; No. 87 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE: The flag has ever symbolized the best in any nation.

As the prophet Isaiah spoke unto his people, "Lift ye up a banner," he proclaimed unto them a song of thanksgiving! (Read Isaiah 12.)

HYMN: "America, The Beautiful."
(No. 239 H. A. Y.; No. 309 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 253 H. Y. P.; No. 86 S. P.)

READING: Our Flag.

What is the American Flag in Spirit and Patriotism?

If you should ask me the question, I would answer:

"A flag as prescribed by the Continental Congress in resolution of June 14, 1777.

The raw material must be a production clipped from pure, genuine American-grown sheep, protected by American tariff, nurtured on the succulent grasses from the green hills of a free country, purified by the National Air of our Republic, cleansed by American protected labor, washed in the pure sparkling water of a land of liberty, cured with American oil, dyed in the wool with American colors (that will not run) finished to the music of American machinery, manufactured into flags by intelligent, happy patriotic men and women, protected by American enterprise and industry—American in every fibre, in every thread, in every color, in every stripe, in every star; a perfect American flag made possible by the intelligence of loyal, patriotic American citizens, with honest hands and loving hearts." (Capt. Wallace Foster.)

HYMN: "Let There Be Light, Lord God of Hosts."
(Page 65, Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 260 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: "O Beautiful, My Country."
(No. 237 H. A. Y.)

LEADER: It is right that our flag should be pure American in structure, standing for pure American ideals, but it must be unselfish in service. It must not wave in arrogance and pride, disdaining other races and peoples, but its colors must be an unspoken language of sympathy, love and understanding to all.

Throngs of foreigners coming to our land, bear witness to the spirit of Good-will in our Flag. Hear the words of a Polish visitor in our midst:

FIRST SPEAKER: I have a message I should like to leave with the young people of America. I have fallen in love with your country. I, a Pole, am an American patriot. Experiences like one I had this morning have made me such. I was standing on a street corner not quite certain which street would bring me to the Municipal Auditorium. A man in an automobile stopped near me to wait for the traffic signal. I asked him which way I should go; but instead of directing me, he asked me to get into his automobile and he would take me. Such unaffected kindness and sincerity I have not found anywhere else in the world. Yet it is typical of the American nation, which spends its time neither boasting nor threatening, but in friendly service. Your kindness is genuine and simple. It is one of your biggest assets. So to the young people of America I would say: "Do not depart from the Chris-

tian faith and the Christian way of life which those who have gone before you have gloriously clung to. Only then can you continue to serve mankind, which looks to you as never before for courage and wisdom and guidance."

SECOND SPEAKER: Another testimonial is spoken in the words of a Japanese girl, written several years ago. In a state-wide contest in California, held by the American Legion, Fumi Yanagisawa, entered a flag creed. The contest was open to all children from twelve to nineteen years of age. There were twelve thousand creeds entered, but none equalled the creed of the young Japanese girl.

She won the highest prize for her creed, whose purity of language, beauty of sentiment, and sincerity of purpose evidenced a superior excellence. Her creed is a challenge to our Flag and Nation:

I pledge allegiance to you, flag of my United States, in word and deed.

I believe that you will help me to be a loyal citizen both in peace and war! I believe that you will lead the world, not only in strength, but in righteousness. I believe that your stars are the shining symbol of the eternal brotherhood of men in the world.

"Old Glory," as I stand and salute your heroic colors of red, white, and blue, I promise to follow your ideals of liberty, justice and peace, not only for America, but for the world.

DUET: "Our Duty To Our Flag." (No. 92 S. P.)

HYMN: "Great and Fair Is She, Our Land."
(No. 232 H. A. Y.; No. 313 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 257 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "God Bless Our Native Land."
(No. 236 H. A. Y.; No. 307 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 249 H. Y. P.)

Service No. 45

Love of Heroes

(Decoration Day)

Flags and Flowers

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Unfinished Symphony." Fr. Schubert. (Page 187 S. P.)

HYMN: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

LEADER:

There is no death; the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of May.
There is no death, an Angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."
He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

HYMN: "Hark, Hark, My Soul!"
(No. 297 H. A. Y.; No. 349 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 150 H. Y. P.)

INVOCATION:

PRAYER HYMN: (Verse 4.) "Blest Be The Tie That Binds."
(Words 277, Tune, 278 H. A. Y.; No. 273 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 228 H. Y. P.)
"When we asunder part, it gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart, and hope to meet again."

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "God of Our Fathers, Known of Old."
(No. 242 H. A. Y.; No. 286 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 255 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: (Verse 3.) "America, The Shouts of War Shall Cease."
(Page 61, Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.)

LEADER: Again Memorial Day calls us to pay tribute to those heroes of service who, forgetful of self, sacrificed their lives for love of country.

The beautiful custom of Decoration Day was conceived in the hearts of three Southern women in Columbus, Mississippi. Soon

after the Civil War, these three women formed the habit of visiting Friendship Cemetery. They made an effort to clear off the briars and weeds, and to decorate the graves of the fallen confederate soldiers. It resulted in establishing an annual celebration in memory of fallen heroes.

It is said, that once when these kindly women finished the task of decorating their own Confederate graves, they still had such an excess of flowers, one of the number said: "The graves of the Federal Soldiers look so bare and desolate. Let us drop a flower on each of their graves. You know Jesus would have us forgive, as we are forgiven. He loves every one, and we are to follow His example, or we cannot be His disciples."

Then flowers were strewn lovingly on the graves of their former enemies.

It was a touching service, thrilling the North by its tender generosity. Later it was suggested to General John A. Logan, then commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, that a uniform day be established for decorating graves of fallen comrades. In commemoration of the last Union Soldier's discharge, the date was made May 30.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "Beneath The Cross of Jesus."
(No. 106 H. A. Y.; No. 129 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 103 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE: Jesus knew the value of Memorials when He instituted the Lord's supper. (Read Luke 22:19, 21.) He did not need to be remembered, but we need the memory of Him.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 3, 4.) "Abide With Me."
(No. 22 H. A. Y.; No. 28 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 22 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: "Largo." (From New World Symphony.) Antonin Dvorak.
(Page 4, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: (Verses 3, 4.) "America The Beautiful."
(No. 239 H. A. Y.; No. 309 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 253 H. Y. P.; No. 86 S. P.)

POEM: The Muster-Roll.

(From an unsigned poem which appeared in Forward, the monthly magazine of Miss Sandes' Soldiers' Home, England.)

A battle had been fought,
And on the plain, unmindful of defeat
Or victory, the slain and wounded lay.
Grim Death was busy still, unsatisfied,
Gathering the remnants of that sad day's spoil.

As night drew on,
Two men of God were seen moving amid
Those scenes of death and dying agony.
As, nerved by heavenly strength and tender care
For souls, they sought to comfort dying saints
By whispering in their ears His promises,
From Whom nor life nor death can separate;
And to the Lamb of God, Whose precious blood
Can cleanse from every sin, to point the gaze
Of those whose day of life was almost past,
Their sins yet unforgiven.

And now they stand
Beside a manly form, outstretched, alone.
His helmet from his head had fallen. His hand
Still firmly grasped his keen but broken sword,
His face was white and cold; and, thinking he was gone,
They were just passing on, for time was precious,
When a faint sigh caught their attentive ears.
Life was still there; so bending softly down,
They whispered in his ears most earnestly,
Yet with that hush and gentleness with which
We ever speak to a departing soul:
"Brother, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son,
Cleanseth from every sin!"

The pale lips moved,
And gently whispered, "Hush!" and then they closed,
And life again seemed gone.

But yet once more
They whispered those thrice-blessed words, in hope
To point the parting soul to Christ and heaven:
"Brother, the precious blood of Jesus Christ
Can cleanse from every sin!"

Again the pale lips moved;
All else was still and motionless, for Death
Already had his fatal work half done;
But gathering up his quickly-failing strength,
The dying soldier—dying victor—said,
"Hush! for the Saviour calls the muster-roll;
I wait to hear my name!"

They spoke no more.
What need to speak again? For now full well
They knew on Whom his dying hopes were fixed,

And what his prospects were; so, hushed and still,
They, kneeling, watched.

And presently a smile
As of most thrilling and intense delight
Played for a moment on the soldier's face,
And with his one last breath, he whispered,
"Here!"

Oh grand
And blessed death! Quite ready for the call,
He heard his Captain's voice. Life's battle fought—
Life's victory won—the soldier thus received
His welcome and his crown!

LEADER: Shall we not let this last hope of a dying soldier, be a challenge to us to win living souls into Christ's Kingdom? Hear the words of another soldier who died in France.

POEM: He Fought 'Gainst Gloom."[1]

Now when I die, which won't be long,
Don't sing a melancholy song,
Or pine and sigh or dim your eye
With tears that wet your lashes;
And do not wear those clothes so black,
Or let dull sorrow bend your back,
Or rave or swear, or tear your hair,
Or on your head put ashes.

Just dig for me the welcome grave,
And let a banner o'er me wave,
So grand and free and peacefully,
But let it all be snappy!
Put on my tomb my humble name,
And let below it words proclaim:
"He fought 'gainst gloom." The flight resume!
Go make some others happy.

QUARTETTE: "Sunset and Evening Star." (No. 298 H. Y. P.)

SILENT PRAYER: (In Memoriam.)

HYMN: "I Heard The Voice of Jesus Say."
(No. 136 H. A. Y.; No. 161 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 137 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: "O Rest In The Lord." Mendelssohn.
(Page 42, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

[1] By Hilton U. Brown, Jr., of the 7th Field Artillery, who died in action. Used with permission of his father, Hilton U. Brown. Indianapolis News.

Service No. 46

Love of Freedom

(Fourth of July)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "He, The Lord Our God." Mendelssohn.
(From the Oratorio, "Elijah.")
(Page 2, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

INVOCATION: (Prayer of sincere desire for true freedom.)

CHANT: "The Lord's Prayer."
(Page 37, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: "Great and Fair Is She Our Land."
(No. 232 H. A. Y.; No. 313 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 257 H. Y. P.)

LEADER:

The faith our fathers fought for,[1]
.....
We seek the goal they sought for,
The chance they hailed and knew,
The praise they strove and wrought for,
To leave their blood as dew
On fields that flower anew.

SCRIPTURE:

Jehovah will judge His people, and repent concerning His servants. The idols of the nations are silver and gold. The work of men's hands. (Psalm 135: 14, 15.) But Jehovah is good. Oh give thanks unto Jehovah; For His loving kindness endureth forever. (Psalms 136:1.) Praise ye Jehovah. Praise ye the name of Jehovah; Praise Him, O ye servants of Jehovah. (Psalm 135:1.)

RESPONSE:

We (I) will give thee thanks with our (my) whole heart: Before the gods will we (I) sing praises unto thee.

We (I) will worship toward thy holy temple, and give thanks unto thy name for thy loving kindness and for thy truth:

For thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

(Psalm 138:1, 2.)

QUARTETTE: "Great God of Nations, Now To Thee."
(No. 325 A. C. & C. S. H.)

[1] From the Jacobite Song. A. C. Swinburne.

OFFERTORY: "O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand."
(No. 249 H. A. Y.; No. 299 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 250 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand."
(No. 245 H. A. Y.; No. 318 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 254 H. Y. P.)

PAGEANT:

(See note at end of Pageant.)

(1. Enter fashionably dressed young woman. Takes seat in fancy chair, in front of dark curtain. Peruses fashion book, having magazine section.

2. Enter goddess—tiptoes around to the back of young woman—taps on shoulder.)

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh-h! You startled me. Who are you?

GODDESS: I am the Goddess of Wisdom. I have just flown from a new plane, where only Goddesses dwell. (Points to fashion-book.) Pray tell me—what is this?

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh—it's a new fashion-book. I am so thrilled. I am going to Europe for the summer, and I need so many new clothes.

GODDESS: (Turning pages.) But what are these pictures?

YOUNG WOMAN: Let me see—Oh! Those are not fashions. They are pictures of Immigrants—not really Americans—Indeed I've been told they are a menace to America, but we, in our set, have no time for such as these.

GODDESS: Ah! From whence came the art and music and the song of labor in your land?

YOUNG WOMAN: I care not—they are nothing in my life.

GODDESS: Oh-h! dear young woman—you should care. Free yourself from these follies of fashion. I remember, a long time ago, a Goddess from our land did care: She came to your land with freedom—but Freedom is threatened with License. She turns on her pedestal in agony. Come! Gaze through this magic crystal. She may reveal your country's peril. I, too, will gaze with you.

(Both step to side front, removing chair with them, and are seated for pageant, gazing through large round crystal or magnifying glass. (Lights dimmed. See Page 246, Appendix, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

(Music softly—"America the Beautiful.")

TABLEAU: (Lights—See Pages 179, 244 and 245, Vol. I; See Note, Page 210) Goddess of Liberty.

(Goddess of Liberty moves—beckons eastward.)

YOUNG WOMAN: (Rises and points.) See! The Goddess of Liberty moves—she beckons eastward.

GODDESS: Yes, to the incoming millions from Europe: Men, women, children—some poor and oppressed—some fortune hunters—

some seekers of fame—Aye! Even those who would destroy America's freedom.

(Soft music continues.)

SLOW PROCESSIONAL: (2 counts to one step.)

1. Slavic Woman and Children.
2. Turk.
3. Armenian Waif.
4. Scotch Highlander.
5. Dutch Dame.
6. Two Russian Men.

(Pause.)

YOUNG WOMAN: Ah! She turns again—westward.

GODDESS: She greets the throngs of Orientals—Chinese and Japanese—some are students and wonderful Christians. Some bring evil —establish corrupt dives and heathen temples.

PROCESSIONAL: (Continued. Soft Music.)

Chinese.

Japanese—(Hobble across center.)

(Pause.)

YOUNG WOMAN: Ah! She turns southward.

GODDESS: At the south, there are pouring over America's borders, hundreds of Mexicans, with their ignorance and superstition—their bandit life and old Spanish customs.

PROCESSIONAL: (Continued. Soft music.)

Mexican and Spaniard.

(Pause.)

YOUNG WOMAN: See! She stands motionless. No—she turns inward.

GODDESS: Yes! Did you not know there is inward strife in your midst?

Capital and Labor.

Red Bolshevists.

Law Violation.

PROCESSIONAL: (Continued.)

Two men carrying banner: (Sketch of two dogs fighting—one labeled "Capital"—the other "Labor.")

DIALOGUE: Two Russian Men, with red banners:

FIRST RUSSIAN: (With sarcasm.) They call this a land of freedom —forget it. The poor man has no chance—he is but a slave to the despotic rich.

SECOND RUSSIAN: They call themselves religious—but we must implant new ideas—There is no God. We must rid this country of this superstition. We must rally our forces—we must teach the children

the fundamental tenets of our material order. They must learn to love our Flag—Long may the Red Flag wave! (Wave flags; exit slowly.)

YOUNG WOMAN: (Rises; speaks to Goddess of Liberty.) O! Goddess of Liberty! I knew not that America is in danger. Speak! Are there no agencies to deliver us from these perils? (Music—softly: "Home, Sweet, Home.) Listen!

PAGEANT CONTINUED:

(Representatives, four agencies of social betterment: wearing white robes with red crowns (cardboard) and blue shields, lettered with gummed letters: Home, School, Community, Church.)

HOME: (Carrying American flag in right hand.) The Home is the abiding place of every American citizen; but true freedom dwells only in the homes where Christ is not forgotten.

O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee.
(Verse 2, "O Happy Home," Perry.)

(Steps to right—flag aloft.)

SCHOOL: (Clasps left-hand of Home, at close of verse.) The School shall determine the final rise or fall of the citizenship of America. But "the educated man is a man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of that word in all the affairs of life."—Ramsay MacDonald.

COMMUNITY: (Clasps left hand of School.) Good government must prevail in every community in our land, our love of freedom, controlled by a sense of right. "Popular government is bound to suffer many ills, and to find its own way in curing them; the mind of a nation is not made in a day."—Hocking.

"Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed."—Colton.

CHURCH: (Carrying Christian Flag in left hand.) Clasps left hand of School.)

Rise up, O men of God! The Church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task:
Rise up, and make her great!
Lift high the Cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod:
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O Men of God!
Wm. P. Merrill.
(Hymn No. 218 H. A. Y. Verses 3, 4.)
(Lifts Christian flag aloft.)

GODDESS OF LIBERTY: (Takes place back of circle.)

Up to our altars, then, Haste we and summon
Courage and loveliness, manhood and woman!
Deep let our pledges be: Freedom forever!
Truce with oppression? Never, O, never!
By our own birthright gift, Granted of Heaven,—
Freedom for heart and lip, Be the pledge given!
(John Greenleaf Whittier.)

HYMN: (Last verse.) "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."
(No. 239 H. A. Y.; No. 309 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 253 H. Y. P.; No. 86 S. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "O God of Love, O King of Peace."
(No. 255 H. A. Y.; No. 337 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 261 H. Y. P.)

NOTE: A screened booth with dark curtains in front forms background for participants in Pageant, and the setting for the tableau: Goddess of Liberty.

XII
VACATION VENTURES

This series grew out of the experience of the author during a week-end visit in a mid-western city.

The forces of the temporal world seemed to have been re-inforced during the summer in theatres and parks, to attract a crowd. On Saturday, the stores had special bargain sales to allure customers.

On Sunday morning a visit at two Sunday-Schools was met with apology, for having no program prepared, on account of the fact that so many were away on vacation.

Of course, a vacation is necessary to the best good of any individual, but few vacations last longer than two or three weeks. Could not a special effort be made to conserve the ability of those not away, by planning unusual or especially interesting programs?

Such a plan worked in at least one church. After two unsuccessful visits, the author followed the throngs entering another church. The house was crowded into the gallery.

The music had not been discarded for the summer. A full choir was present, and a good quartette. A fine preacher was in the pulpit, and no evidence of a summer slump.

Their weekly Bulletin, also not dispensed with during the summer, revealed activity and enthusiasm.

The Young People's Vesper Service had launched out into a new field. Not being able to get a large crowd in-doors, they had held open-air meetings, with success, all during the summer.

In this series, a few novel features are included; but if desired, the programs may be used in regular sessions.

Service No. 47

Pitching Our Tents

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: Prayer (From "Rienzi"). R. Wagner. (Page 15 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP:

LEADER: When Balaam saw that it pleased Jehovah to bless Israel, he went not, as at the other times, to meet with enchantments, but he set his face toward the wilderness. And Balaam lifted up his eyes, and he saw Israel dwelling according to their tribes; and the Spirit of God came upon him. And he said: (Nos. 24:1, 2.)

RESPONSE: *How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob,*
Thy tabernacles, O Israel. (Nos. 24:5.)

HYMN: "O Worship The King, All Glorious Above."
(No. 35 H. A. Y.; No. 363 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 37 H. A. Y.; No. 167 S. P.)

PRAYER: Our dear Gracious Heavenly Father, again we approach the Vacation Season. We thank Thee, for this period of rest and recreation, which we need. But Our Father, before we venture into new places, as we make new friends and choose our plan of past-time, may we not be selfish in our happiness. Wilt Thou remember those who labor on, without rest or recreation. May we learn to enjoy the things which build us up, and avoid those which tear down. Bless our Department, and give us a double portion of Thy Spirit during the summer. We know we cannot take a vacation away from Thee, without losing something precious from our lives. Be with us, guide and strengthen every moment of our time. May our souls be refreshed, as our bodies renewed, through Jesus, our Christ. Amen.

HYMN RESPONSE: "Hear Our Prayer, O Lord."
(Page 34 Orders of Worship, H. A. Y.; No. 324 H. Y. P.; Top Page 185 S. P.)

HYMN: "O Day of Rest and Gladness."
(No. 16 H. A. Y.; No. 12 A. C. & C. S. H.)

OFFERTORY: "The Church's One Foundation."
(No. 273 H. A. Y.; No. 295 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 270 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: Hear in song, Jesus' method of renewing His strength.

QUARTETTE: Dear Lord, who Sought at Dawn of Day.
(No. 124 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: "Take rest; a field that has rested gives a bountiful crop." —(Ovid.)

DEDICATION OF THE VACATION REGISTER: (Loose-leaf book in which all members, leaving for a vacation, register name and vacation address. Space should also be allowed for postals or pictures sent to the department by absentees.)

The tent is symbolic of a wandering home, and was the abiding place of God's chosen people, the Israelites. His plan for them is a good plan for us in establishing temporary housing places.

The prophet spoke words of wisdom: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations; spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes."

The cords of our freedom will be lengthened. How shall we strengthen our stakes? (Read Genesis 12:7; 13:4; 15:1; 17:1c.)

"And Jehovah appeared unto Abram and said: Unto thy seed will I give this land: and there builded he an altar unto Jehovah, who appeared unto him. Unto the place of the altar, which he had made there at first: and there Abram called on the name of Jehovah. After these things the word of Jehovah came unto Abram in a vision, saying: Fear not, Abram: I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward. Walk before me, and be thou perfect."

As we depart on a quest of happiness, let us remember the words of one who said: "Never do what you cannot ask Christ to bless or go where you could not take Him."

"You were made for enjoyment and the world is filled with things which you will enjoy unless you are too proud to be pleased by them or too grasping to care for what you cannot turn to other account than mere delight." (John Ruskin.)

"Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection and strengthened by enjoyment." (Colton.)

HYMN: "Prayer of the Quest."
(No. 121 S. P.)

LEADER: Every Sunday, as each of us shall claim the happy privilege of vacation, shall we not sacredly sign our names in this Vacation Register, pledging our allegiance to prayer and His Word.

"How often," a famous pianist was asked, "do you practice?"

"Something like eight hours a day," he replied.

"Is that necessary to one who has reached your eminence?"

"If I stopped practicing for one day," was the reply, "I myself would know it; if for two days, my friends would know it; if I

stopped practicing for three days the whole world would know it."

Perpetual prayer is God's safe-guard, and practicing prayer cannot cease a day, if the Spirit is re-created anew, and our conduct unaffected.

"They that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint." (Isaiah 40:31.)

HYMN: "Hear Us, Our Father."
(No. 23 H. A. Y.; No. 33 A. C. & C. S. H.)

SENTENCE PRAYERS OF DEDICATION:

PRAYER HYMN: "O Jesus, I Have Promised."
(No. 138 H. A. Y.; No. 178 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 167 H. Y. P.; No. 9 S. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Fairest, Lord Jesus."
(No. 122 H. A. Y.; No. 148 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 121 H. Y. P.; No. 140 S. P.)

Service No. 48

Wayside Flowers[1]

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "In The Time of Roses." Reichardt.
(Page 27 Music Section, Vol. I.)

CALL TO WORSHIP:

SUPERINTENDENT: Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in thy youth. (Ecclesiastes 11:9a.)

RESPONSE: *All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.*
The grass withereth the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever. (*Isaiah* 40:6b, 8.)

HYMN: "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee."
(No. 47 H. A. Y.; No. 69 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 26 H. Y. P.)

INVOCATION:

HYMN: "Fairest, Lord Jesus."
(No. 122 H. A. Y.; No. 148 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 121 H. Y. P.: No. 140 S. P.)

POEM:[1]

God is not far away from any of us:
The wild flower by the wayside speaks His love;
Each blithesome bird bears tidings from above,
And men know not His voice!
God is not far from any one of us:
He speaks to us in every glad sunrise;
His glory floods us from the noonday skies;
The stars declare His love when daylight dies,
And men know not His voice!
God is not far from any one of us:
He watches o'er His children day and night;
On every darkened soul He sheds His light;
Every burdened heart He cheers, and lends His might
To all who know His voice.

HYMN: (Verse 2.) "I Heard The Voice of Jesus Say."
(No. 136 H. A. Y.; No. 161 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 137 H. Y. P.)

[1] Thomas Curtis Clark. Used with permission.

SOLO: A Prayer. Signe Lund.
(No. 19 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE: As the Spring time turns to summer, God reveals His purpose for the flowers. Having bloomed and shed their petals, there is seen the embryo of the fruit to be.

But the fruit can never ripen, until from seed has come the flowers. So "the fruit of the Spirit" must blossom first in acts of "love, joy, peace, long suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, and self-control."

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "For The Beauty of The Earth."
(No. 38 H. A. Y.; No. 61 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 36 H. Y. P.; No. 164 S. P.)

QUARTETTE: "He Hides Within The Lily."
(No. 129 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: "This Is My Father's World."
(No. 46 H. A. Y.; No. 366 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 42 H. Y. P.; No. 49 S. P.)

HYMN: "We Thank Thee."
(No. 43 H. A. Y.; No. 60 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 38 H. Y. P.)

SOLO: "God, Who Touchest Earth With Beauty."
(No. 20 S. P.)

LEADER: The Earth's travail in creating the lovely Canyon Flowers, was a beautiful conception of the author of the Sky Pilot, as he attempted to reveal the need of suffering, to a rebellious girl, who, crippled by a fall from her pony, yearned for her former freedom and gaiety, as she fearlessly rode through the wilds of the west.

STORY: The Human Vegetable.[1]

Wayside flowers are not the product of the trained florist. They grow from an Unseen Power above, because "God is Working His Purpose Out." Some are "born to blush unseen; wasting their fragrance on the desert air," but it is to them that the earth owes its soft carpet of gay colors.

It is thus in Christ's Kingdom. There are humble souls, unknown and uncultured, who have contributed most in Spiritual power and sacrificial service. Such a one dwelt in a little New England town and was discovered during the Civil War, by John B. Gough, that most famous of temperance orators.

He was riding through rural New England with an acquaintance. Gough had been refused admission to the army as unfit and was doing his share by preaching temperance in the army camps and hospitals. His companion remarked one day, "The painful thing to me in New England country life is the immense amount of human vegetation one

[1] H. W. M. Used with permission of the Christian Herald.

sees. In these isolated country towns, without railroad communications, what do people do? What do they see? Where have they been? What do they know? You cannot call this life. Why, it's existence in a circle! It's a sort of vegetation. Yonder's a specimen of what I mean."

They were passing a lonely little farmhouse, only a cottage, where an old woman with a white band around her cap sat knitting. "Look at that woman. She eats and drinks and sleeps and knits. But you can't call that life. What does she know? Where has she been? What has she seen? What has she done? There sits a human vegetable!"

Gough drew up his horse and insisted that his companion stop with him for a chat with the old woman. Feeling his extraordinary gift of sympathy, she told him her story very readily. Sixteen years before, she had been left a widow with ~~six~~ children, the youngest four years old. She owned the little house and four acres and that was all. That was all? Where were the children now, Gough asked.

Well, her eldest son was doing missionary work in a foreign field. Her second son was a home missionary in western Iowa and Kansas.

Where was her third son? Ah, his work was done. He lay under the sod at Gettysburg. Where was her youngest son? With his regiment under Grant. "But," said Gough, "there were ~~six~~." "Yes, but a requisition came from Roanoke. Send us teachers for our contraband Negroes, teachers who are willing to endure hardships and privations without remuneration."

So the two daughters had gone to do their share. She had urged them all to go. She could take care of herself. She had brought up her family and given them to her country and her God.

And there she sat, eating, knitting, sleeping—she who had never traveled five miles from home, she who was a human vegetable!

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "O Lord of Heaven, and Earth, and Sea."
(No. 40 H. A. Y.; No. 264 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 35 H. Y. P.)

SENTENCE PRAYERS:

HYMN: (Verse 4.) "O Lord of Heaven."

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "The Summer Days."
(No. 53 H. A. Y.; No. 284 H. Y. P.)

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[1] NOTE: Special interest may be created by having the room profusely decorated with wild flowers, gathered by the Department on Saturday.

Service No. 49

"Let Down Your Nets"

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Evening Calm." C. Reinecke.
(Page 13 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: (The Master's Call.)

LEADER: "Come ye after me, and I will make you fishers of men," said Jesus.

RESPONSE: "*And they straightway left the nets, and followed him.*" (*Matthew* 4:19, 20.)

HYMN: "Galilee, Bright Galilee."
(No. 99 H. A. Y.; No. 110 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 95 H. Y. P.; No. 143 S. P.)

INVOCATION: (For the Presence of Jesus and His Spirit of Zeal during the summer vacation season.)

HYMN RESPONSE: (Verse 5.) "We Would See Jesus."
(No. 95 H. A. Y.; No. 92 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "Thou Didst Teach The Thronging People."
(No. 102 H. A. Y.; No. 101 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 91 H. Y. P.; No. 82 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE READING: Luke 5:1-12.

HYMN: "Follow Me, The Master Said."
(No. 137 H. A. Y.; No. 176 A. C. & C. S. H.)

OFFERTORY: "Jesus Calls Us, O'er The Tumult."
(No. 128 H. A. Y.; No. 152 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 134 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: (Verses 2, 3, 5.) "O Child of Lowly Manger Birth."
(No. 93 H. A. Y.; No. 96 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 105 H. Y. P.)

PROGRAM MESSAGE: "Let Down Your Nets."

It was to humble fishermen that Jesus made His first call; first, because they were young men, craving daring adventure; and second, because as fishermen they had the sporting instinct which is thrilled by winning. Fishing was their livelihood, because they loved to fish.

But at the time Jesus approached them, (probably vacation season) they were faint hearted. "What's the use?" was their thought. Then as Jesus spoke: "Let down your nets," He seemed to put new faith in them, new vigor. They ventured further, "out into the deep," and marveled at their victory.

The secret of their later power as apostles, was in their willingness as fishermen, to leave all and follow Jesus.

They knew no work but His work, and no pleasure but His love. He taught them how to pray; they knew His Word; they followed His example in deeds of service.

They were prepared, too, by their former task of fishing, to enter the life of prayer which Jesus lead.

During his vacation season, President Hoover said: "I have discovered the reason why Presidents take to fishing—the silent sport. Apparently the only opportunity for refreshment of one's soul and clarification of one's thoughts by solitude to Presidents lies through fishing. As I have said in another place, it is generally realized and accepted that prayer is the most personal of all human relationships. On such occasions as that men and women are entitled to be alone and undisturbed. Next to prayer, fishing is the most personal relationship of man and of more importance than the fact itself, everybody concedes that the fish will not bite in the presence of the public. Fishing seems to be the sole avenue left to Presidents through which they may escape to their own thoughts and may live in their own imaginings and find relief from the pneumatic hammer of constant personal contacts, and refreshment of mind in the babble of rippling brooks.

"Moreover, it is a constant reminder of the democracy of life, of humility and of human frailty—for all men are equal before fishes. And it is desirable that the President of the United States should be periodically reminded of this fundamental fact—that the forces of nature discriminate for no man."

That is good doctrine for "fishers of men," who desire to win the world for Christ, without discriminating between races, or colors, or creeds.

The lowly fishermen of Galilee were also prepared in patience and endurance by their task as fishermen.

[1] Once some boys were out fishing for trout. They walked back and forth along the stream, now and then throwing in their lines. It was a good trout stream, but they met with no success. As they concluded that the brook had been fished out and were about to go home in disgust, they met an old man whose basket was fairly filled with fish. Amazed, they asked him how he had caught so many while they caught none. "I have been watching you," he answered. "You have had your hooks in the air most of the time. The fish are not in the air but in the water. Keep your hooks wet."

[1] From Christian Herald. Used with permission.

That is good advice for "fishers of men" as well as fishers of fish. Always keep trying. Hold your hooks patiently where the fish are. Maintain your Christian purpose ever before you. Seek souls all the time and not just a small part of the time. Make that your business, your main business, your passion, your instinct.

That is to work at fishing for souls, and not merely play at it

A famous evangelist, who was a great "fisher of men," used to say that the secret of good trout fishing, is to catch the first fish. So in soul-winning. To win one soul to Christ, is to create boundless enthusiasm to continue "fishing" for others.

There is no call for service so urgent today, as that for young people to obey the cry of Jesus: "Let down your nets." We need not venture into deep water at first. If our love for Christ will but help us win our own friends, together we may undertake to "catch fish" in deeper waters. Then law enforcement shall prevail, and the incorrigible youth of our land, saved.

Jesus sought young fishermen in the beginning, that they might understand youth.

A party of fishermen along a trout stream, were attracted by a farmer's sign board: "For Sale—Good Bait for Trout—In This Locality."

Jesus desires young people for fishers, because they know best the kind of bait to attract other young people. Their "locality" of years is the same. They have the same interests, the same temptations. They are thus better prepared for "fishing for souls," of their own age.

Fishing is a summer sport, and the season is ripe with souls. The depth of our line, will mean the interest of our department. Let us learn from other fishermen.

J. Wilbur Chapman, was an evangelist, who was a notable "fisher of men." He could make others feel Jesus, always irresistible as a power in winning others to Him.

Mr. Chapman tells of a unique brotherhood, named from two fishers of old, Andrew and Philip.

It is a body of men held together by two rules, the Rule of Prayer, in which the members bind themselves to pray every day for the spread of Christ's Kingdom; and the Rule of Service, in which an agreement is made that each week, every brotherhood man will give an invitation to some one to attend the services of the church. Its founder was the Rev. Rufus W. Miller, D. D., of Philadelphia, and its spirit has grown into a great soul winning force in many denominations. Does not every Young People's Department need an "Andrew and Philip Brotherhood?"

HYMN: "Break Thou The Bread of Life."
(No. 67 H. A. Y.; No. 41 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 71 H. Y. P.)

LEADER: Shall we bow our heads in silent prayer that Jesus' Words: "Let Down Your Nets" may sink deep in our hearts.

PRAYER: We do desire to be real "fishers" in Thy Kingdom.

[1] Great Evangelist, Thou Master Soul-winner, teach us Thy ways, we pray Thee. Thou didst go about doing good, never ceasing Thy loving efforts, conversing, preaching, healing, praying, serving wherever there was need. May we have Thy patience, Thy constancy, Thy courage, and grant us, if it may be, some measure of Thy great success. In Thy name. Amen.

QUARTETTE: (Male voices if possible. Verses 1, 3, 4.)
"We Bear The Strain of Earthly Care."
(No. 145 H. A. Y.; No. 125 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: Instrumental. "Holy, Holy, Holy."
(No. 12 H. A. Y.; No. 19 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 2 H. Y. P.; No. 162 S. P.)

[1] From Christian Herald. Used with permission.

Service No. 50

Jesus, The Street Preacher

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "Moderato in B flat." George P. Allen. (Page 14 Music Section.)

CALL TO WORSHIP: Hymn: "Jesus Calls Us, O'er The Tumult." (No. 128 H. A. Y.; No. 152 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 134 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "Draw Thou My Soul, O Christ." (No. 140 H. A. Y.; No. 195 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 155 H. Y. P.)

PRAYER: Loving Father, we thank Thee for Jesus—for His wisdom and understanding—for His sympathy and love—for His patience and power to win the hearts in the world about Him. We thank Thee for His spirit of humility—for His willingness to preach wherever there were hungry or sinful ones.

We are timid to approach the crowd in the streets as Jesus did. We confess our pride, and our false modesty. We desire to serve Thee wherever the task calls us.

Crucify within us all selfish ambitions, and renew our hearts with an abundance of Thy Spirit, which guided Jesus into the many highways. For His sake we pray. Amen.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 4, 5.) "Where Cross The Crowded Ways of Life." (No. 222 H. A. Y.; No. 280 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 128 H. Y. P.)

SOLO: Morning Prayer. "Gracious Master." (No. 11 S. P.)

SCRIPTURE TALK: Two thousand years ago, Jesus knew what modern Evangelists are just discovering. Recently a National Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, proclaimed the need of personal workers, saying: "Those who come to church are four-fifths converted before they come. The individuals outside the church are those who should be reached." Jesus took advantage of that knowledge. (Read Luke 16:4b. Jesus "entered, as his custom was, into the Synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read"; but He won hearts to God, out on the highways, where there was human need, sin and suffering. (Read Luke 8:1.)

Jesus never chastised. He set sinners to self-searching. When he talked to the woman of Samaria, He made her see herself. She felt His pardon, as He kindly spoke: "Go and sin no more."

Jesus was no respecter of persons. Rich and poor alike sought Him. He called the rich publican, Zacchaeus, then healed the blind beggar Bartimaeus. (Read Mark 10:46-52.)

When the spirit of Christ fell upon Saul of Tarsus, on the way to Damascus, a great conversion turned him into a courageous soldier for Christ, saying, "I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." (Romans 1:16a.)

HYMN: "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee."
(No. 205 H. A. Y.; No. 281 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 152 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: "O Lord! Correct Me." Handel.
(Page 13, Music Section, Vol. I.)

HYMN: "In Life's Earnest Morning."
(No. 142 H. A. Y.; No. 227 A. C. & C. S. H.)

LEADER: Perhaps no groups of Christian workers have followed the preaching of Jesus more closely than the Salvation Army.

For fifty years they have preached on our streets, extending a helping hand to the downtrodden, proving a blessing to the physical, mental, spiritual life of millions in our land. Their uniform is a symbol of friendliness throughout the world. In the beginning, the Army was the victim of humorous slurs, but such former amusement has turned to profound respect. Their religion is filled with the spirit that wakes souls anew.

Grown men and women penitently get down on their knees and ask forgiveness. They seem to get something that makes them love their enemies; straighten up old debts, cut out swearing, establish family prayer, and heed the words of the Bible: "Come ye out from among the world and be ye separate."

It was the Salvation Army that first inspired John Brown's rise from the lime kiln to college president.

STORY: "From Lime Kiln to College President."[1]

You never worked in a lime kiln? You're lucky. It isn't a popular job and few have written their names in Halls of Fame after such experiences.

However, there is John Brown.

With even a name suggesting sameness, monotony and mediocrity, this John Brown graduated from his job of cracking with a sledge hammer the rock and wheeling it to the kilns. The blazing rays of an Arkansas sun shining on the south side of the quarry hill had failed to wilt his ambition. It is a wonder that it didn't.

But John Brown was different. Perhaps he was immune to the actinic rays. His seventy-five cents a day was merely an aggravation and the kind of evenings that a worker in the lime kiln of the Ozark Mountains could spend, was still more of an aggravation.

[1] By Uthai Vincent Wilcox. From the Front Rank. Used with permission.

He was only a teen-age lad and perhaps not expected to look for much more than amusement and entertainment and enough food to keep muscles in fair shape. Yet John Brown was constantly looking for something more satisfying. He hardly knew exactly what it was that he wanted but he knew that he wanted to "get somewhere in the world."

One evening in the early autumn when he had wearily gone to town in search of some diversion that didn't cost anything he heard Ensign Oleson and his little band of Salvation Army exhorters. He couldn't help but hear Oleson for the Ensign was famous thereabout for his ability to maul the bass drum and to shout with a fury that kept the sonorous lime kiln workers awake in a warm room.

Now whether it was the drum or whether it was Oleson's ability to talk, John Brown found there something that appealed to him. Aching muscles did not thereafter debar him from pulling himself up the hill to the town each night of the week, and eventually joining in the shouting of glad hallelujahs. His program soon became one of pounding the drum by night and the rocks by day, for Oleson had discovered a willing learner. So willing did this youth prove to be that he was invited to help in the exhorting. John Brown was never known to hesitate long and this was but another chance, one in advance of the drum perhaps. So he became an exhorter, clumsy but showing real native ability and skill.

The lad with the commonplace name found his chance again when Ensign Oleson was ordered away from the little town of Rogers over to Siloam Springs, some thirty miles away. John Brown did not hesitate. Oleson and his work meant change, meant variety, meant a something that satisfied to a small degree that longing in his soul for expression, for a chance to do something more in a workaday world than making little rocks out of a whole mountain of rock.

Thus it was that the covered wagon of Ensign Oleson, when it left for Siloam Springs, carried along not only the big drum but John Brown. He didn't have a nickel in his pocket but what was a nickel when the future was at stake? Over in the new town a mission was opened in an empty shack where the errant ones were invited and urged to come by the young evangelist and the veteran Oleson.

The mission demanded sacrifice. It meant sleeping in and under the old covered wagon and working around at odd jobs by day to get something to eat, but that never worried a lad out to scale the new heights. He soon got the kinks of the quarry out of his back and practice in exhorting tended to perfection.

Then Oleson who had thus far been his tutor and mentor was ordered away and John Brown was left with the mission minus the covered

wagon and the drum and the active guidance of his friend. But he carried on. He repaired the mission and built benches which served as a bed at night and visited the townspeople, and worked for them, and talked so tellingly and effectively that even the musically inclined hardly missed the big brass drum of Oleson's.

But Brown had more in his mind than exhorting those who came out in the evening. All unconsciously, perhaps, he had become anxious to not only help others to find the way to salvation in spiritual paths but to find themselves in a hard world where nothing but the scowling god of drudgery frowned. This purpose and this resolve showed themselves when some neighboring towns hearing of his work at Siloam Springs sent word that the Salvation Army was needed there also and urged him to come.

His reply was that he didn't know whether he was a good Salvationist or not for he hadn't really followed their tenents very closely but was trying to preach as he understood it.

They replied, "Come on over and preach anyway you please, as long as you come." John Brown started traveling then and he has done much of it ever since. He has become known as an evangelist who not only reaches the soul but who takes an interest in the physical welfare and mental training of people, particularly young men and young women who are tired of life's wheelbarrows.

This all happened about twenty-five years ago and today Evangelist John Brown receives each hour of the day some new call for distant places and for his sort of preaching.

He was still far from fulfilling his ideal in life. He wanted to help the boys and girls who were apparently helpless—the lime kiln type, if you understand what he meant.

He told his dream to the town's bankers and business men.

As a consequence the John E. Brown College became a reality. The school was opened, less than two months from the day he had decided to establish it. *You have to be "broke" to go to his college.*

This John E. Brown College is not "just another school." If a student has the least income whereby he could pay even a part of his expenses, there is no room for him at John Brown College. "There are too many young people who haven't even a cent," John Brown says. "Those are the ones that we are trying to help."

And they are not poor, according to the founder. "I call them rich young people," says he, "for while they haven't the money to educate themselves, they have—what young people of ample means sometimes lack—the will and ambition to work and strive and look forward and climb. They are the rich youth of America."

Today there are more than three hundred boys and girls at the school and more than three thousand who are anxious to attend. Jesse H. Jones, capitalist of Houston, Texas, one of the men underwriting the enterprise predicts five thousand students in ten years all comfortably housed and happy. The goal is the largest industrial college in America, a prospect not very remote.

HYMN: "Just As I Am, Thine Own To Be."
(No. 131 H. A. Y.; No. 170 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 135 H. Y. P.; No. 7 S. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: "Lead On, O King Eternal."
(No. 188 H. A. Y.; No. 246 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 220 H. Y. P.; No. 84 S. P.)

Service No. 51

Into The Byways

(A Street Corner Class)

(The best street corner class can be conducted in a large truck if available, with the name of church and department printed in large letters on long sheets of white card board and fastened to each side of the truck. A portable organ may probably be borrowed from the Y. M. C. A. or other organization that conducts noon factory meetings. It will be necessary to procure permission from city authorities, to conduct an open air service on a city street corner.)

OPENING HYMN: "Come, Thou Almighty King."
(No. 36 H. A. Y.; No. 1 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 34 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: "What A Friend We Have in Jesus."
(No. 118 H. Y. P.)

SILENT PRAYER:

THE LORD'S PRAYER: (Chanted by Quartette.)
(Page 37, Music Section, Vol. I, Worship for Youth.)

HYMN: "I Love To Tell The Story."
(No. 157 H. A. Y.; No. 261 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 240 H. Y. P.)

SCRIPTURE READING: (Read from sheet of paper slipped into Bible): II Corinthians 5:14a; John 3:16; John 4:34; John 6:35; Matthew 1:28-30; I John 4:19.)

"The love of Christ constraineth us." "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life."

"Jesus saith unto them, my meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to accomplish his work." Again, "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall not hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

"We love, because He first loved us."

HYMN: (Verses 1, 4.) "Take My Life, And Let It Be."
(No. 166 H. A. Y.; No. 168 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 153 H. Y. P.)

OFFERTORY: "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty."
(No. 12 H. A. Y.; No. 19 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 2 H. Y. P.; No. 162 S. P.)

QUARTETTE: "Jesus, The Very Thought of Thee."
(No. 123 H. Y. P.)

DIALOGUE: (Introduction to "A Voice in the Dark.")

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Judge Baker—A kindly Christian worker.
Miss Margaret Page—Haughty member of a fashionable church.
Storyteller.

MRS. BAKER: Francis Lyle is doing a great work down at his mission on River Street. I went there last night. It was packed. He has a new singer. I never heard such a voice in my life.

MISS PAGE: So he has a singer, has he? There's no money to pay for fine singing down there, is there?

MRS. BAKER: Indeed no. But this man who sings is one of his converts and is so devoted to Francis, he is helping him in this way. I never heard such music. It was wonderful. We don't get the spirit of it in our larger churches. I asked Francis about it, but all he would say that it was a voice he had found in the dark.

MISS PAGE: The Reverend Francis was always queer.

MRS. BAKER: That may be, but I think it is working a miracle in me. I have already made up my mind to help Francis in his work—I think, however, that God wrought his miracle in me through the voice that Francis Lyle found in the dark. Come, Mary, tell Miss Page the story.

STORY: The Voice in the Dark.[1]

The Reverend Francis Lyle, coming out of the mission down on River Street heard a voice far down the street. Nearer it came, nearer yet. A beautiful tenor voice in spite of its incoherence and huskiness.

"Up to mighty London,
Came an Irishman one day,
As the streets were paved with gold,
Sure everyone was gay."

There was a short lull, and the Reverend Francis Lyle stood transfixed. Then the beautiful voice rolled on in majesty and force through the darkness.

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,"

"To go," repeated the voice in more uncertain tones.

"He's been drinking," instantly thought the Reverend Francis Lyle as he stood there, but "what a voice, what a voice." He stood there

[1] From Front Rank. (1916.) Used with permission.

on the steps of the little mission waiting; a tall, broad-shouldered man with thoughtful eyes and hair just beginning to gray a little at the temples.

He had just left a prosperous and aristocratic congregation to take up this work down in the slums on River Street. He had been thinking of it a long while. When he finally announced his determination, great had been the consternation of his friends. In vain had they argued and expostulated. To all their pleadings he had shaken his head.

"I'm after the submerged tenth," he had smilingly, yet gravely answered. "I can't do it in a fashionable church up on First Avenue. I can do it if I go down and live under conditions as they are on River Street. My time for service may be long or short. God knows. But whatever the time, I would be an unworthy steward if I did not employ it well."

And so the gifted and spiritual young clergyman had gone down to River Street to labor in the bare, little mission. And the wonder of it was, he was happy in it.

* * * *

The Reverend Francis Lyle, standing under the stars, still listened. Nearer and nearer came the voice.

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go,"

"To go, to go," repeated the voice. Then there came reeling toward him the figure of a man; a man still young, with old broken shoes, a coat ragged at the elbows and frayed in many places. A hat full of holes was perched on the back of his head.

The Reverend Francis Lyle stepped forward and laid a hand on the reeling man's arm. "Did you know," he said, gently, "that you have a most beautiful voice? As fine as any I have ever heard, and I know good singing when I hear it."

The young man in the ragged coat peered into his face with his bleared eyes. "Me—a beautiful voice?" He laughed harshly. "I didn't know there was anything beautiful about me." He looked down at his feet. "I pawned my best shoes this afternoon to get a drink," he added. "I need another one to sober up on. You wouldn't—"

The Reverend Francis Lyle shook his head. "No, I wouldn't," he replied. "But I will buy you some soup and good hot coffee and roast beef if you'll come with me. A man that can sing as you can, ought not to be in your condition."

"You think so," cried the man half eagerly.

Then all at once he dropped his eyes. "It's of no use," he said. "I can't stop the drink. It's got the best of me. After all, who cares?"

"God cares. He has given you the most beautiful voice it has been my privilege to listen to in many a day," replied the Reverend Francis Lyle. "If I had a voice like yours, I would consider myself a power

for great good. Man, listen. Don't you realize that there is as much opportunity for winning souls by good singing as there is by the best gospel message a man ever preached?"

He paused. "Has no one ever told you you could sing?" he demanded.

"There is no hope for me. No one can help me."

"You have left out of your calculation the only One who can," replied the Reverend Francis Lyle, gently.

"Who?" demanded the ragged man.

"Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners. Can you not requite him better than by degrading your manhood as you have? And you, with your beautiful voice, too? Oh! if you would but use it for him. Come, here is the place I told you of." He led the young man into a quiet, clean, little place and ordered the things he needed.

He scrutinized his friend of the streets more closely. He was a young man with a face that might have been handsome had the marks of dissipation been less apparent. His eyes were blue, and when he smiled he revealed even rows of white teeth. The minister of the mission down on River Street looked at him again. A swift prayer rose to his lips. "Father," he whispered, "help me to save this soul."

The man ate the soup and the roast beef greedily, then promised to meet the Rev. Lyle the next day.

Already the bleared eyes were clearing. "Whoever you are, preacher or otherwise, I like the cut of you. You're not above lifting a poor, drinking fellow out of his trouble. I'll be there in the morning."

"Very well then. I'll be waiting for you at nine o'clock," answered the minister.

In clean clothes, his face and hands shining, he looked about the little mission that next morning. "So this is where you hold forth?" he asked.

The Reverend Francis Lyle nodded. "Yes," he said.

"It's a poor little place," remarked the young fellow, looking about at the bare pews and the plain walls. "Can't you find a better?"

The Reverend Francis smiled. "Not for my work. I came down here from choice."

The young man stared. "What did you come for, if I may ask?"

The Reverend Francis Lyle laid a hand on the young man's shoulder, even as a brother might. "To help all such as you," he replied, gently. "How could I reach you if I stayed up on First Avenue in my fine church, with its softly cushioned pews and stained windows? Will you tell me?"

The young man whistled. "So you're the fellow who gave up your fine church to come down to the slums. I read about it, but I failed to connect you with it. It's plain enough now."

He picked up a sheet of music and hummed a line or two from it. The title was—"I Know It Was His Love."

The young clergyman was startled again.

"Where did you hear that?" he demanded.

His new-found friend looked at him. "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," he replied, with a quaint smile. "But once, well once, I was different. When I was a little boy I used to go to church every Sunday with my good, old grandfather and I sang hymns such as this.

"Will you sing it for me?" asked the Reverend Francis Lyle.

"I most certainly will."

And then, sitting there is one of the bare, little pews, they two alone. Francis Lyle had the privilege of his life.

(Soft music—"I Know It Was His Love.")

As the sweet melody came sweeping on and over him, Francis Lyle closed his eyes. The tears rolled down his cheeks and then he prayed again. "Father," he cried, "help me to save this man."

And so it came, that the "Voice in the Dark" added its message of song to the words of the Rev. Francis Lyle.

SOLO AND QUARTETTE: "I Know It Was His Love."

(Page 6 Music Section.)

Three sentence prayers:

1. For a sincere desire to help the weak.
2. For pure lives, worthy to reveal the love of Jesus, and His way of living.
3. For the souls of young people throughout the land.

HYMN: (Verse 1.) "Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne."

(No. 91 H. A. Y.; No. 108 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 93 H. Y. P.; No. 137 S. P.)

CLOSING HYMN: "Lead On, O King Eternal."

(No. 188 H. A. Y.; No. 246 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 220 H. Y. P.; No. 84 S. P.)

Service No. 52

A Life-Giving Hike

(Plan an open air sunrise service, near a wooded hillside, if possible. Members shall meet at an appointed place, from whence the department shall walk at least a mile to a chosen meeting place. Instrumental music to accompany hymns, may be any stringed instruments, if available. Typewritten song sheets will be more convenient. "The Roads Jesus Trod," shall be the theme of conversation, as members walk in twos, each having previously been given a definite road to discuss. See Page 264 Singing Pathways. Plan service early to permit church attendance.)

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "With Verdure Clad." (From the Creation.) Haydn. (Page 15, Music Section, Vol. I.)

CALL TO WORSHIP:

LEADER: The earth is Jehovah's, and the fulness thereof. (Psalm 24:1a.)

RESPONSE: *The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.* (*Psalm* 19:1.)

HYMN: "This Is My Father's World."
(No. 46 H. A. Y.; No. 366 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 42 H. Y. P.; No. 49 S. P.)

DUET: "Into The Woods."
(No. 124 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 147 S. P.)

PRAYER: (For an appreciation of the beauties of nature, and praise for the Creator of all things.

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "For The Beauty of The Earth."
(No. 38 H. A. Y.; No. 61 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 36 H. Y. P.; No. 164 S. P.)

OFFERTORY: "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee."
(No. 47 H. A. Y.; No. 69 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 26 H. Y. P.)

HYMN: (Verses 1, 2.) "God of the Earth, the Sky, the Sea."
(No. 58 H. A. Y.; No. 71 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 39 H. Y. P.; No. 165 S. P.)

STORY: The Revelation.

Once there was a man who wanted very much to go to Heaven. When he died an angel took him by the hand and led him to wonderful places. He saw majestic mountains lifting their lofty peaks into the blue haze of cloudland. He stood in mighty forests where the spire-

like trees raised their heads above the green meadows far below, and through whose branches the wind-harp of God played entrancing nature-melodies. He beheld great rivers winding their placid course to the seas, fed by brook and stream from the secret places of the land. Fragrant flowers lifted their sweet faces everywhere and wafted their perfume on every breeze. Beautiful wild things played unafraid upon the mountain sides and in the valleys. Happy children laughed and shouted along the way. Everywhere was joy, peace and serenity.

The man feasted his weary soul on these scenes as the angel led him. And he said: "Ah, this is Heaven indeed! How magnificent it all is!"

And the angel replied, "No, this is the world in which you lived, and which you never saw."

LEADER: Let us learn through song and scripture, what God's world has to teach us.

SCRIPTURE READING: (Psalm 148:1-6a.)

Praise ye Jehovah
Praise ye Jehovah from the heavens:
Praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his host.
Praise ye him, sun and moon:
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters that are above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of Jehovah;
For he commanded, and they were created.
He hath established them forever and forever.

LEADER: I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: From whence shall my help come?

RESPONSE: My help cometh from Jehovah, who made heaven and earth. (Psalm 121:1, 2.)

SOLO: "The Gray Hills Taught Me Patience."
(No. 142 Singing Pathways.)

PRAYER CIRCLE: Hymn: "Fairest Lord Jesus."
(No. 122 H. A. Y.; No. 148 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 121 H. Y. P.; No. 140 S. P.)

SENTENCE PRAYERS:

PRAYER HYMN: (Last verse.) "Immortal Love, Forever Full."
(No. 144 H. A. Y.; No. 104 A. C. & C. S. H.; No. 122 H. Y. P.)

PROCESSIONAL TO CLASSES: (Open air.) "In The Time of Roses." Reichardt.
(Page No. 27, Music Section, Vol. I.)

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

No Class or Department Projects are more important for mid-week activities, than planning, making, and listing, costumes and properties, to be used in Worship Services. (See Appendix Vol. I.)

SOURCES OF MATERIALS

Pictures:

Tissot's Old Testament Pictures—The Paris Fine Arts Publishing Company, 27 East Twenty Second Street, New York, N. Y.
(Best models for costuming Religious tableaux.)
The Brown Picture Company, 38 Lovett Street, Beverley, Mass.
The Perry Picture Company, Malden, Mass.
The New York Sunday School Commission, 416 Lafayette Place, New York, N. Y.
The Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Stereopticon and Slides:

Stereopticons and Film Slide Projectors are available from almost all reliable supply houses. In case they cannot be supplied by local dealer, they are obtainable from the following companies:
Spencer Lens Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Keystone View Co., Meadville, Pa.
Bausch & Lomb Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Strip Film Slides:

Spencer Lens Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Society for Visual Education, 327 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Ills.
Bray Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Stereopticon Slides:

Keystone View Co., Meadville, Pa.
Ideal Pictures Corp., 26 E. 8th Street, Chicago, Ills.
Standard Slide Corp., 209 W. 48th Street, New York City.
Pilgrim Photoplay Exchange, 736 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ills.
Victor Animatograph Co., Davenport, Iowa.
Eastman Educational Slides, Iowa City, Ia.

NOTE—The Victor Animatograph Co., Spencer Lens Co., Bray Corporation, and Pilgrim Photoplay Co. each make a specialty of religious slides and films on the Bible and the Life of Christ. Catalogues are available.

Stereopticon slides which have been suggested in this book are listed below:

The Vigil of the Knight—Set 201—Slide 16. Eastman Educational Slides, Iowa City, Iowa.

Moses and the Tables of the Law—No. 4635—Victor Animatograph Co., Davenport, Ia.

The Madonna-Corregio—19103—Victor Animatograph.

Madonna and Child—Botticelli 19088—Victor Animatograph.

The Nativity—LaRolle—14434—Victor Animatograph.

Holy Night—Corregio—19109—Victor Animatograph Co.

The Adoration of Magi—14435—Victor Animatograph Co.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

American Beauties—(A Pageant.) Cronk. Lutheran Publishing House.

Broken Wall, The—Steiner—Fleming H. Revell Co.

Blind Spots—Henry S. Leiper—Friendship Press.

Christ of Every Road, The—E. Stanley Jones—Abingdon Press.

Crowded Ways, The—Charles H. Sears—Missionary Education Movement.

Facing The Crisis—Sherwood Eddy.

Fiery Crags—F. W. Boreham—Abingdon Press.

From Jerusalem to Jerusalem—Helen Barrett Montgomery.

In Spite of Handicaps—Robert W. Bullock—Association Press.

Life of the Spirit, The—Bruce S. Wright—Cokesbury Press.

Mr. Friend O Man (Stories)—Jay T. Stocking.

Palm Tree and Pine—Edith Eberle—Powell & White.

Poems of Justice—Thomas Curtis Clark—Willett & Clark.

Road to the City of God, The—Basil Matthews.

Seven Thousand Emeralds—Dr. Laubach—Missionary Education Movement.

Syrian Christ, The—Robini—Houghton-Mifflin Co.

What The Negro Thinks—Dr. Robert Russa Moton—Doubleday, Doran.

Singing Pathways—By Mary S. Dickie. Powell & White, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BOOKS OF PAGEANTRY AND DRAMATIC ART

Drama in Education—Grace Sloan Overton—Century Co.

Drama in Religious Service—Martha Candler.

Dramatization in the Church School—Elizabeth Erwin Miller, University of Chicago Press.

Costuming A Play—Grimball & Wells—Century Co.

Technique in Dramatic Art—Bosworth-Macmillan Co.

Dramatic Activities for Young People—Grace Sloan Overton.

PAGEANT PROPERTIES AND COSTUMES

COSTUMES:

Costuming Religious Plays and Pageants is an Art, requiring a special committee in each Department, to plan research, make the costumes, list, and preserve for future use.

PROPERTIES:

Economy and conservation of time, require a property committee, to procure all special properties, list, and preserve for future use.

PICTURE FRAME: (Tableaux.) (Services 4, 10, 16, 46.)

A large picture frame, at least six feet square, made of plain wooden strips or beaver-board, gilded or stained black, makes a good setting for tableaux and living pictures. Black gauze stretched tight over the front of frame gives best effect.

ORIENTAL LAMP (Torch.) (Service No. 4.)

A good imitation of an Oriental Lamp can be made from a Shallow Invalid Feeding Cup, with handle and long neck. (Can be obtained at any drug store.)
Gild, fill half full of melted paraffine, having a large candle wick soaked in it and pulled through the neck.

SONG-ROLL: (To be used during tableaux or Stereopticon services.)

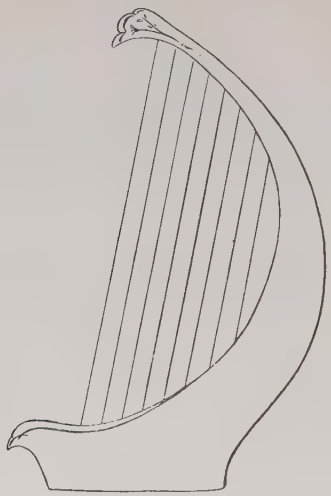
Use large size stamping outfit, to print words of songs suggested, on a White Window Shade: This can be made of regular Window Shade material, or of 36 inch Sign Cloth. The same fixture can be used each time. The printed song-rolls can be rolled and put away for future use.

HALO: (Service No. 16.)

The halo, over the head of Mary, Mother of Jesus, can be imitated in an effective and simple way.
Use a wire wide-brimmed hat frame, having wires silvered. Fasten the rim to the top of the crown, and pull down over the head.

TRUMPET: (Service No. 40.)

A long tin campaign horn, (27 ins.) gilded makes an effective trumpet. (Can be purchased at the ten-cent store.)



HARP: (Service No. 40.)

An Oriental Harp, frequently suggested for pageants or Tableaux, can be cut from Beaver-Board, and gilded. (See cut.)

CROSS: (See Appendix, Vol. I.)

SCROLL: (Service No. 41.)

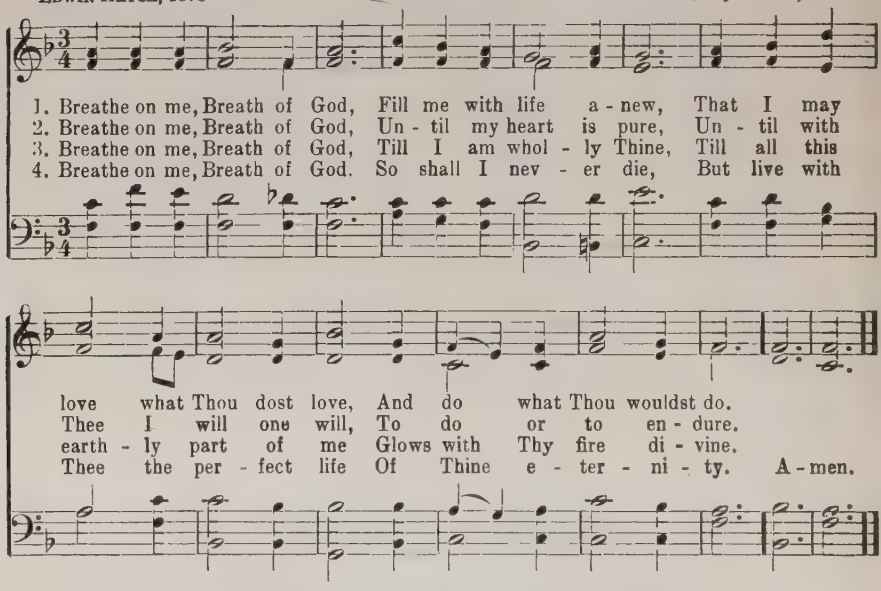
A model of an Ancient Scroll is easily made: Use a strip of deep cream or brown wrapping paper, about 25 ins. long x 10 ins. wide, and two ½-inch wooden poles, about 18 inches long, gilded. Curtain rods with fancy ends, can be procured at the ten-cent store. Glue each end of paper to a pole, and dry. When dry, roll the poles toward the center.

Music Section

The five songs used from "Singing Pathways" are copyrighted by publishers and author and may not be reproduced.

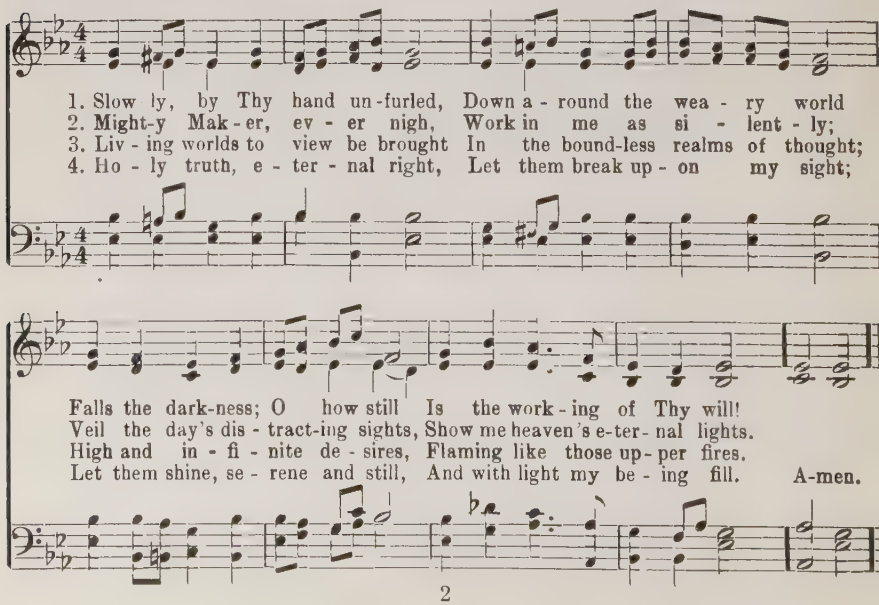
Breathe on Me, Breath of God

EDWIN HATCH, 1878 — Trentham S. M. — ROBERT JACKSON, 1894



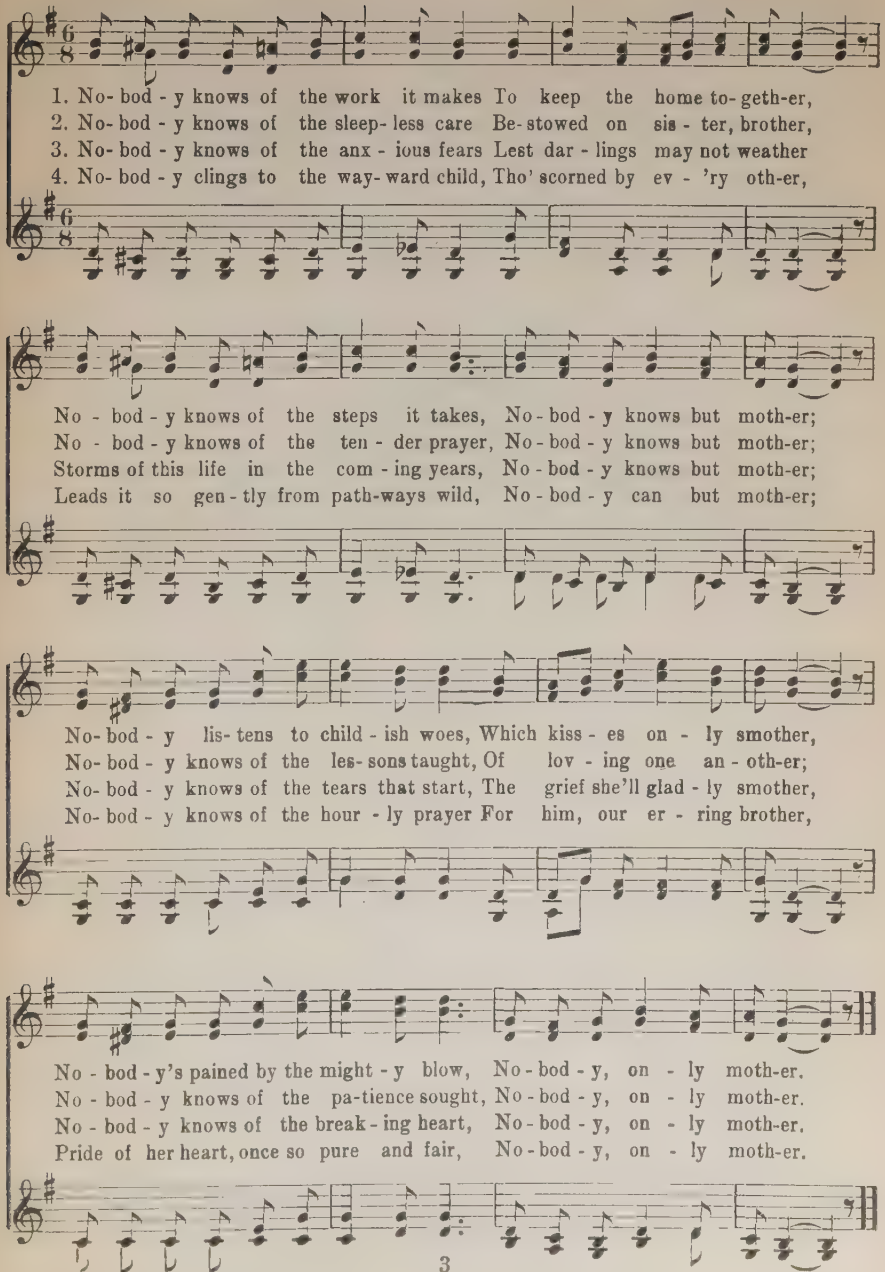
Slowly, by Thy Hand Unfurled

WILLIAM H. FURNESS, 1823 — Holley 7 7 7 7 — GEORGE HEWS, 1825



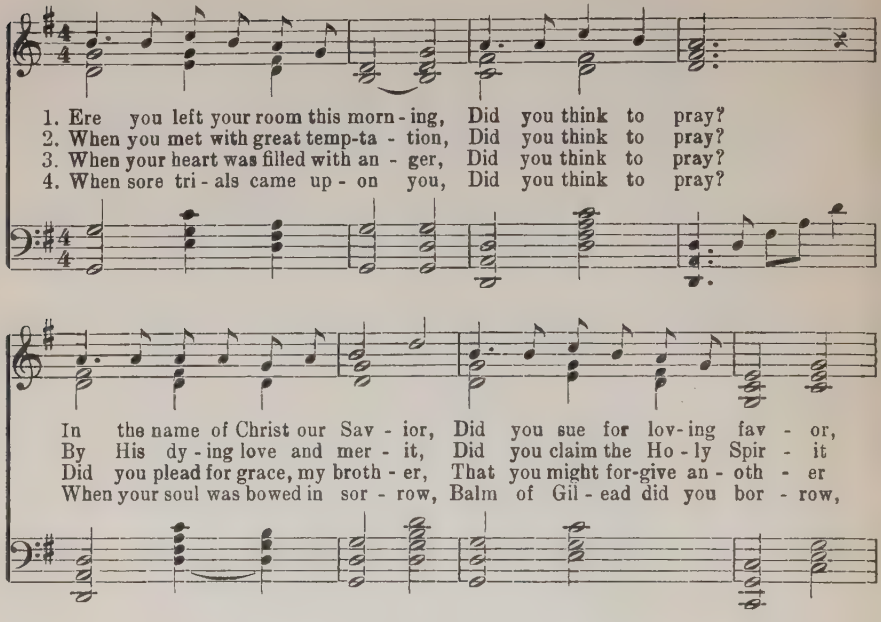
Mother Knows

ANON FLORA HAMILTON CASSEL

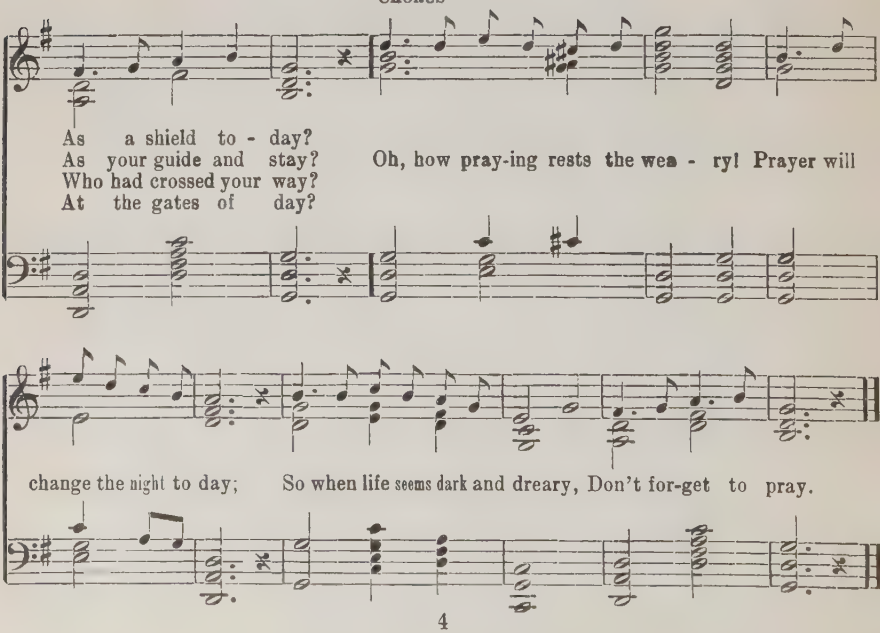


Did You Think to Pray?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER — W. O. PERKINS



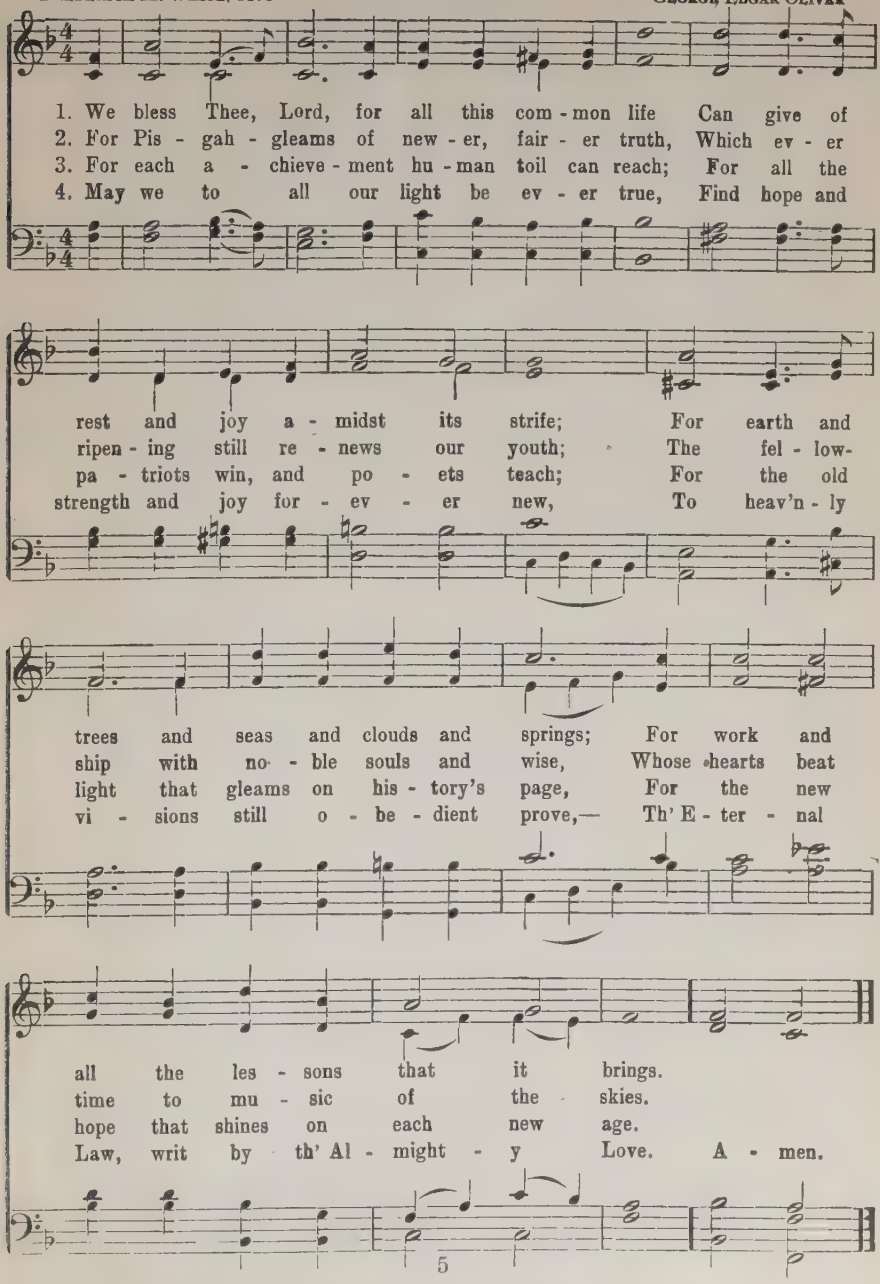
CHORUS



We Bless Thee, Lord

Oliver 10, 10, 10, 10

FREDERICK M. WHITE, 1873 — GEORGE EDGAR OLIVER



I Know It Was His Love

D. R. Lucas — J. H. Fillmore

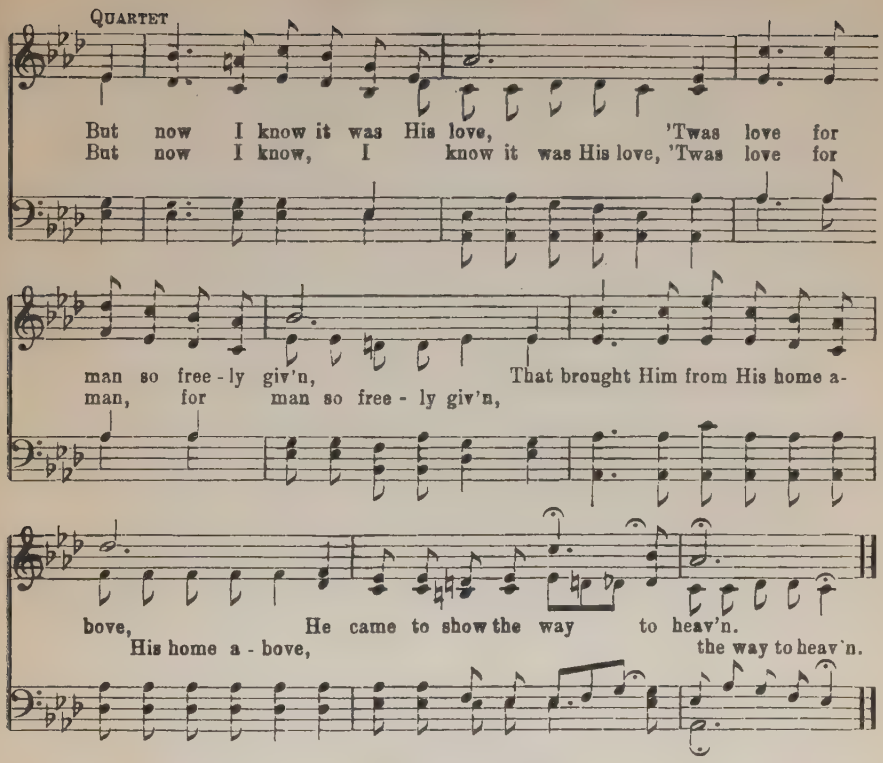
Solo

1. I've won - der'd oft when I've been told How
2. I've won - der'd why He stoop'd so low, The
3. I've won - der'd why, with all His pow'r, He

Je - sus came to die for me;..... What made Him
shame - ful cross to si - - lent bear;..... To live ob-
spake no word of bit - - ter - ness,..... But met the

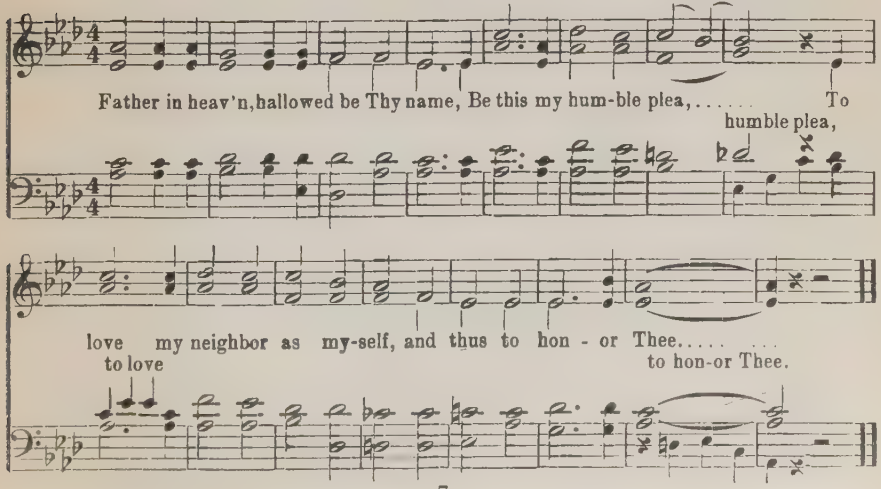
leave the heav'n-ly fold To suf - fer on the cru - el tree?
scure, to suf - fer woe, The o-dious crown of thorns to wear?
sad de - ri - sive hour, With pray'r to God His foes to bless?

I Know It Was His Love



Love's Creed

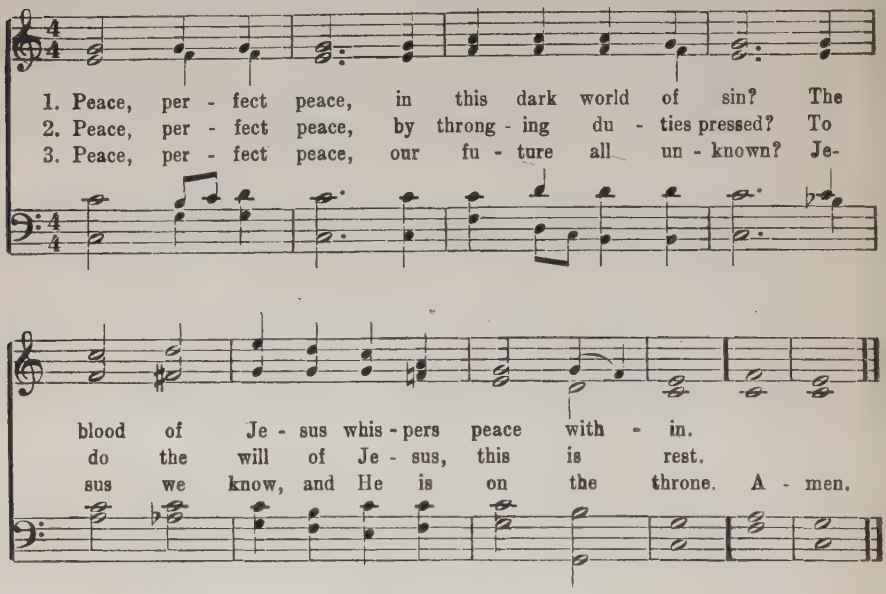
CARRIE B. JENNINGS



Peace, Perfect Peace, in This Dark World of Sin

Pax Tecum

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH — GEORGE T. CALDBECK

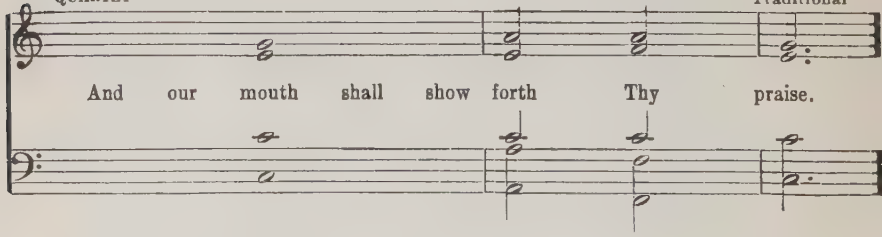


O Lord, Open Thou Our Lips

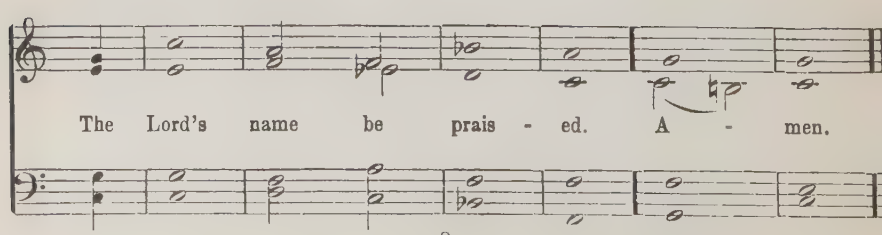
Choral Response

LEADER—O Lord, open Thou our lips:

QUARTET — Traditional



LEADER—Praise ye the Lord:

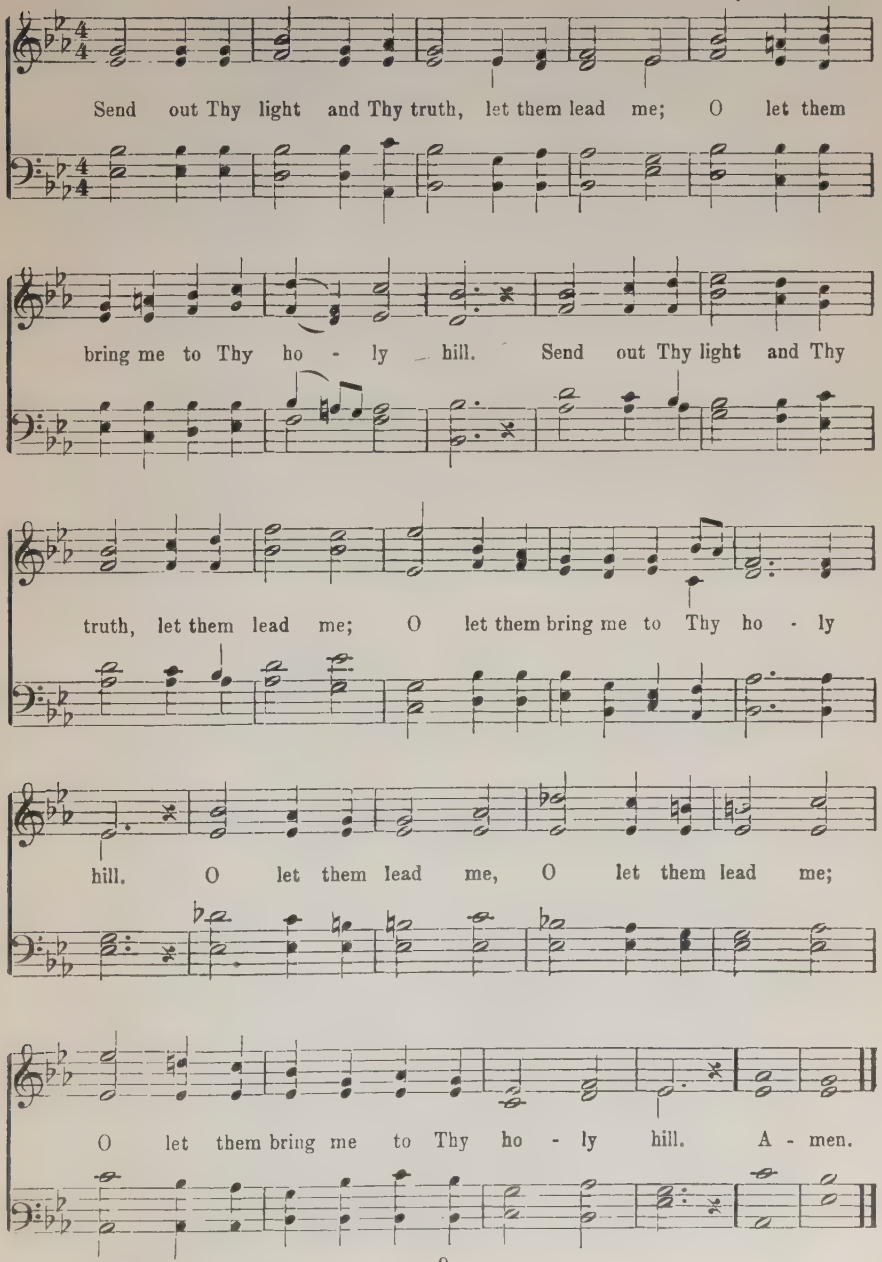


Send Out Thy Light

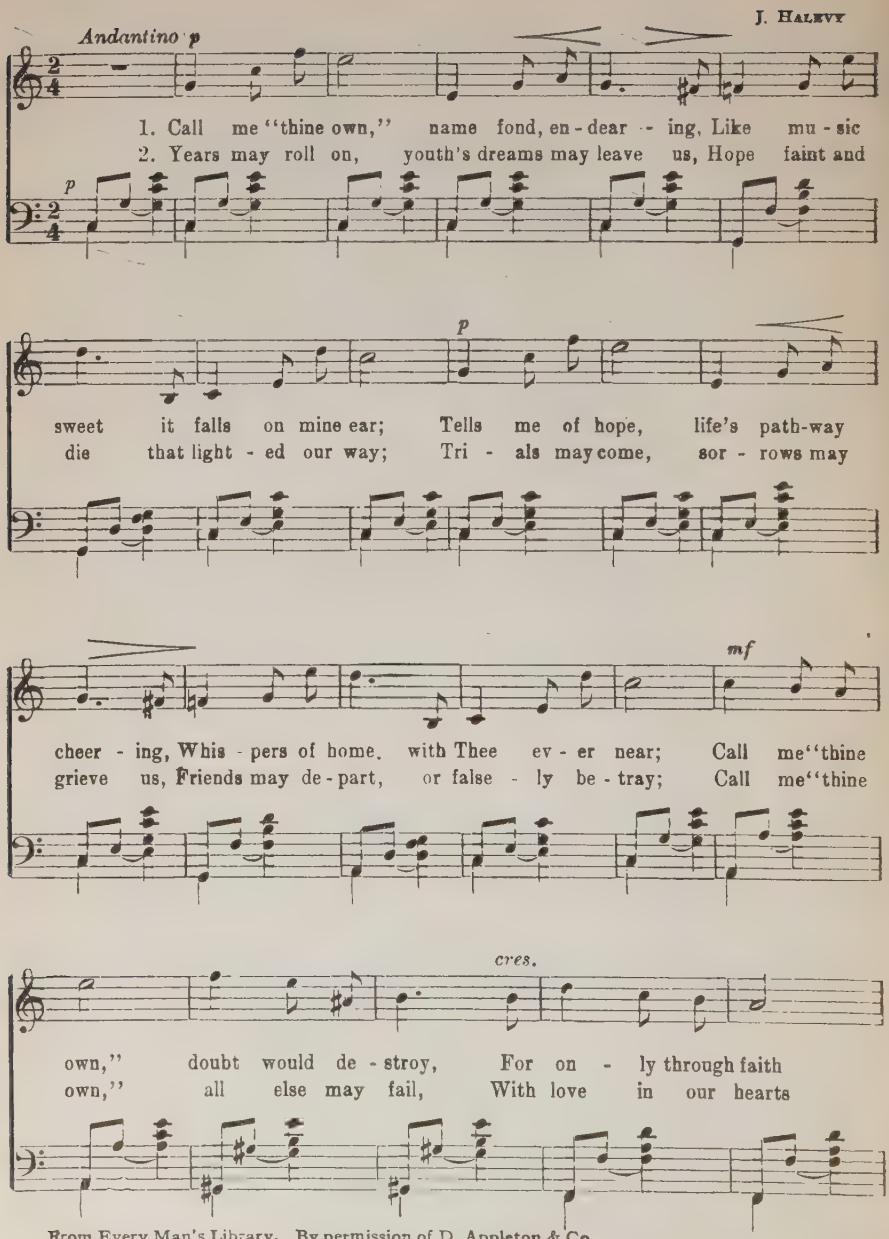
Lux Fiat

Psalm 43:3

CHARLES F. GOUNOD, 1818—1893



Call Me Thine Own



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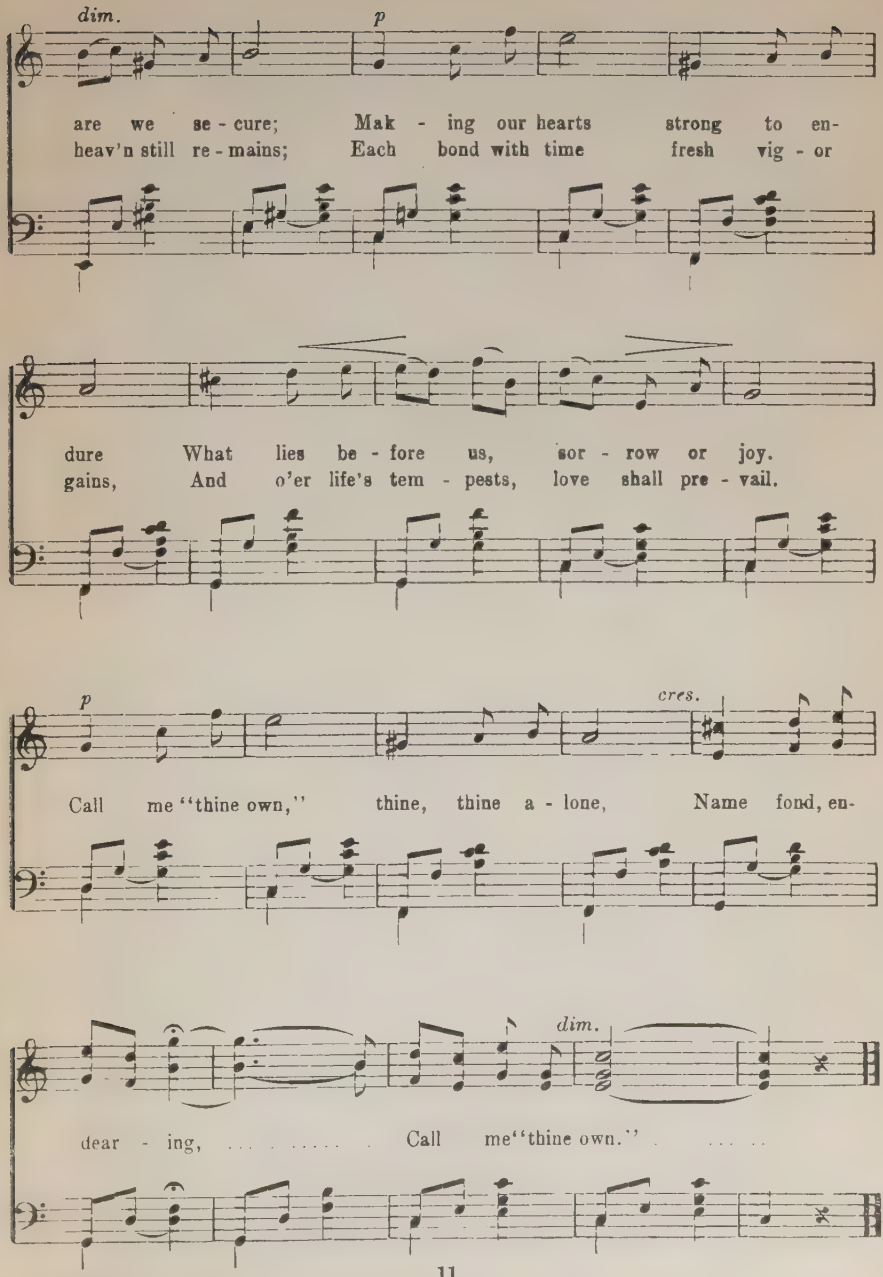
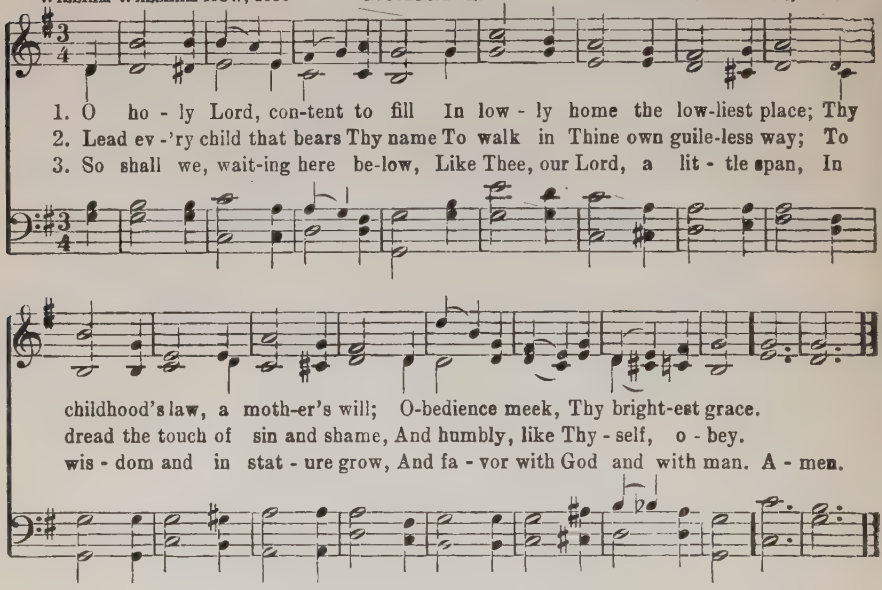

dim.
p
are we se - cure; Mak - ing our hearts strong to en-
heav'n still re - mains; Each bond with time fresh vig - or
dure What lies be - fore us, sor - row or joy.
gains, And o'er life's tem - pests, love shall pre - vail.
p
cres.
Call me "thine own," thine, thine a - lone, Name fond, en-
dim.
dear - ing, ... Call me "thine own." . . . .

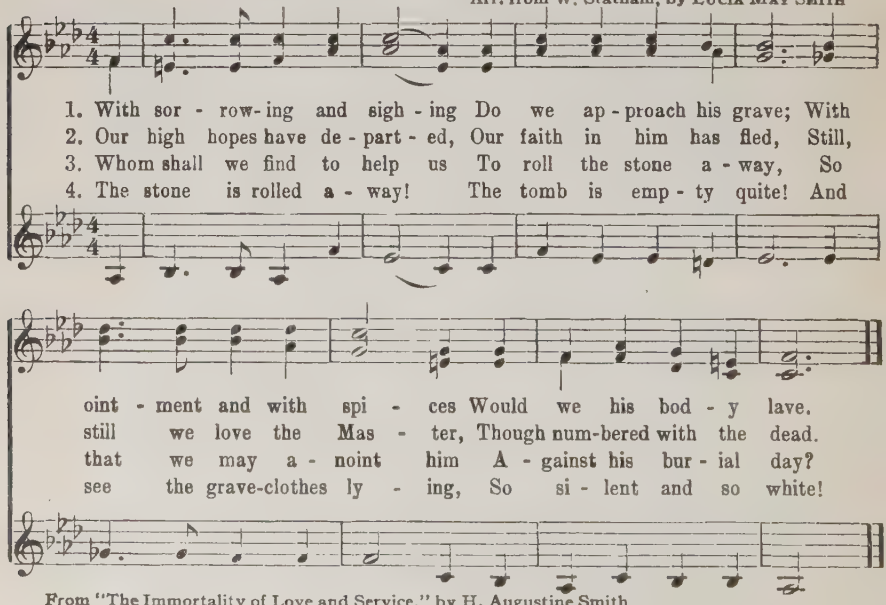
O Holy Lord, Content to Fill

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1850 — Brookfield L. M. — THOMAS SOUTHGATE, 1853



With Sorrowing and Sighing

Arr. from W. Statham, by LUCIA MAY SMITH



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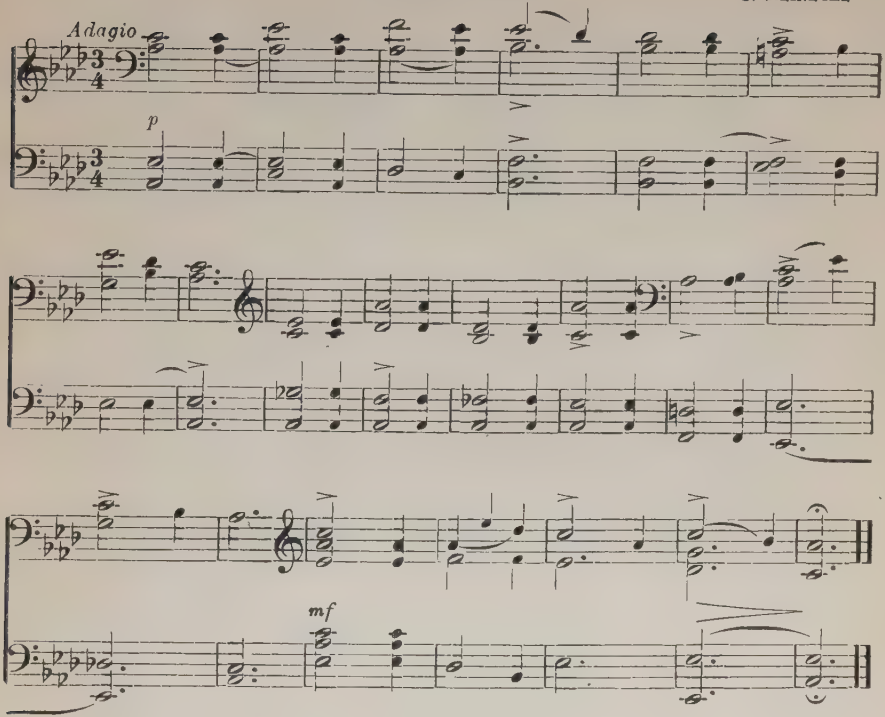
Evening Calm

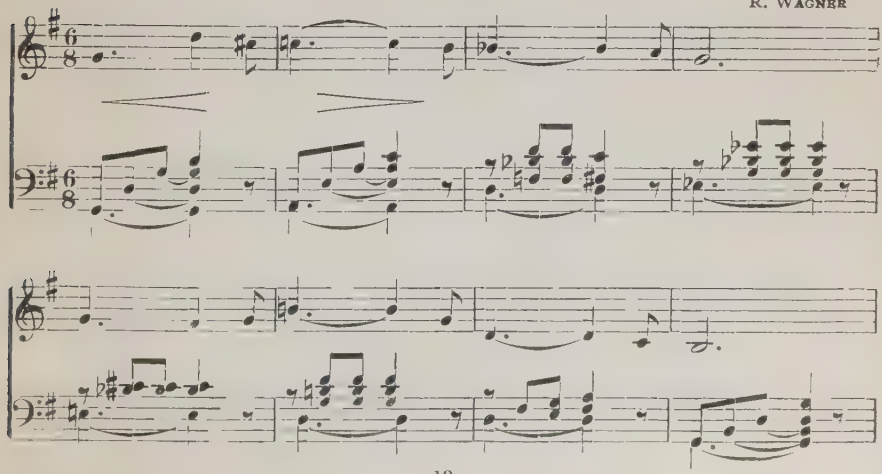
C. Reinecke



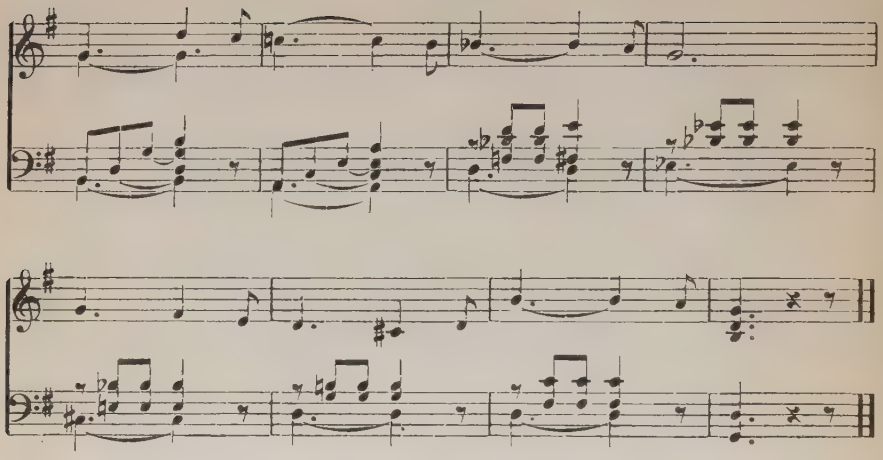
Song to the Evening Star

(Tannhauser)

R. Wagner

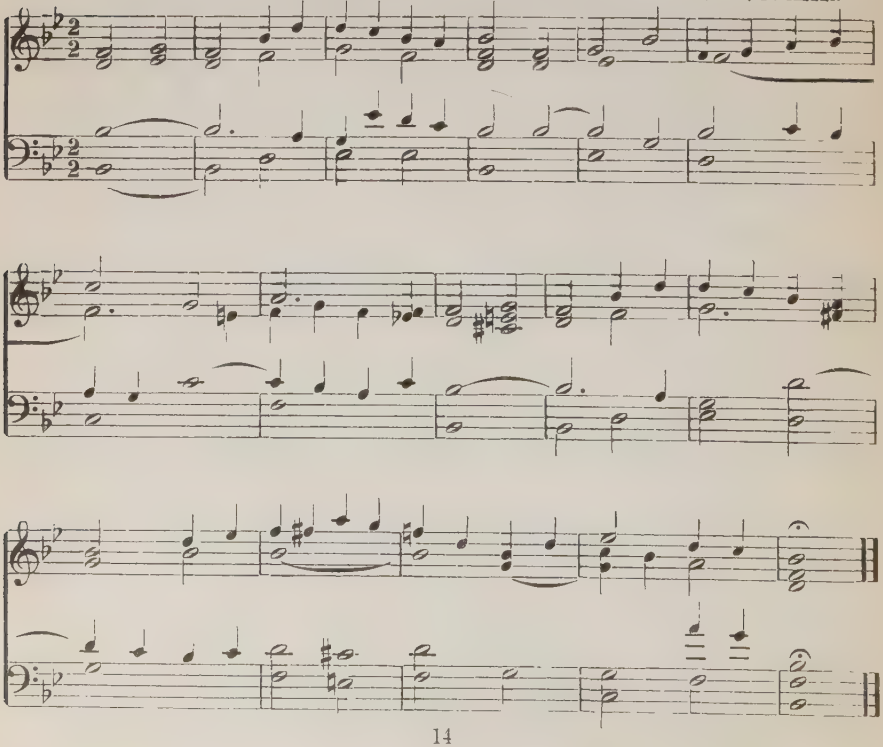


Song to the Evening Star



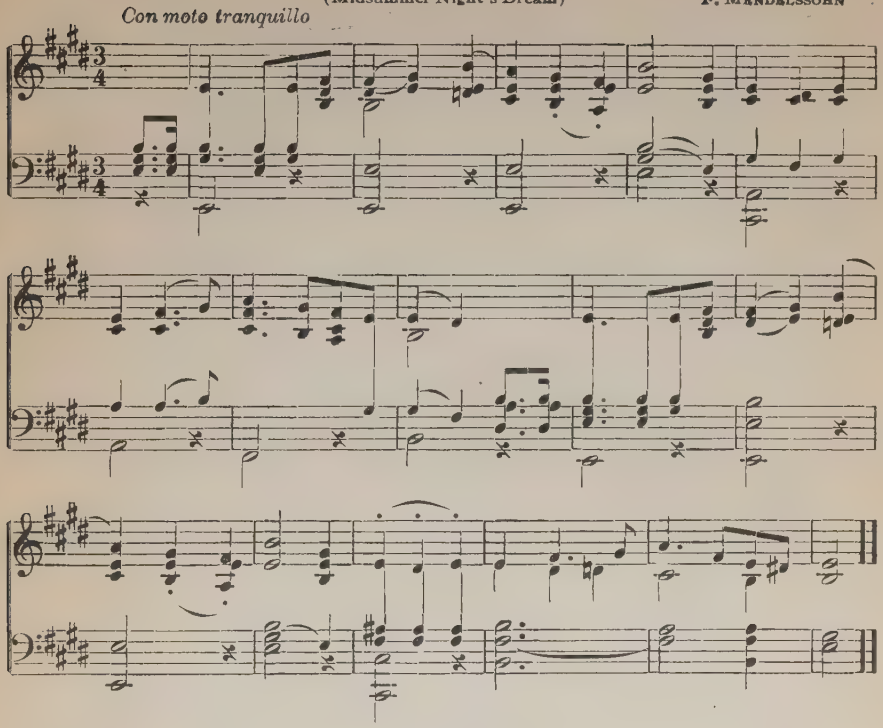
Moderato in B Flat

GEORGE P. ALLEN



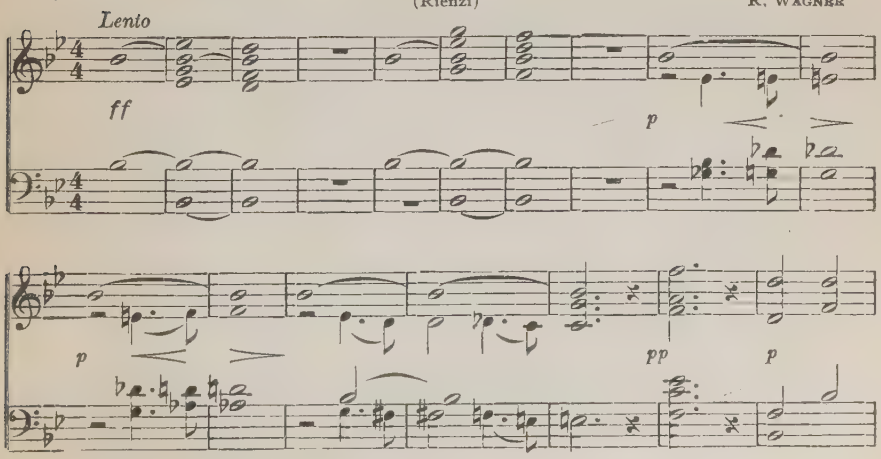
Nocturne

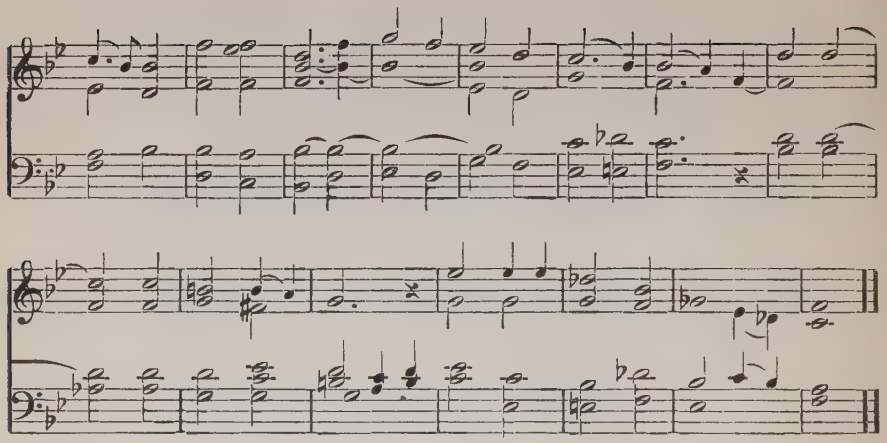
(Midsummer Night's Dream) F. MENDELSSOHN



Prayer

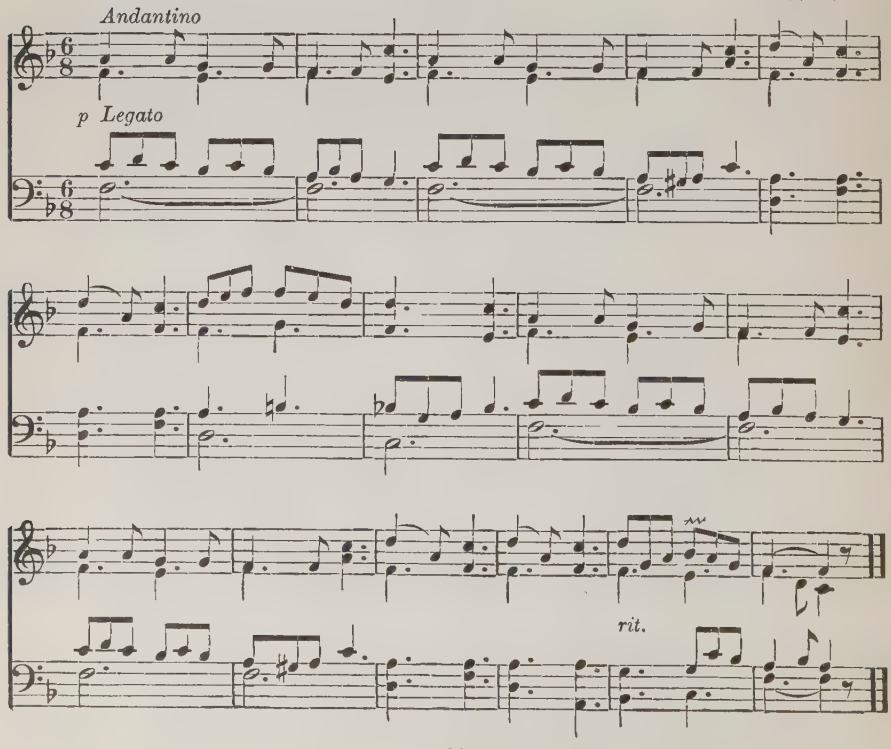
(Rienzi) R. WAGNER





Pastorale

P. A. Schnecker

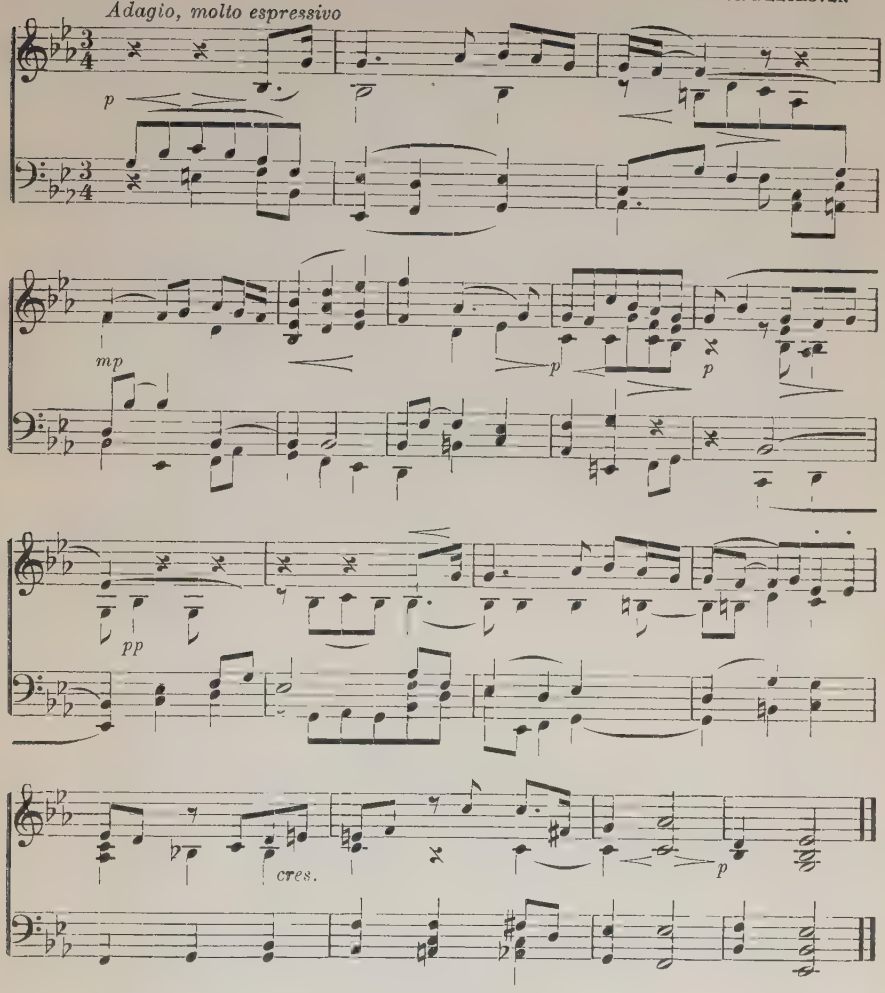


Cavatina

(From Quartet Op. 130)

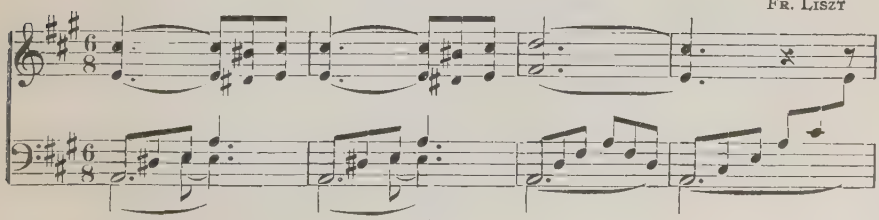
LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN

Adagio, molto espressivo

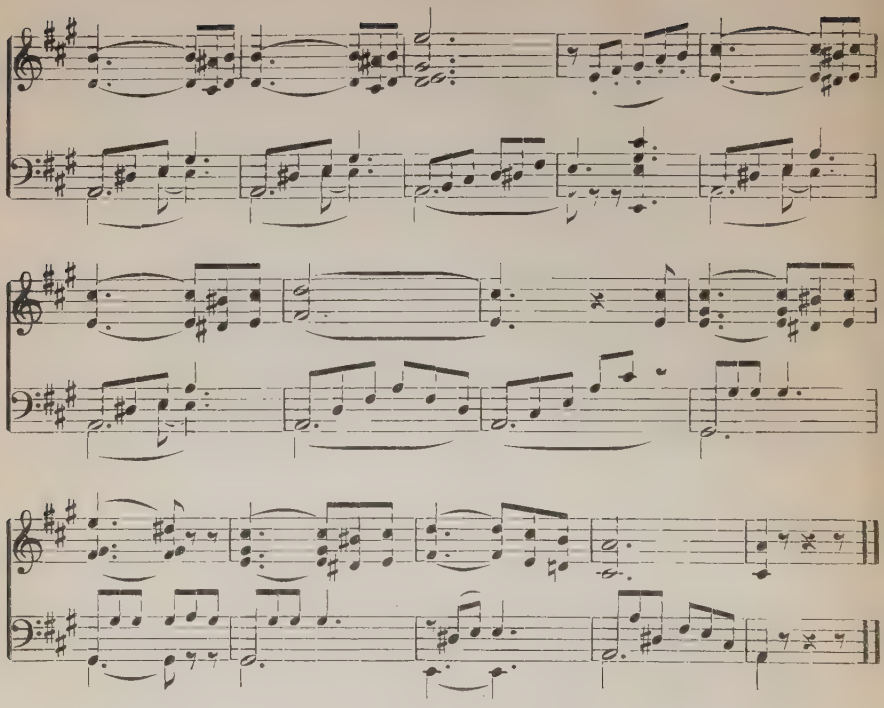


Pastorale

FR. LISZT



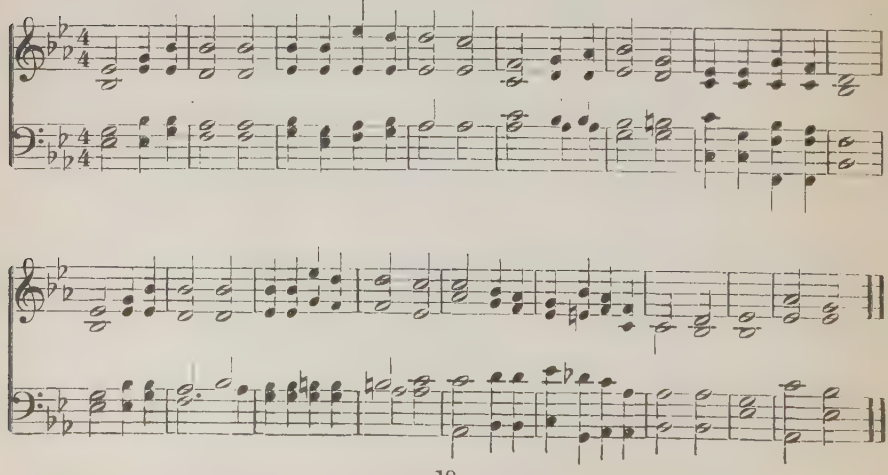
Pastorale



Sandringham

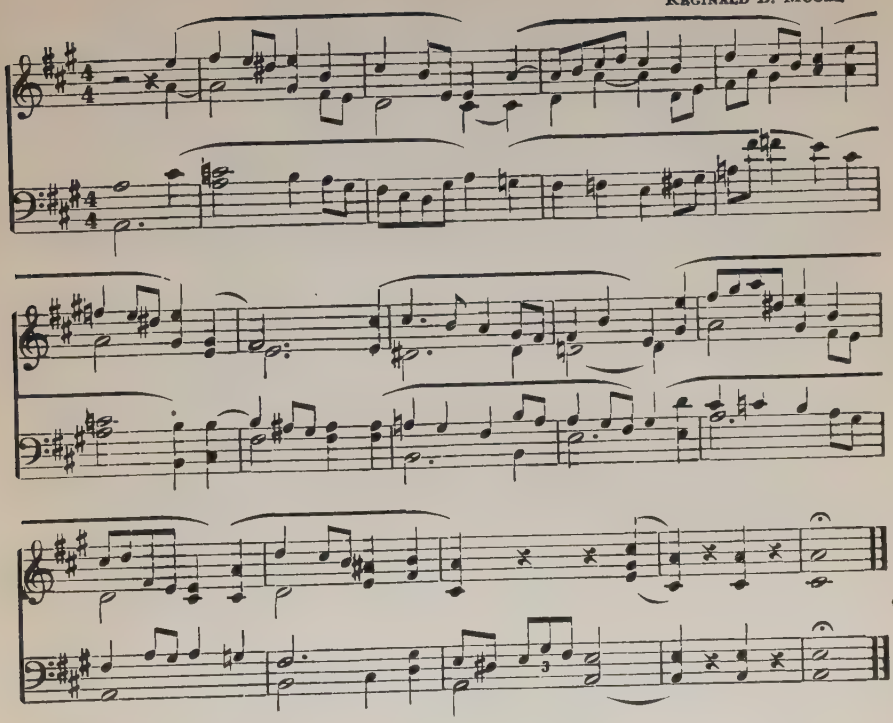
(O Perfect Love)

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1889



Andante

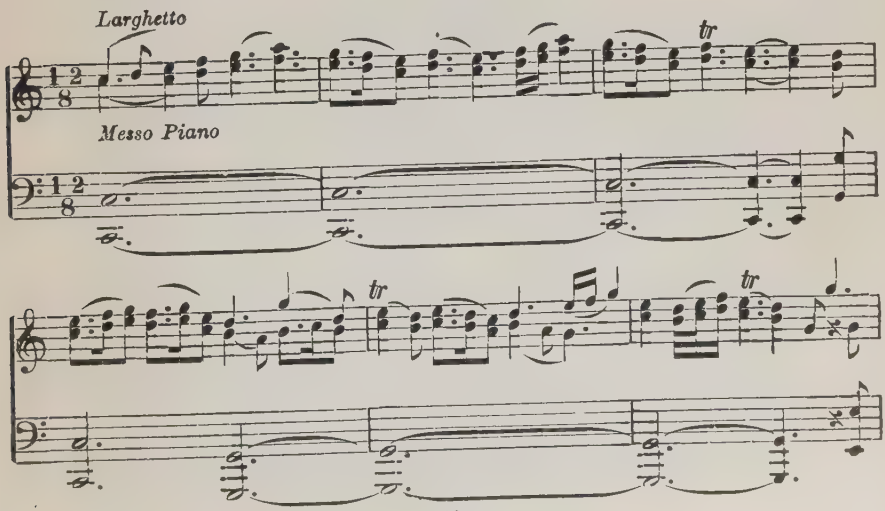
REGINALD B. MOORE

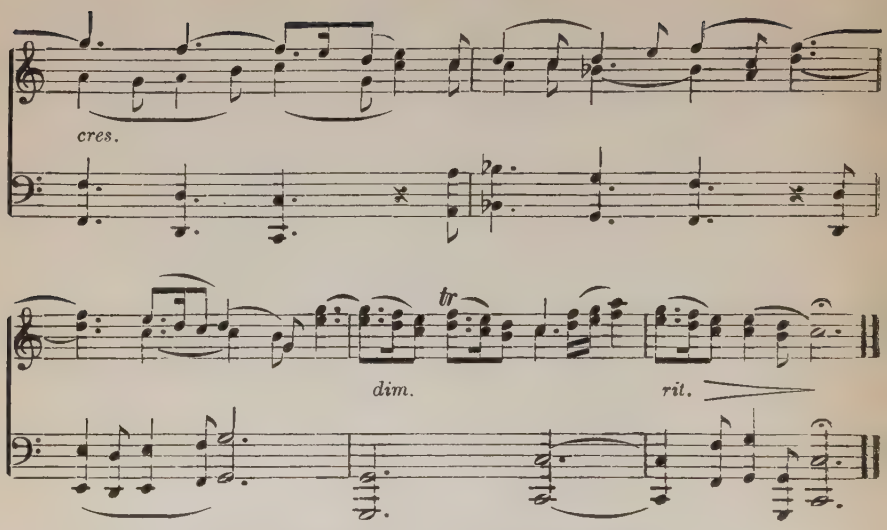


Pastoral Symphony

(Messiah)

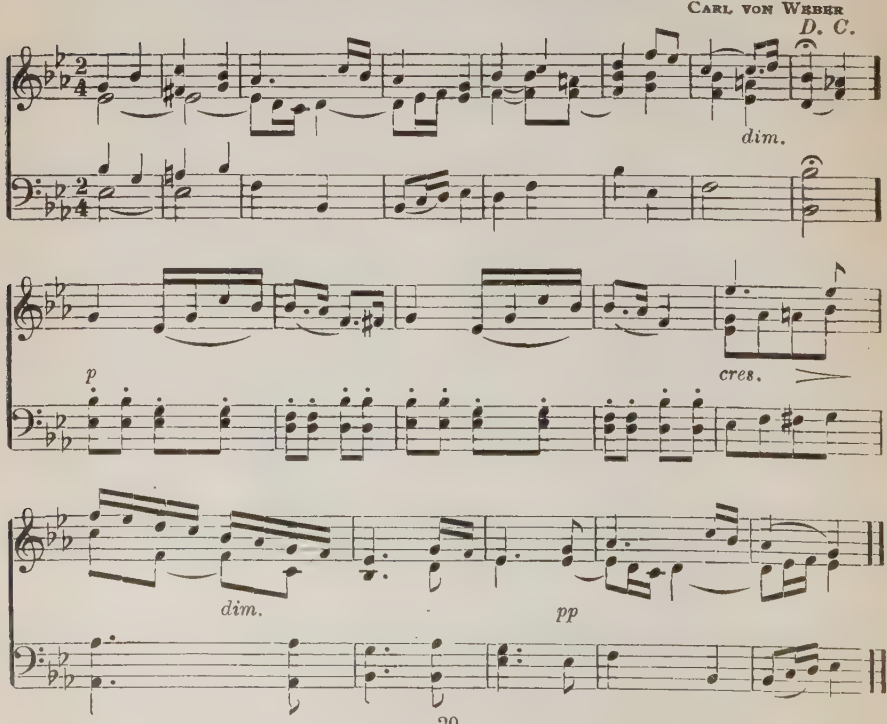
HANDEL





Prayer From "Der Freischuetz"

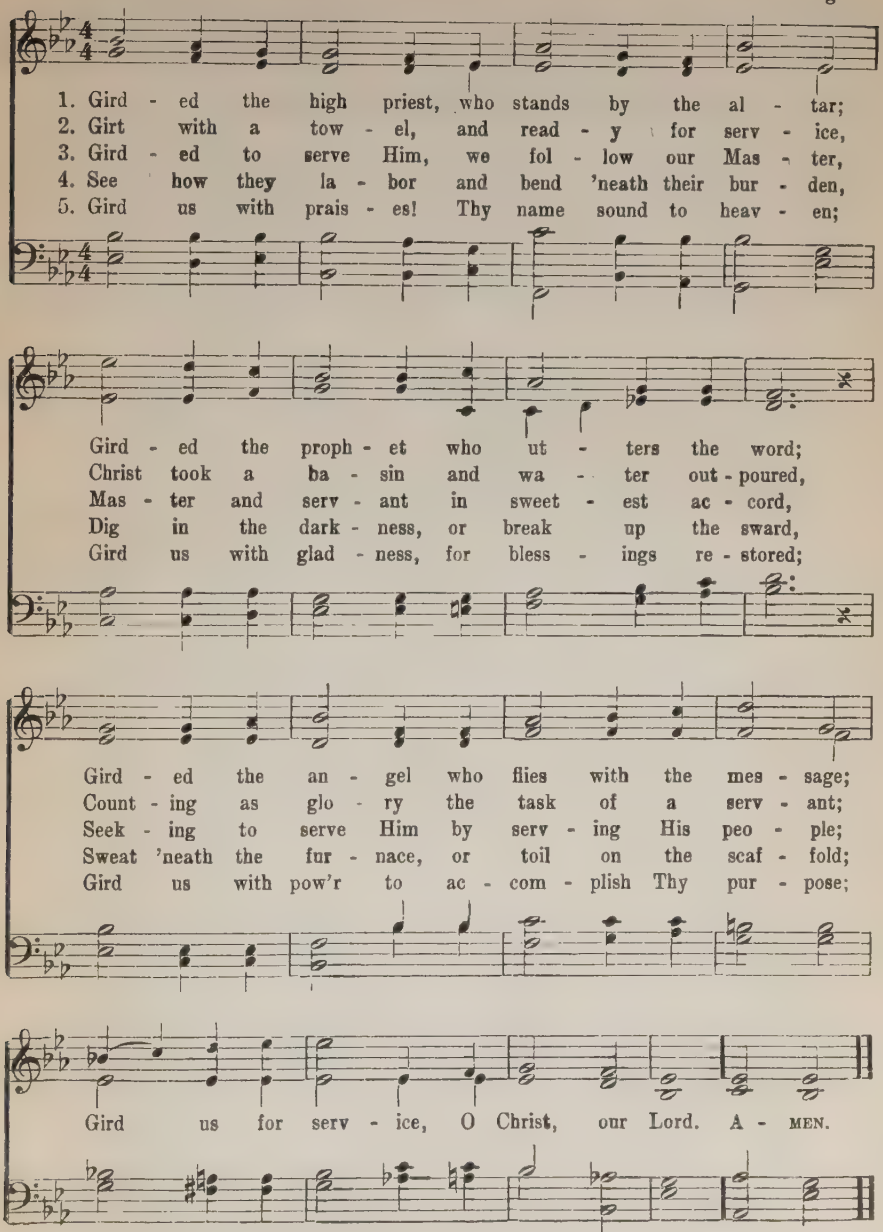
CARL VON WEBER



Gird us for Service

Joseph B. Hingeley

Sinding



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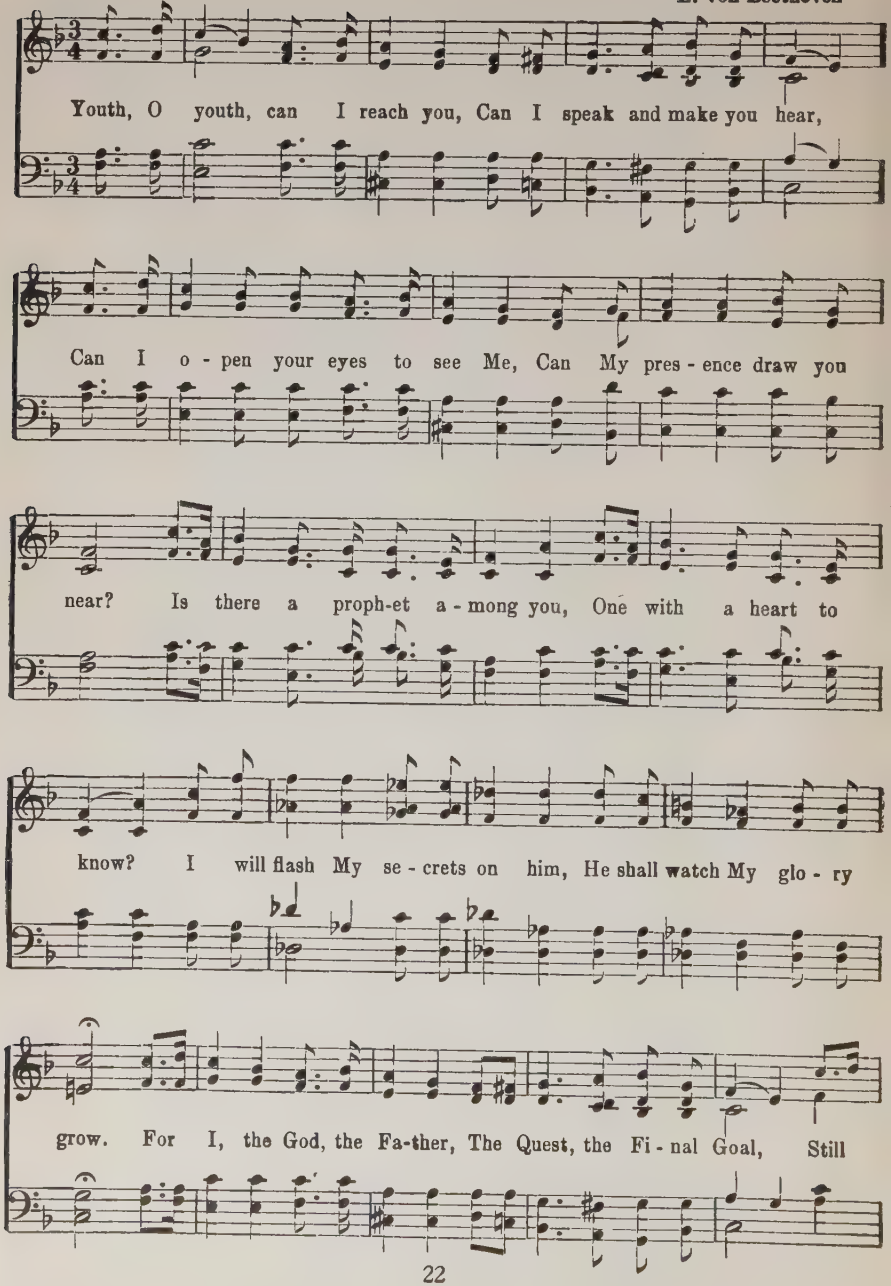
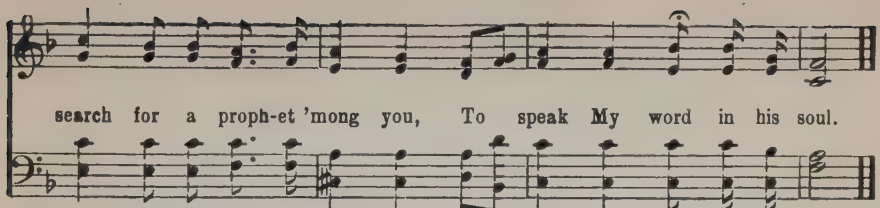
God's Quest

Author Unknown

L. von Beethoven



God's Quest



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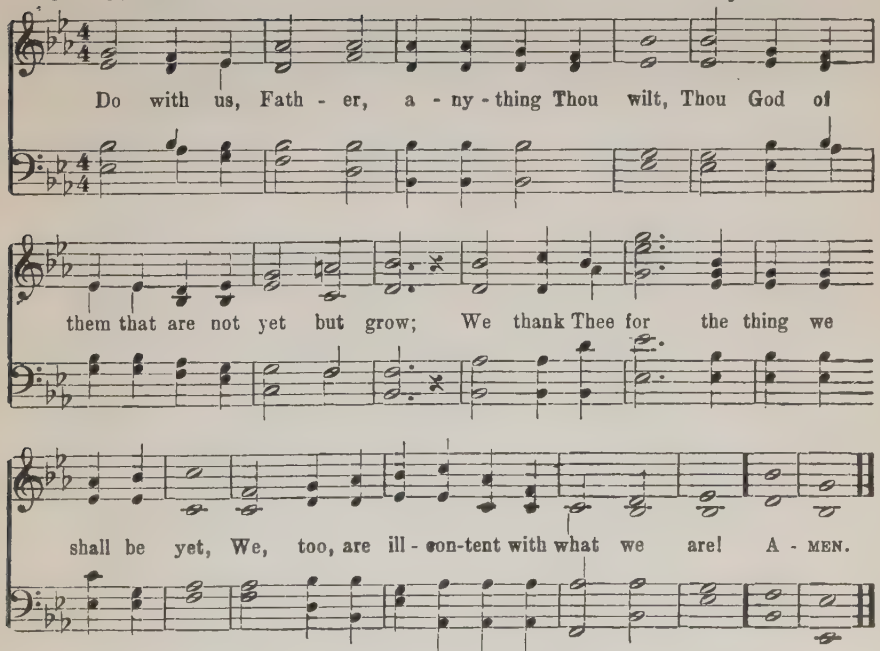
Prayer

John G. Whittier — Mary S. Dickie



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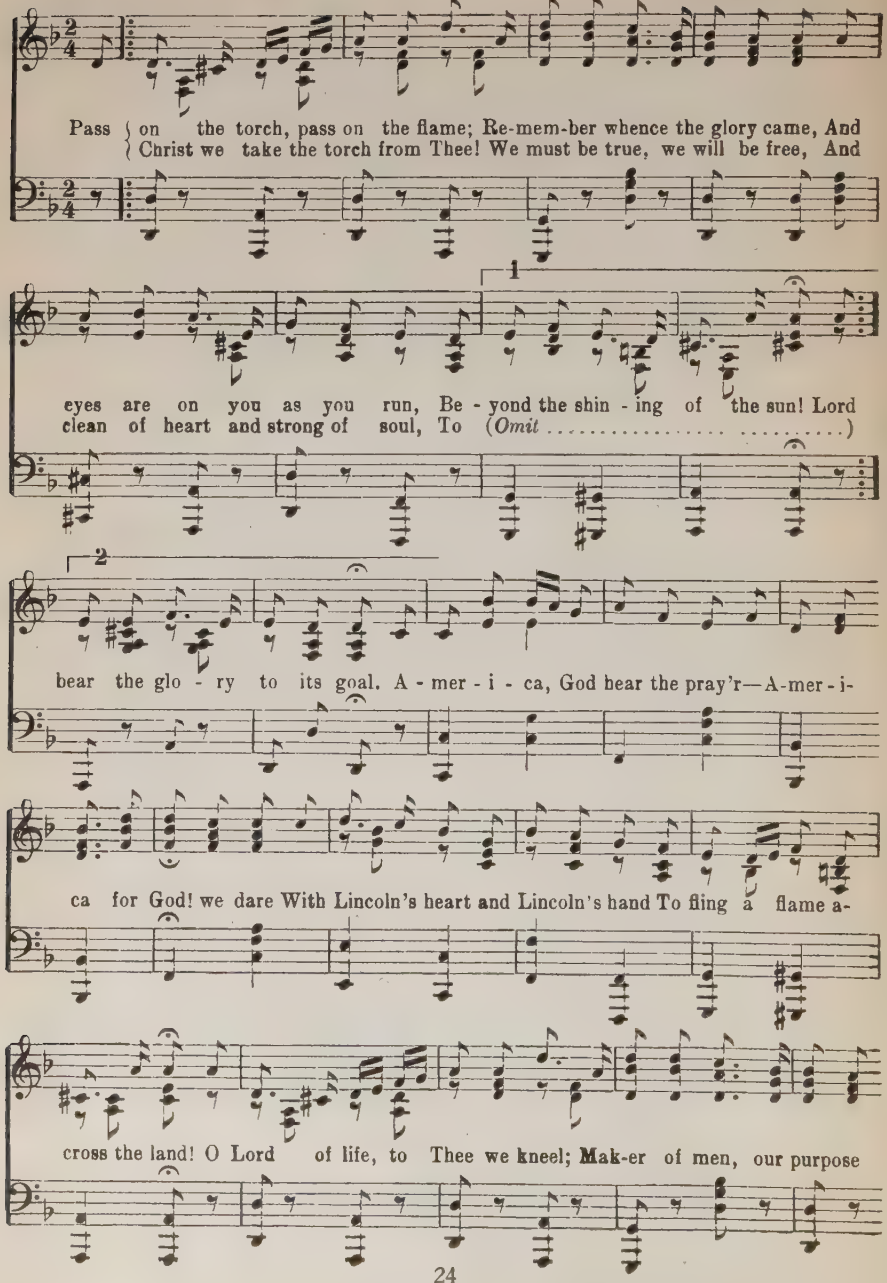
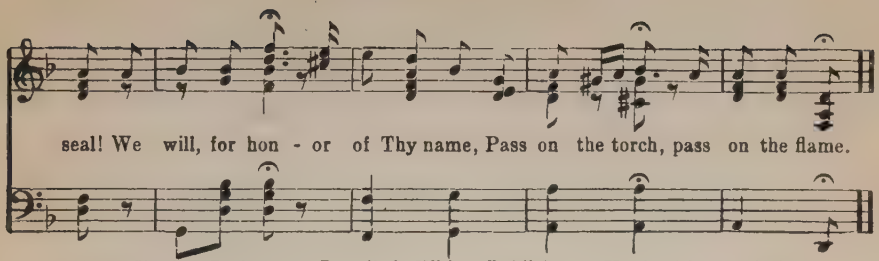
Pass On the Torch

Allen Eastman Cross

Cossack's Song



Pass On the Torch



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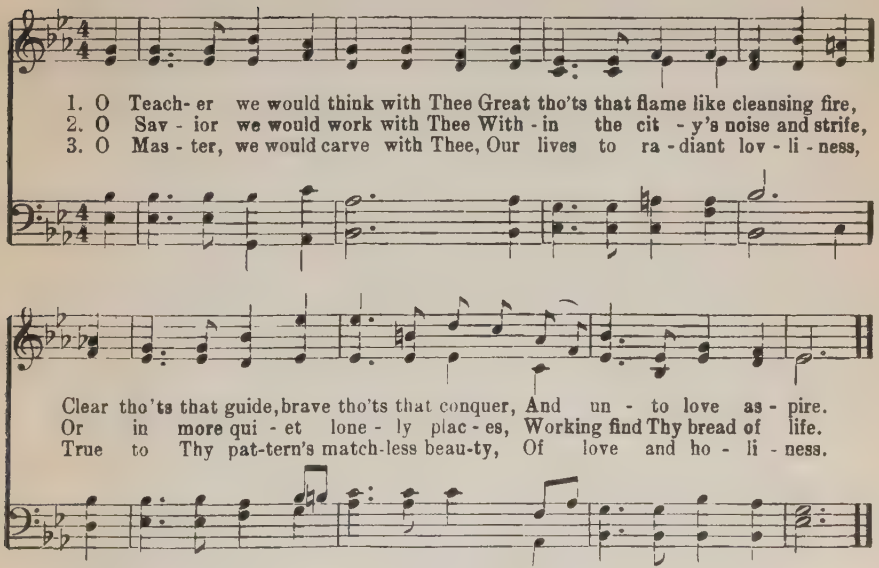
Teacher, Savior, Master

Eleanor B. Stock **Fesca**



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Worship for youth

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